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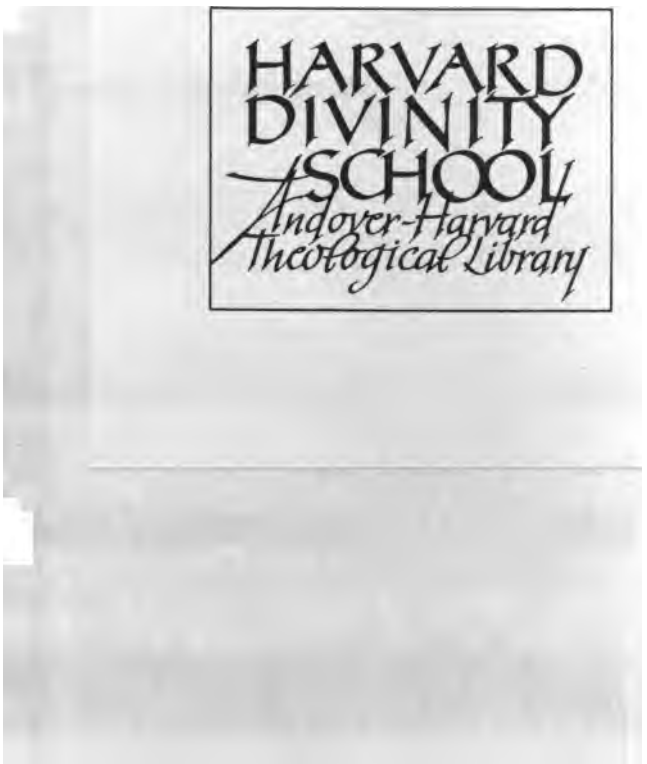
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CHURCH

CHORAL-BOOK

CONTAINING

TUNES AND HYMNS

FOR

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING,

AND ADAPTED TO

Choirs and Social Worship.

By B. F. BAKER AND J. W. TUFTS.

BOSTON:
CROSBY, NICHOLS, LEE, AND COMPANY,
No. 117 WASHINGTON STREET.

19 Oct. 1868.

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ELECTROTYPED AT THE
BOSTON STEREOTYPE FOUNDRY.

EDWARD L. BALCH, MUSIC TYPOGRAPHER,
34 SCHOOL STREET.

Printed by Welch, Bigelow, & Co.

PREFACE.

In the preparation of the "Church Choral-Book," the editors have endeavored to furnish appropriate hymn tunes for congregational singing. We are aware of the doubts entertained by many with regard to this mode of worship, which are founded, probably, upon the difficulties attending the experiments as yet made. These, causing, in our opinion, a partial failure, are the want of practice, and especially the endeavor to sing in parts instead of uniting upon the Melody. If any one should object to singing in unison from the fact that he has always sung a subordinate or accompanying part, let him consider that he has learned his part from a particular arrangement, while others have studied theirs from another and different harmony. During service, every singer will find himself inclined to trust his memory rather than to refer to the printed notes; and the variety of notes and parts arising from this cause must, necessarily, prevent the unity and devotional spirit essential in church worship. Furthermore, the Melody of a tune is what first impresses the mind; and should one desire to give to another an idea of a particular tune, he would not think of singing his Alto, Tenor, or Bass, as he learned it, but would at once sing the Melody.

The design in this book is that all should sing the Melody, which will be found at the top of the page, and so transposed as to be within the reach of every singer. The tunes here collected (with the exception of CORONATION and PALESTINE, which have been retained for the sake of old associations) are well adapted in every way for congregational use. Among them are many of the choicest specimens of English, German, and American psalmody. Several chorals and hymn tunes are presented never before published in this country, to which we would invite attention. The highest authorities have been consulted, among which are the great and standard book of German Chorals by Saemann, and the collections by Novello, Ions, Clark, and others.

This work will be found useful for Choirs and Vestry meetings, the organ part being a complete vocal score.

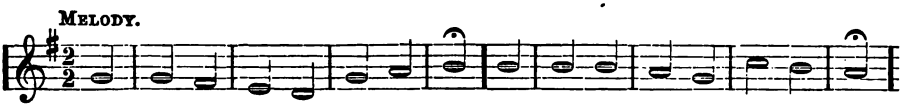
For a simple accompaniment, we would advise the addition of a Pedal Bass to the organ part at the bottom of the page; and an example of a full organ score will be seen written for the tune GASTORIUS, pp. 196 and 197.

In giving out the tunes for congregational or other use, we would advise strict adherence to the following directions: Play the parts exactly as printed, without transposition, unless an elaborate accompaniment is afforded, which could only be done by advanced players. Give the exact time that the congregation shall take up. Strike distinctly every note of the Melody.

Too little attention has been bestowed upon the time of singing church tunes by the congregation. That the chorister or organist may have a guide to a correct movement, we would suggest as follows: For a class of tunes, as OLD HUNDRED and ST. PAULS, with a proportionate addition or deduction as they may be longer or shorter, 40 to 45 seconds for each verse. For a second class, as STERLING and APPLETON, 30 to 35 seconds. For a third class, as TRURO and SUMMER STREET, 35 to 40 seconds. For a fourth class, as LUTON and ATLANTIC, 45 to 50 seconds. And for a fifth class, as MOZART, 20 to 25 seconds.

In their willingness to contribute to the pages of this work, the publishers of the "Congregational Hymn Book," the "Psalmist," the "Hymns for the Church of Christ," and the "Greenwood's Collection of Hymns," have manifested a cordial generosity for which the Editors are truly grateful.

That the melodies and harmonies of the "Church Choral-Book" may prove acceptable to every true lover of music, and that thereby the service of the church may be improved, is the sincere wish of the

EDITORS.

1

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

2

From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3

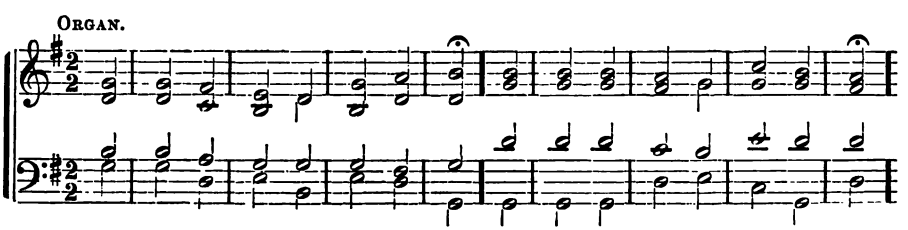
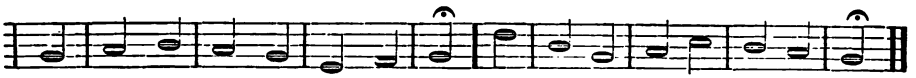
Great God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey,
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

Thy sceptre well becomes his hands;
All heaven submits to his commands;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust:
His worship and his fear shall last
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

GOUDIMEL.

Praise him a - bove, ye heaven - ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

4

THROUGH every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.

Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.

But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, is just —
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

Death, like an ever-flowing stream,
Sweeps us away: our life's a dream —
An empty tale — a morning flower
Cut down and withered in an hour.

Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man,
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till, cleansed by grace, we all may be
Prepared to die, and dwell with thee.

DOXOLOGY.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

5

ETERNAL and immortal King,
Thy peerless splendors none can bear;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
When God with all his glory's there.

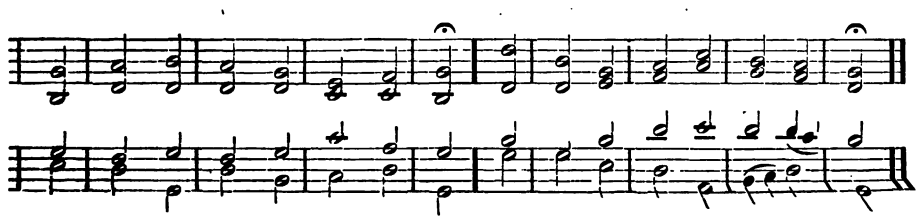
Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom;
The great Invisible can see;
And with its tremblings mingle joy,
In fixed regards, great God, on thee.

O, ever conscious to my heart,
Witness to its supreme desire;
Behold, it presseth on to thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

This one petition would it urge, —
To bear thee ever in its sight;
In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
Its only portion and delight.

6

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord;
Help us to feed upon thy word;
All that has been amiss, forgive,
And let thy truth within us live.

Though we are guilty, thou art good;
Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;
Give every fettered soul release,
And bid us all depart in peace.

MELODY.

7

O GOD, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above,
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place;
With power proclaimed, in peace received;
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side,—
Send in its calm upon the breast;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

8

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the day that God hath blest.

O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows!

A heavenly calm pervades the breast,
The earnest of that glorious rest
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In various scenes, both old and new:
With praise, we think on mercies past;
With hope, we future pleasures taste.

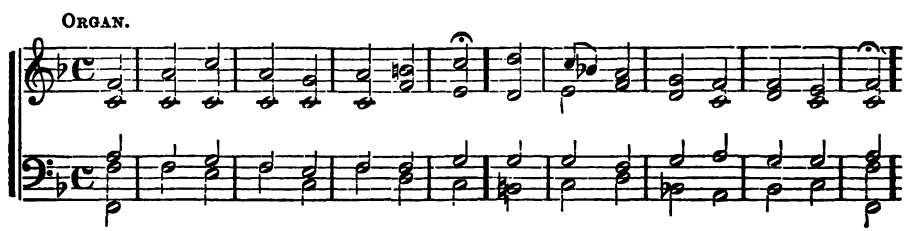
In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

9

GREAT God, attend, while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace,
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave the door.

God is our Sun; he makes our day:
God is our Shield; he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

ORGAN.

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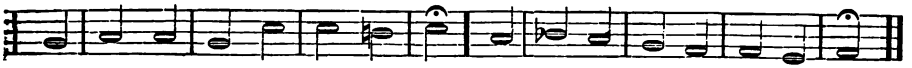

Thy word we bless, thy name we call, Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory, too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

O God our King, whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee,
Blest is the man who trusts in thee.

10

Now be my heart inspired to sing
The glories of my Saviour King;
Jesus the Lord, how heavenly fair
His form! how bright his beauties are!

O'er all the sons of human race
He shines with a superior grace;
Love from his lips divinely flows,
And blessings all his state compose.

Thy throne, O God, forever stands;
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
Thy laws and works are just and right;
Justice and grace are thy delight.

God, thine own God, has richly shed
His oil of gladness on thy head;
And with his sacred Spirit blest
His first-born Son above the rest.

11

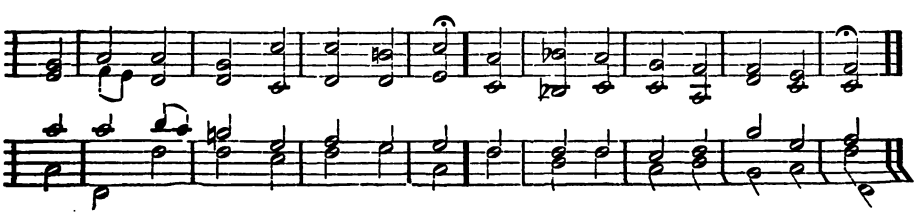
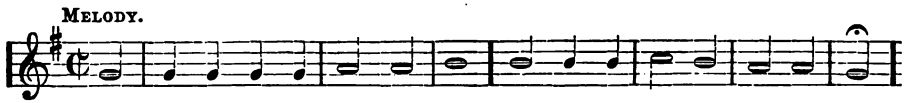
ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee Sovereign of the year.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

Thy hand, in autumn, richly pours,
Through all our coasts, redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

12

When Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

Thus present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen,
To temper the deceitful ray.

And, O, when gathers on our path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light.

13

Great God, we sing thy mighty hand,
By which supported, still we stand:
The opening year thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till it close.

By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.

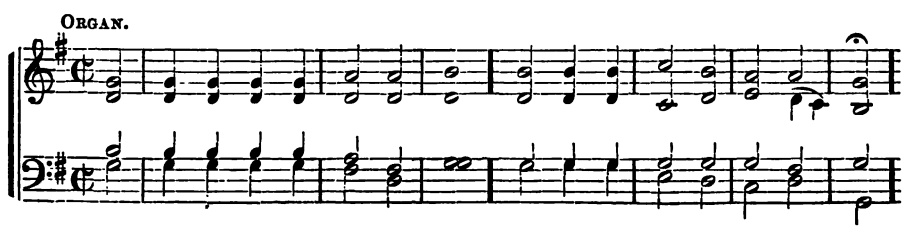
In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

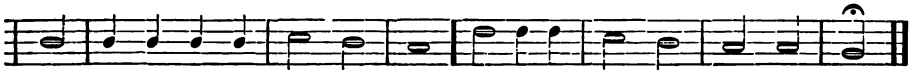
14

Awake, my soul; lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host;
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground;
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all; guard every part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armor from above
Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
And powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The Man of Calvary triumphed here;
Why should his faithful followers fear?

Old Chant.



Her fa-thers' God be - fore her moved, An aw-ful guide, in smoke and flame.

15

WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man who minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below;—

Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean:
No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
He hates to do his neighbor wrong.

He loves his enemies, and prays
For those who curse him to his face;
And does to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them.

Yet when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone:—
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

16

O, COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great—
A King superior far to all—
Whom by his title God we call.

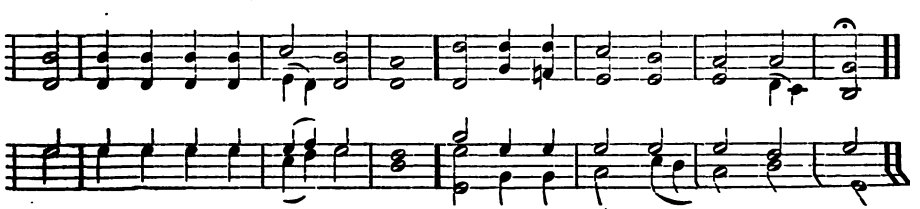
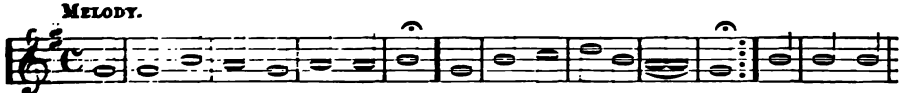
O, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly, all,
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

17

WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices raise;
Glad homage pay, with hallowed mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise;—

Assured that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed,—
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock which he delights to feed.

O, enter, then, his temple gate;
Thence to his courts devoutly press;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless;—

For he's the Lord, supremely good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

Melody.

Great God, what do I see and hear? The end of things cre - a - ted:
The Judge of man I see ap - pear, On clouds of glo - ry seat - ed:
The trump-et
That day of wrath, that dread-ful day, When heaven and earth shall pass a-way! What power shall

18

Great God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

Great God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Before his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

19

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

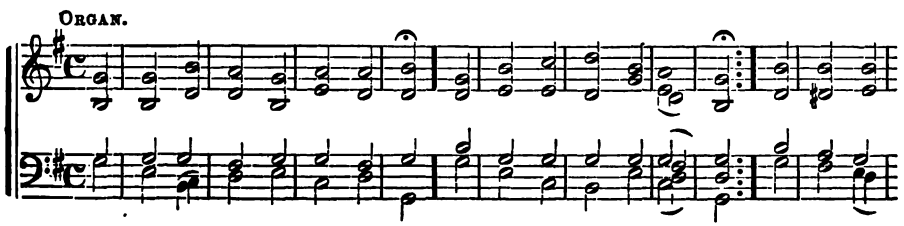
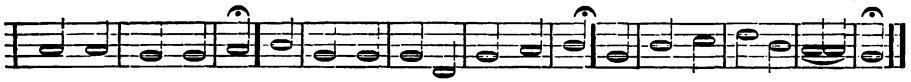
We are his people, we his care;
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

We'll crowd thy gates, with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Doxology.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father Son, and Holy Ghost.

Organ.

16th Century.

sounds; the graves re-store The dead which they con-tained be-fore: Pre-pare, my soul, to meet him.

be the sin-ner's stay? How shall he meet that dread-ful day, How shall he meet that dread-ful day,—

20

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day,—

When, shrivelling like a parchéd scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll,—
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou the trembling sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

21

THE Lord will come; the earth shall quake,
The hills their ancient seats forsake,
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars withdraw their feeble light.

The Lord will come, but not the same
As once in lowly form he came,—
A quiet Lamb to slaughter led,—
The bruised, the suffering, and the dead.

The Lord will come, a dreadful Form,
With wreath of flame, and robe of storm,
On cherub wings, and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind.

Can this be he who wont to stray
A Pilgrim on the world's highway,
By power oppressed, and mocked by pride?
O God, is this the Crucified?

Go, tyrants, to the rocks complain;
Go seek the mountain's cleft in vain;
But faith, victorious o'er the tomb,
Shall sing for joy, "The Lord is come."

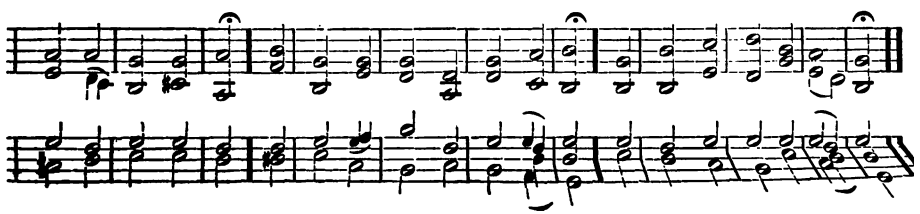
22

HE reigns — the Lord, the Saviour reigns:
Praise him in evangelic strains:
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice;
And distant islands join their voice.

Deep are his counsels, and unknown;
But grace and truth support his throne:
Though gloomy clouds his way surround,
Justice is their eternal ground.

In robes of judgment, lo, he comes!
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs;
Before him burns devouring fire!
The mountains melt, the seas retire!

His enemies, with sore dismay,
Fly from the sight and shun the day:
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.



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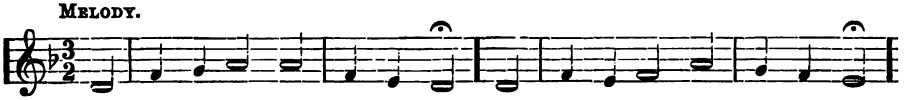
Broad is the road that leads to death, And thou-sands walk to - geth-er there;

23

BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

"Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

The fearful soul, that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed — almost a saint —
And makes his own destruction sure.

Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new:
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

24

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell and fly to heaven, —
The day of grace, — and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

25

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes.

Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake;
What love through all his actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace he spake!

"This is my body broke for sin;
Receive and eat the living food:"
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine;
"'Tis the new covenant in my blood.

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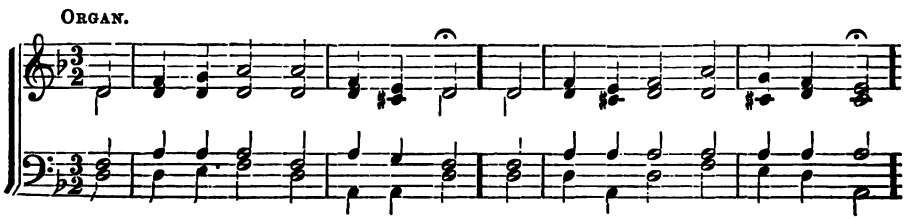
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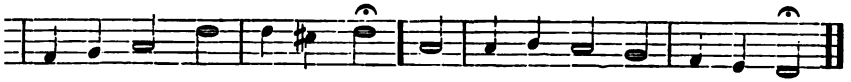


this," he cried, " till time shall end,
mory of your dying Friend;
at my table, and record
ove of your departed Lord."

thy feast we celebrate;
ow thy death, we sing thy name,
ou return, and we shall eat
arriage supper of the Lamb.

26

mercy on me, O my God!
ing kindness hear my prayer;
raw the terror of thy rod;
in thy tender mercy, spare.

es rise where'er I look,
confess their guilt to thee;
ny transgressions from thy book;
me from all iniquity.

reaming blood, nor cleansing fire
eeming anger can appease;
-offerings thou dost not require,
dly I would render these.

roken heart in sacrifice,
, will thine acceptance meet;
art, O God, do not despise,
d and contrite at thy feet.

27

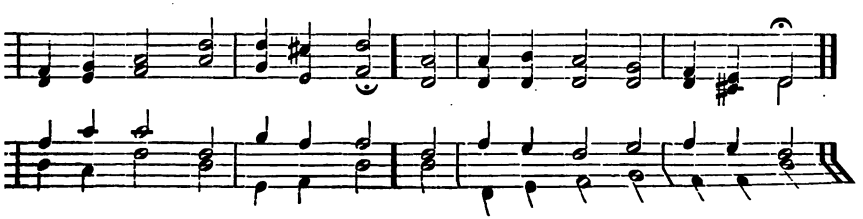
SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

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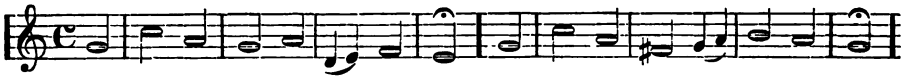

28

AT anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, Sweet Spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sails, and speed my way.

Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail;
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale.

29

BLEST Spirit! source of grace divine!
What soul-refreshing streams are thine!
O, bring these healing waters nigh,
Or we must droop, and fall, and die!

No traveller through desert lands,
Midst scorching suns, and burning sands,
More eager longs for cooling rain,
Or pants the current to obtain.

Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial fountain, spring;
To a redundant river flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.

May this blest river, near my side,
Through all my journey gently glide;
Then, in Emanuel's land above,
Spread to a sea of joy and love.

30

LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze, their forms are gone.

"He lived, — he died;" behold the sum,
The abstract of the historian's page!
Alike in God's all-seeing eye
The infant's day, the patriarch's age.

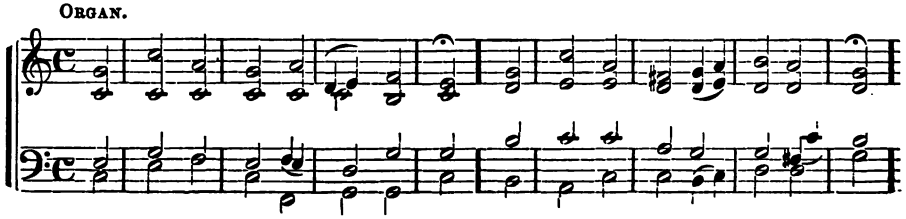
O Father, in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie!
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly;

To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds:
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

31

COME, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
O, turn to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy sovereign power be known.

O, let a holy flock await,
In crowds, around thy temple gate,
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

ORGAN.

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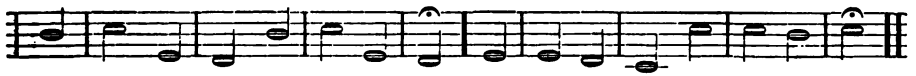

Ce - les - tial breeze, no long - er stay, But swell my sails, and speed my way.

32

Preserve me, Lord, in time of need;
For succor to thy throne I flee,
But have no merits there to plead;
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

Oft have my heart and tongue confessed
How empty and how poor I am;
My praise can never make thee blessed,
Nor add new glories to thy name.

Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
Some profit by the good we do;
These are the company I keep;
These are the choicest friends I know.

Let others choose the sons of mirth,
To give a relish to their wine;
I love the men of heavenly birth,
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

33

My God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house;
And let my nightly worship rise,
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
From every rash and heedless word;
Nor let my feet incline to tread
The guilty path where sinners lead.

O, may the righteous, when I stray,
Smite and reprove my wandering way!
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

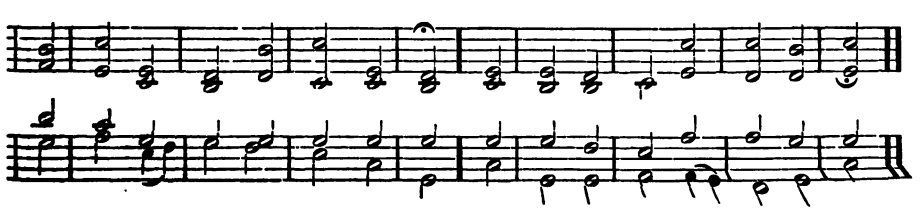
When I behold them pressed with grief,
I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
And, by my warm petitions, prove
How much I prize their faithful love.

34

"Come hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

"They shall find rest, who learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind:
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

"Blessed is the man, whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck;
My grace shall make the burden light."

Jesus, we come at thy command;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

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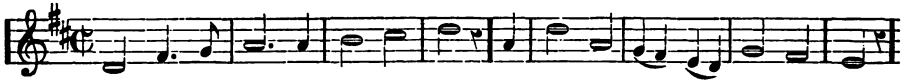
35

Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to th' Eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God;
And thy rich glories, from afar,
Sparkle in every rolling star: —

But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labor of thine hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.

Grace! — 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground!

O, may I reach the happy place,
Where he unveils his lovely face!
Where all his beauties you behold;
And sing his name to harps of gold.

36

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength — the nations shake!
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah — God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

No more let human blood be spilt —
Vain sacrifice for human guilt!
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

Arm of the Lord, thy power extend;
Let Mahomet's impostures end;
Break superstition's papal chain,
And the proud scoffer's rage restrain.

Let Zion's time of favor come;
O, bring the tribes of Israel home:
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Christ's one fold.

Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every land of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

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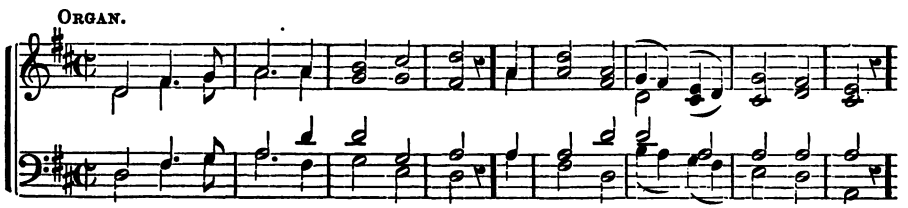

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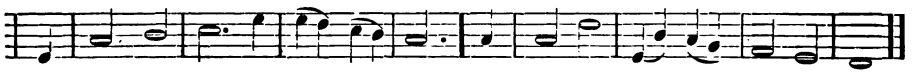

37

ZION, awake! thy strength renew;
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
And let the admiring world behold
The King's fair daughter clothed in gold.

Church of our God, arise and shine
Bright with the beams of truth divine;
Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.

Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire and love thee too,—
Shall come like clouds across the sky,
Or doves that to their windows fly.

38

AWAKE, our souls; away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint,—

The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young;
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While such as trust their native strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

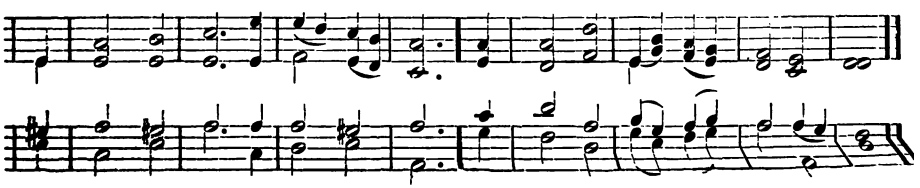
Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

39

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew!
Scatter my sins like morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

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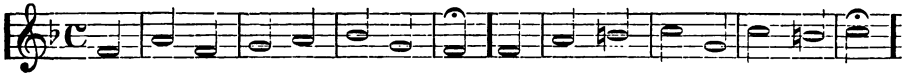
40

Up to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,—
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ,
Can make this world of guilt remove;
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove.

O, might I once mount up, and see
The glories of th' eternal skies,—
What little things these worlds would be!
How despicable to my eyes!

Had I a glance of thee, my God,
Kingdoms and men would vanish soon;—
Vanish, as though I saw them not,—
As a dim candle dies at noon.

Then they might fight, and rage, and rave;
I should perceive the noise no more,
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
While rattling thunders round us roar.

Great All in All, eternal King,
Let me but view thy lovely face;—
And all my powers shall bow, and sing
Thine endless grandeur, and thy grace.

41

How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;—

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,—
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;—

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than goods to lend;
And walks with man, from day to day,
As with a brother and a friend!

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

42

Now rest, my long-divided heart!
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Here have I found a nobler part;
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

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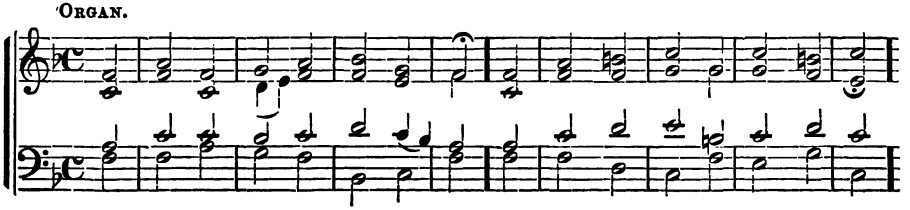

GIBBONS.

Fain would my thoughts leap out and fly,— But sin hangs heav - y on my soul.

43

HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thine holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

Thy walls are strength; and at thy gates
A guard of heavenly warriors waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundation move,
Fixed on his counsels and his love.

Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against thy throne in vain they rage,
Like rising waves with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace;
And we reflect his brightest praise.

44

BLEST are the humble souls, who see
Their emptiness and poverty;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin;
With endless pleasure, they shall see
A God of spotless purity.

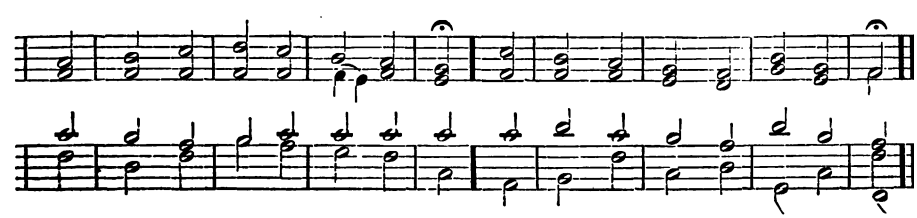
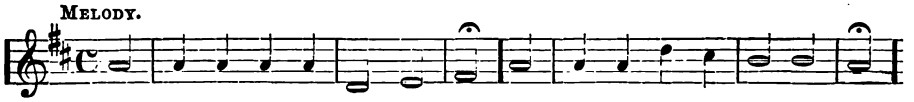
Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife;
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.

Blest are the sufferers, who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord;
Glory and joy are their reward.

45

How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place.

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest!"
Yes, Sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

46

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
In every star thy wisdom shines;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days, thy power confess;
But the blest volume thou hast writ
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

Nor will thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven:
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

47

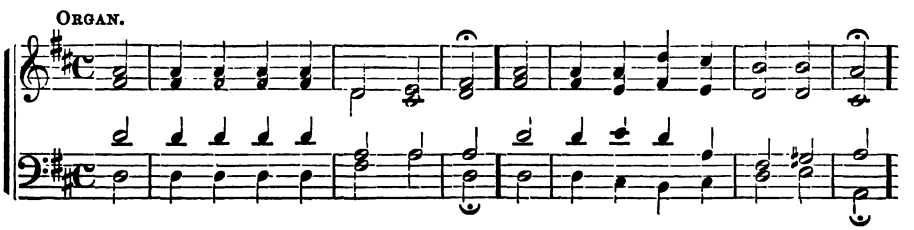
Let Zion praise the mighty God,
And make his honors known abroad:
For sweet the joy — our songs to raise;
And glorious is the work of praise.

Our children are secure and blest;
Our shores have peace, our cities rest;
He feeds our sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.

The changing seasons he ordains;
The early and the latter rains:
The flakes of snow, like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.

With hoary frost he strews the ground;
His hail descends with clattering sound:
Where is the man so vainly bold,
As dare defy his dreadful cold!

He bids the southern breezes blow;
The ice dissolves, the waters flow:
But he hath nobler works and ways,
To call his people to his praise.

To all our land his laws are shown;
His gospel through the nation known:
He hath not thus revealed his word
To every land: — Praise ye the Lord!

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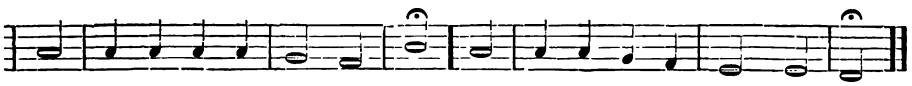


48

SALVATION is forever nigh
The souls who fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from [heaven;
By his obedience so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

His righteousness is gone before,
To give us free access to God;
Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
But mark his steps, and keep the road.

49

YE nations of the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice;
With all your tongues his glory sing.

The Lord is God; — 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give;
We are his work, and not our own, —
The sheep that on his pastures live.

Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises to his courts repair;
And make it your divine employ,
To pay your thanks and honors there.

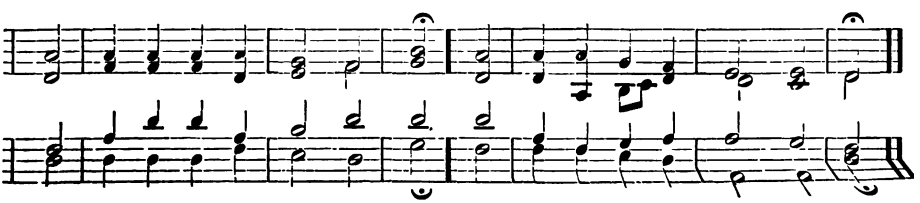
The Lord is good; the Lord is kind;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

50

HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use;
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

Were I inspired to preach, and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still, I am nothing without love.

Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the bowels of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name; —

If love to God, and love to men,
Be absent, all my hopes are vain:
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

51

With all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song;
Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise.

To God I cried, when troubles rose;
He heard me, and subdued my foes;
He did my rising fears control,
And strength diffused through all my soul.

Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord;
I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
Not all the works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.

52

Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

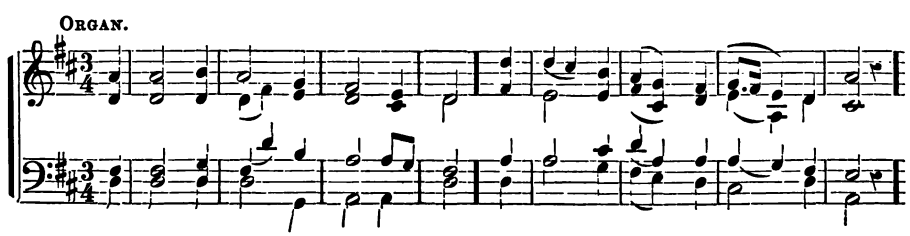
Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

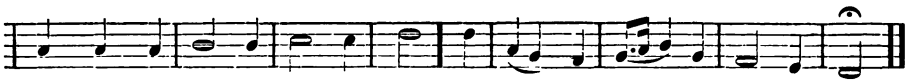
53

Nature, with all her powers, shall sing
Her great Creator and her King;
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne,
Begin to make his glories known;
Tune high your harps, and spread the sound
Throughout creation's utmost bound.

O, may our ardent zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Let there be sung, with warmest joy,
Hosanna from ten thousand tongues.

Yet, mighty God, our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name;
The highest notes that angels raise
Fall far below thy glorious praise.

BURDER.



An - gels shall hear the notes I raise, Ap - prove the song, and join the praise.

54

My God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let every realm with joy proclaim
The sound and honor of thy name.

Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise,
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and triumph of their tongue.

55

"COME in, thou blesséd of the Lord;"
O, come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

Thy name, 'tis hoped, already stands
Within the book of life above;
And now to thine we join our hands,
In token of fraternal love.

Those joys which earth cannot afford
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

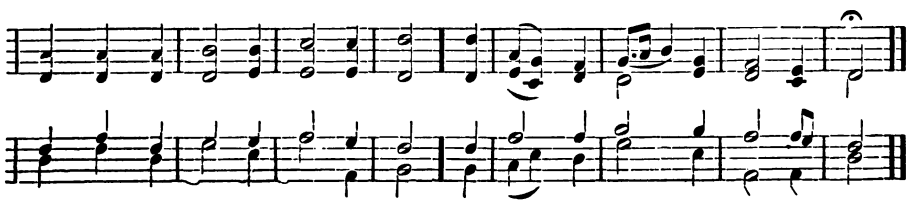
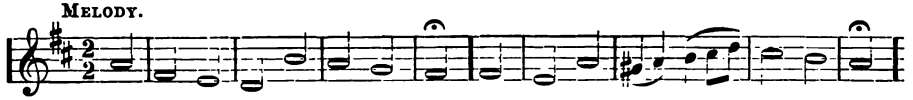
And while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's case our own.

Once more our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
O, may we all together meet
Around the throne of God above.

56

ALMIGHTY Ruler of the skies,
Through all the earth thy name is spread,
And thine eternal glories rise
Above the heavens thy hands have made.

To thee the voices of the young
Their sounding notes of honor raise;
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

Amidst thy temple children throng
To see their great Redeemer's face;
The Son of David is their song,
And loud hosannas fill the place.

57

Eternal Spirit, we confess
And sing the wonders of thy grace;
Thy power conveys our blessings down
From God the Father and the Son.

Enlightened by thy heavenly ray,
Our shades and darkness turn to day;
Thine inward teachings make us know
Our danger, and our refuge too.

Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin;
Do our imperious lusts subdue,
And form our wretched hearts anew.

The troubled conscience knows thy voice;
Thy cheering words awake our joys;
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

58

He lives — the great Redeemer lives;
What joy the blest assurance gives! —
And now before his Father, God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.

Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, armed with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles — and all is peace!

Hence, then, ye black, despairing thoughts;
Above our fears, above our faults,
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.

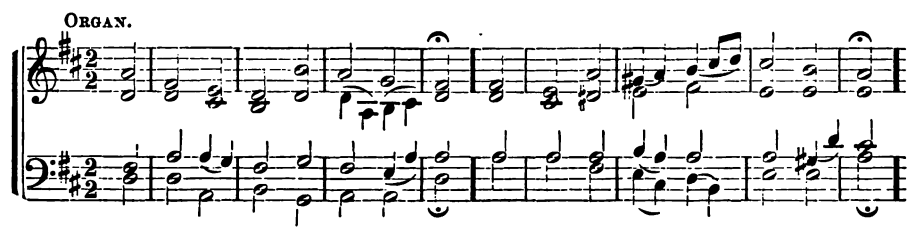
In every dark, distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their power,
Let this dear hope repel the dart —
That Jesus bears us on his heart.

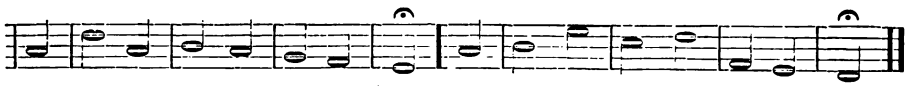
Great Advocate, almighty Friend!
On him our humble hopes depend;
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

59

O Thou, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee;
O, burst these bonds, and set it free.

Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;
No foes, no violence, I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

DR. GREENE.



When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O, let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

60

JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself, the ever-living God.

Like floods, the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies:
Vain floods — that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

Forever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands forever sure:
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

61

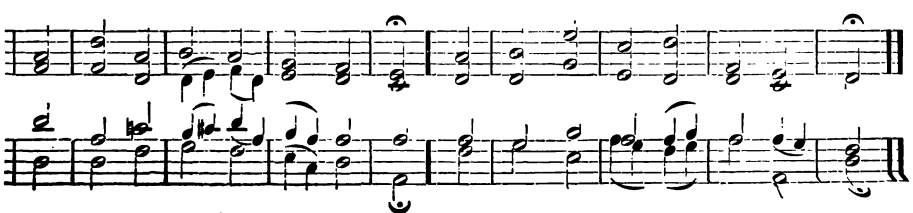
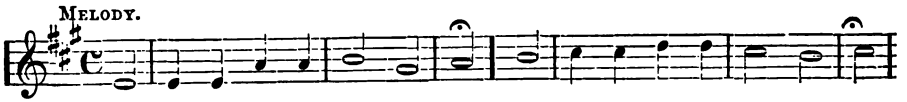
WE bless the Lord, the just and good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

He sends the sun his circuit round,
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds, with plenteous rain,
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death:
Safety and health to God belong;
He helps the weak, and guards the strong.

He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love:
But the wide difference that remains,
Is endless joys and endless pains.

The Lord, that bruised the serpent's head,
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
And smite him with a lasting wound.

His own right hand his saints will raise,
From the deep earth, or deeper seas,
And bring them to his courts above,
There to enjoy his perfect love.

62

Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

And when your labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

63

"Go, preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be saved that trusts my word;
He shall be damned that won't believe.

"I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

"Go heal the sick; go raise the dead;
Go cast out devils in my name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid, [pheme.
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blas-

"Teach all the nations my commands;
I'm with you till the world shall end;
All power is trusted in my hands;
I can destroy, and I defend."

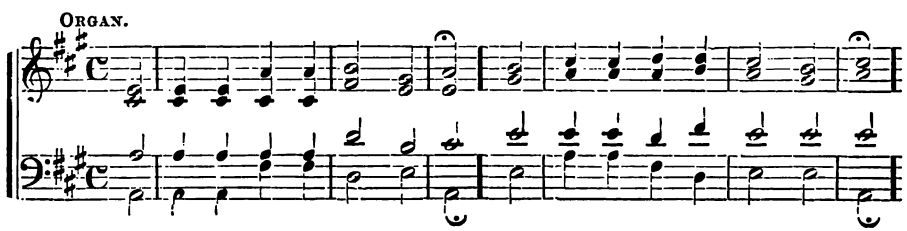
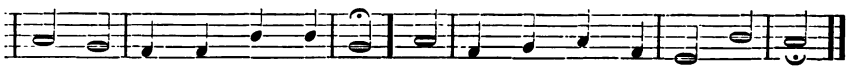
He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

64

Eternal Source of every joy,
Thy praise may well our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts abundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a dreary aspect wear.

dis - tant climes the ti - dings bear, And plant the Rose of Shar - on there.

)e the cheerful homage paid
morning light and evening shade;
ns, and months, and weeks, and days,
ınd successive songs of praise.

65

will the great, eternal God
ırth establish his abode?
will he, from his heavenly throne,
' our temples for his own?

ring the tribute of our praise,
:ing that condescending grace
h to our notes will lend an ear
:all us, sinful mortals, near.

: walls we to thy honor raise;
may they echo with thy praise;
:hou, descending, fill the place
choicest tokens of thy grace.

let the great Redeemer reign,
all the graces of his train;
: power divine his words attends,
ınquer foes and cheer his friends.

in the great, decisive day,
ı God the nations shall survey,
it before the world appear
crowds were born to glory here.

66

And is the gospel peace and love?
So let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

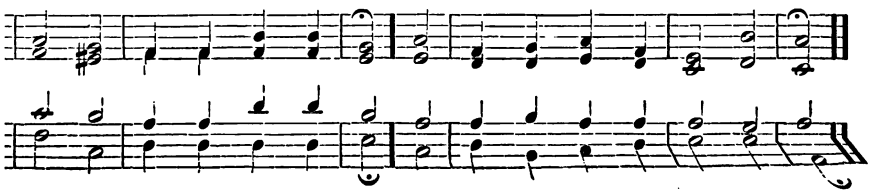
Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life!

O, how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.

67

Join, every tongue, to praise the Lord;
All nature rests upon his word;
Mercy and truth his courts maintain,
And own his universal reign.

Seasons and times obey his voice;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Enriched with fruit, and dressed in flowers.

Thy works pronounce thy power divine;
In all the earth thy glories shine;
Through every month thy gifts appear;
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year.

MELODY.

68

RETURN, my wandering soul, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by redeeming grace.

Return, my wandering soul, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.

Return, my wandering soul, return;
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;
Go, view his bleeding side, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

Return, my wandering soul, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
'Tis God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'Tis mercy's voice invites thee near.

69

JESUS, and shall it ever be —
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

Ashamed of Jesus! — that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! — when I blush, be this my shame, —
That I no more revere his name.

Ashamed of Jesus! — yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then — nor is my boasting vain —
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And, O, may this my glory be, —
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

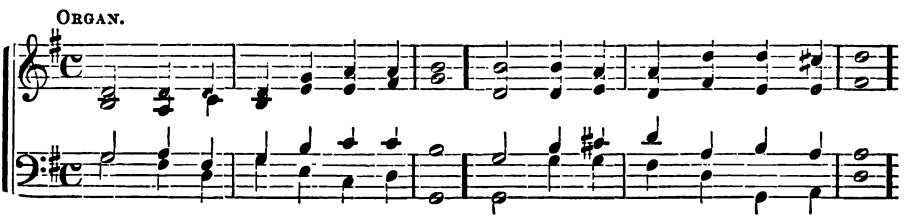
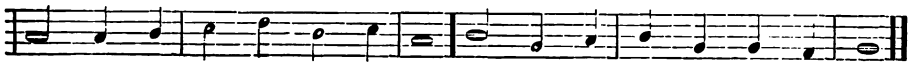
70

MY God, I thank thee: may no thought
E'er deem a Father's hand severe;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
Let humble faith adore thy will.

ORGAN.



71

JEHOVAH reigns; his throne is high;
His robes are light and majesty;
His glory shines with beams so bright,
No mortal can sustain the sight.

His terrors keep the world in awe;
His justice guards his holy law;
His love reveals a smiling face;
His truth and promise seal the grace.

Through all his works his wisdom shines,
And baffles Satan's deep designs;
His power is sovereign to fulfil
The noblest counsels of his will.

And will this glorious Lord descend
To be my Father and my Friend?
Then let my songs with angels' join;
Heaven is secure, if God be mine.

72

THOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty Friend,
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?

Eternal life thy words impart;
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.

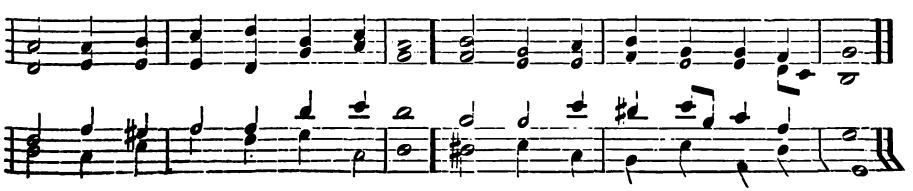
Let earth's alluring joys combine;
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile, of thine,
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

Low at thy feet my soul would lie;
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is thine.

73

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
"Strength shall be equal to thy day,"—
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Upheld by all-sufficient grace.

I can do all things, or can bear
All suffering, if my Lord be there;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While he my sinking head sustains.

I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me;
When I am weak, then am I strong;
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

74

My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go?

Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone;
In secret silence of the mind
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

75

Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee.

My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.

Blest Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet thy entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.

Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

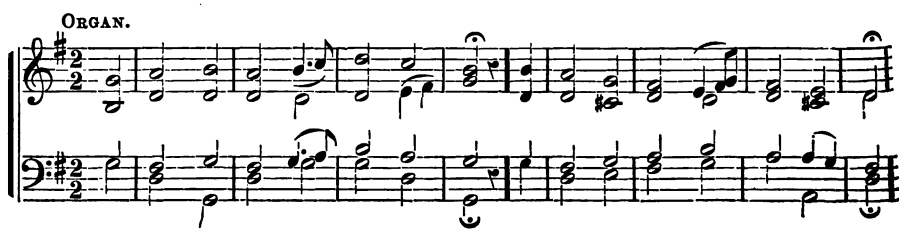
76

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.



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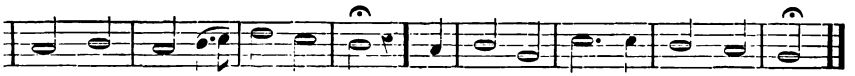


· midst a thou-sand thoughts I rove, For - get - ful of my high - est love.

77

:T is the work, my God, my King,
aise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
ow thy love by morning light,
alk of all thy truth at night.

: is the day of sacred rest;
ortal cares shall seize my breast;
y my heart in tune be found,
David's harp of solemn sound.

eart shall triumph in my Lord,
)less his works, and bless his word;
vorks of grace, how bright they shine!
deep thy counsels! how divine!

never raise their thoughts so high;
brutes they live, like brutes they die;
grass they flourish, till thy breath
them in everlasting death.

shall share a glorious part,
grace hath well refined my heart,
resh supplies of joy are shed,
holy oil, to cheer my head.

shall I see, and hear, and know
desired or wished below,
very power find sweet employ
t eternal world of joy.

78

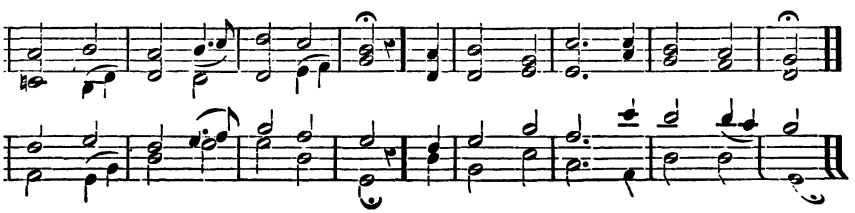
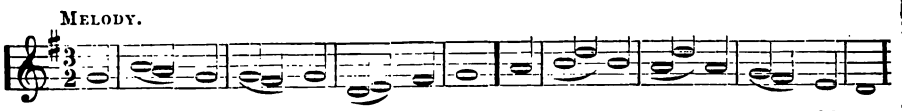
How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God, my King, why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

Blest are the saints who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

Blest are the souls, who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

Blest are the men, whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength: and through the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.

Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

79

Great Former of this various frame!
Our souls adore thine awful name;
And bow, and tremble, while we praise
The Ancient of eternal days.

Our days a transient period run,
And change with every circling sun;
And, in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.

But let the creatures fall around;
Let death consign us to the ground;
Let the last general flame arise,
And melt the arches of the skies;

Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see,
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

80

O Thou, whose presence went before
Our fathers in their weary way,
As with thy chosen moved of yore
The fire by night, the cloud by day!

When, from each temple of the free,
A nation's song ascends to heaven,
Most holy Father, unto thee
Now let our humble prayer be given.

And grant, O Father, that the time
Of earth's deliverance may be near,
When every land, and tongue, and clime,
The message of thy love shall hear;—

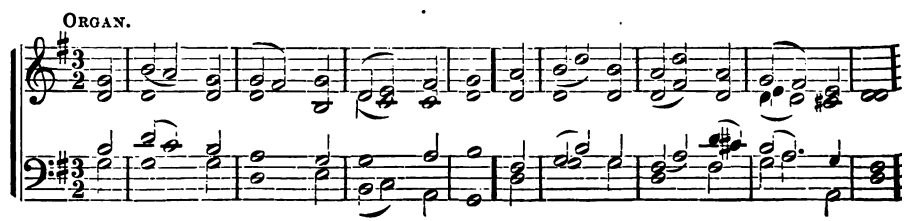
When, smitten as with fire from heaven,
The captive's chain shall sink in dust,
And to his fettered soul be given
The glorious freedom of the just.

81

God of eternity! from thee
Did infant time his being draw:
Moments and days, and months and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.

Silent, but swift, they glide away;
Steady and strong the current flows,
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from which it rose.

Yet while the shore, on either side,
Presents a gaudy, flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amusement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.

Great Source of wisdom! teach our hearts
To know the worth of every hour;
That time may bear us on to joys
Beyond its measure and its power.

OATES.

82

, I will bless thee all my days;
raise shall dwell upon my tongue;
ul shall glory in thy grace,
saints rejoice to hear the song.

magnify the Lord with me;
let us all exalt his name;
ht th' eternal God, and he
ot exposed my hope to shame.

him all my secret grief;
cret groaning reached his ears;
ve my inward pains relief,
almed the tumult of my fears.

ly angels pitch their tents
d the men who serve the Lord;
r and love him, all ye saints,
of his grace, and trust his word.

83

all my powers of heart and tongue,
aise my Maker in my song;
s shall hear the notes I raise,
ve the song, and join the praise.

od I cried, when troubles rose;
ard me, and subdued my foes;
d my rising fears control,
trength diffused through all my soul.

Amid a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

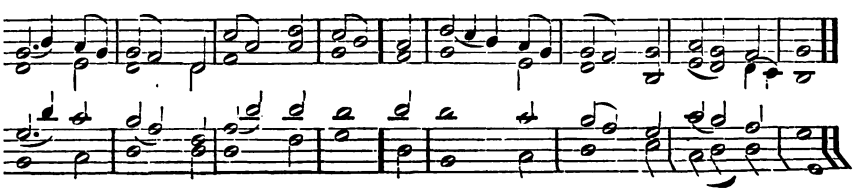
Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

84

BLESS, O my soul, the living God;
Call home thy thoughts, that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Let not the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot.

'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done:
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

Let every land his power confess;
Let all the earth adore his grace;
My heart and tongue, with rapture, join
In work and worship so divine.

HAMBURG. L. M.

MELODY.

85

KINGDOMS and thrones to God belong;
Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
His honors shall enrich your verse.

He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
How terrible is God in arms!
In Israel are his mercies known;
Israel is his peculiar throne.

Proclaim him king; pronounce him blest;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest;
When terrors rise, and nations faint,
God is the strength of every saint.

86

WHEN, as returns this solemn day,
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,
What rites, what honors, shall he pay?
How spread his Sovereign's praise abroad?

From marble domes, and gilded spires,
Shall curling clouds of incense rise?
And gems, and gold, and garlands deck
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord
Thy golden offerings well may spare;
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

87

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

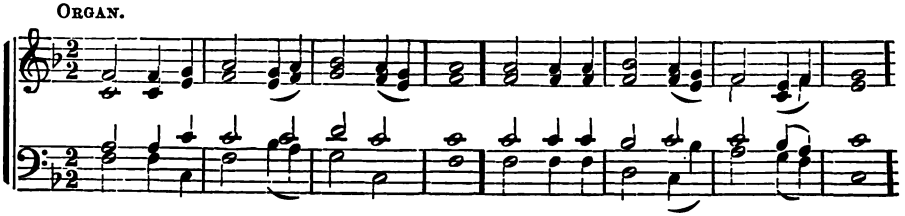
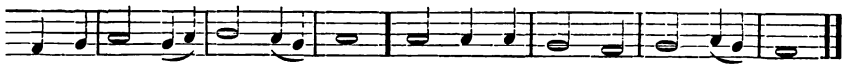
Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

88

'TIS by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

With joy we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

ORGAN.

won-drous names and powers re - hearse; His hon - ors shall en - rich your verse.

89

T God, in vain man's narrow view
ıpts to look thy nature through;
ıboring powers with reverence own
;lories never can be known.

ıe high seraph's mighty thought,
countless years his God has sought,
wondrous height or depth can find,
lly trace thy boundless mind.

Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
ıat we mortals need to know;
: wisdom, goodness, power divine,
ıgh all thy works and conduct shine.

ıy our souls with rapture trace
vorks of nature and of grace,
: thy sacred name, and still
on to know and do thy will.

90

ear Redeemer, and my Lord,
l my duty in thy word;
n thy life the law appears,
n out in living characters.

was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
deference to thy Father's will,
love, and meekness so divine,
ıld transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

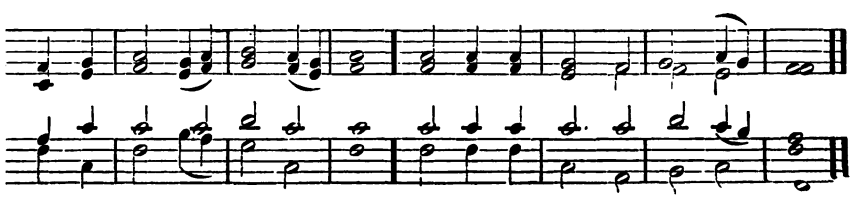
Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

91

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With earnest hope and strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

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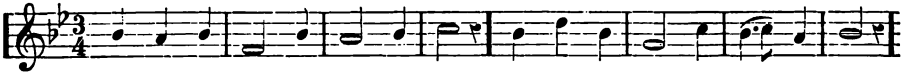

92

My helper, God! I bless thy name!
The same thy power, thy grace the same:
The tokens of thy friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

Amidst ten thousand deaths I stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand:
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

Thus far thine arm hath led me on;
Thus far I make thy mercy known;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New blessings shall new songs demand.

93

The lands, that long in darkness lay,
Now have beheld a heavenly light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade,
Are blessed with beams divinely bright.

The virgin's promised Son is born;
Behold th' expected child appear!
What shall his names, or titles, be?
The Wonderful, the Counsellor.

The government of earth and seas
Upon his shoulders shall be laid:
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honors to his name be paid.

Jesus, the holy Child, shall sit,
High on his father David's throne;—
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

94

There is a God — all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
See from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise.

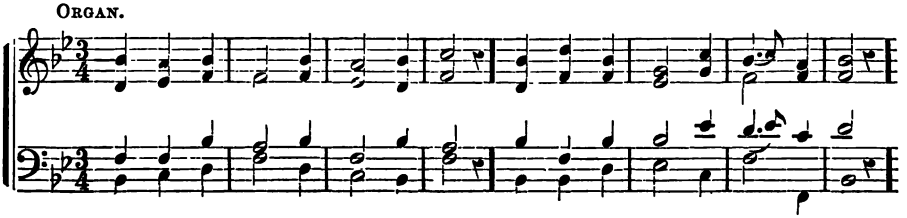
The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

The flowery tribes all blooming rise,
Above the weak attempts of art;
The smallest worms, the meanest flies,
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.

Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er.
Confess the footsteps of the God;—
Bow down before him, and adore.

DOXOLOGY.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

ORGAN.

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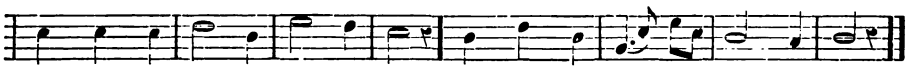

95

O THOU, who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand!
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and thee.

Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee,
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.

And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

96

AH, wretched souls, who strive in vain,
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.

May I resolve, with all my heart,
With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.

Be this the purpose of my soul,
My solemn, my determined choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

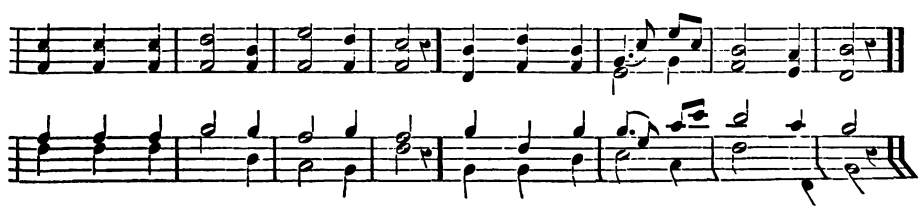
O, may I never faint nor tire,
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways!
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

97

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Father divine! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this roving, treacherous heart
Wisely to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth with skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

If thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

98

Lord, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;
Those heavenly guards around thee wait,
Like chariots that attend thy state.

Not Sinai's mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there,
While he pronounced his dreadful law,
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

How bright the triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious powers of hell,
That thousand souls had captive made,
Were all in chains, like captives, led.

Raised by his Father to the throne,
He sent the promised Spirit down,
With gifts and grace for rebel men,
That God might dwell on earth again.

99

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

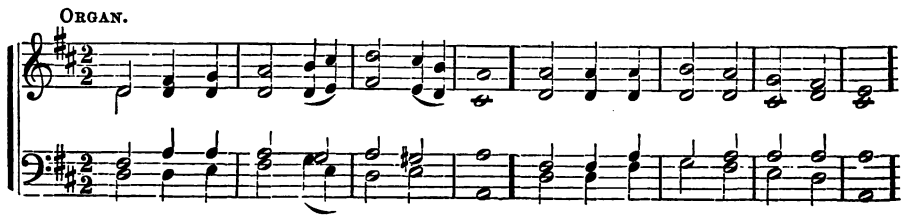
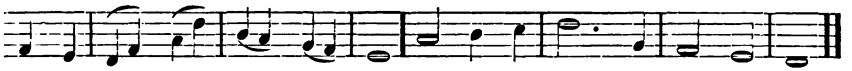
Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The joyful prisoner bursts his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

100

Give to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

JOHN HATTON.

101

E is a glorious world on high,
endent with eternal day;
views the blissful prospect nigh,
God's own word reveals the way.

shall the servants of the Lord
never-fading lustre shine;
ising honor, vast reward,
rred on man by love divine!

hining firmament shall fade,
parkling stars resign their light;
ese shall know nor change nor shade,
er fair, forever bright.

ings of faith and strong desire,
y our spirits daily rise,
each at last the shining choir
bright mansions of the skies!

102

in the heavens, eternal God,
oodness in full glory shines;
ruth shall break through every cloud
veils thy just and wise designs.

er firm thy justice stands,
ountains their foundations keep;
are the wonders of thy hands;
udgments are a mighty deep.

O God, how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort spring!
The sons of Adam, in distress,
Fly to the shadow of thy wing.

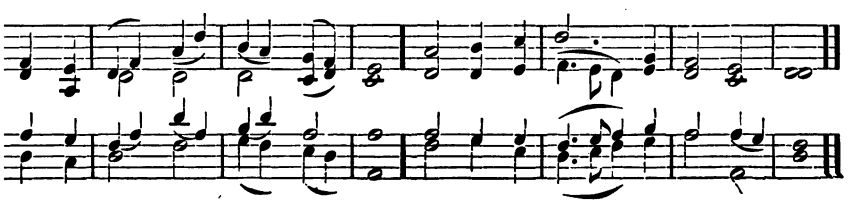
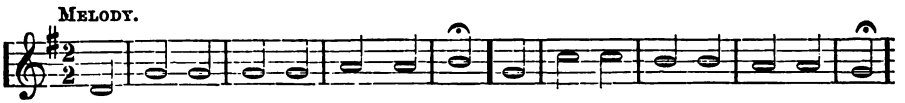
In the provisions of thy house
We still shall find a sweet repast;
There mercy, like a river, flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

103

JEHOVAH reigns; let all the earth
In his just government rejoice;
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.

Darkness and clouds of awful shade
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Justice and truth his guards are made,
And fixed by his pavilion wait.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord;
Memorials of his holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

104

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Let my blest Guardian, while I sleep,
His watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the latter day.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

105

Return, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares;
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, toils, and snares.

Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought;
From sickness unto death made whole;
Safe through a thousand perils brought.

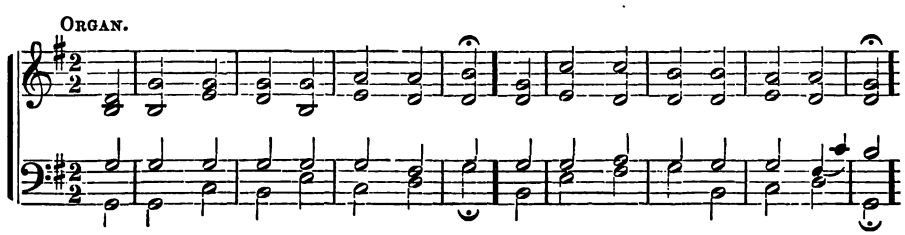
Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions every hour at strife;
Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn;
Lay hold upon eternal life.

God is thy rest; with heart inclined
To keep his word, that word believe;
Christ is thy rest; with lowly mind,
His light and easy yoke receive.

106

Great God, to thee my evening song,
With humble gratitude, I raise;
O, let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every gently-rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And, fond of trifles, vainly rove.

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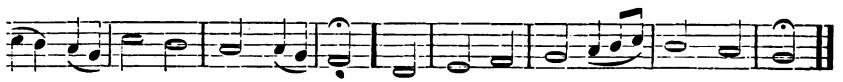


y forgiveness in the blood
us: his dear name alone
. for pardon, gracious God,
nd acceptance, at thy throne.

s blest hope mine eyelids close;
leep refresh my feeble frame;
thy care may I repose,
ake with praises to thy name.

107

hould we start, and fear to die!
imorous worms we mortals are!
is the gate of endless joy,
:t we dread to enter there.

ins, the groans, the dying strife,
our approaching souls away;
: shrink back again to life,
f our prison and our clay.

ıy Lord would come and meet,
l should stretch her wings in haste;
ırless through death's iron gate,
:l the terrors as she passed.

an make a dying bed
ft as downy pillows are;
on his breast I lean my head,
eathe my life out sweetly there.

108

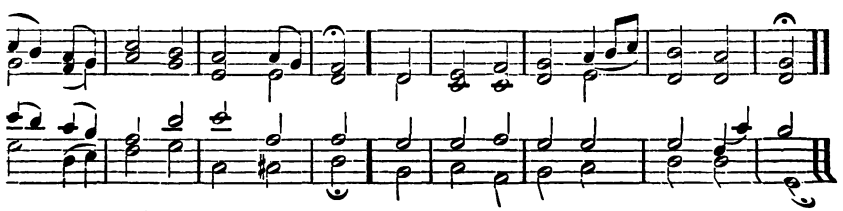
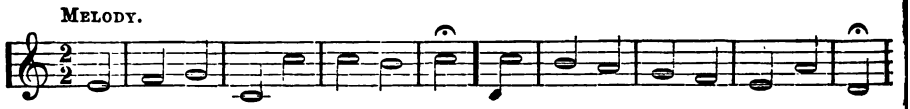
WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem!

Once on the raging seas I rode;
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my courage froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,—
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

109

Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes:
Thy Jesus nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace,
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

110

My spirit looks to God alone;
My rock and refuge is his throne;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul on his salvation waits.

Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways;
Pour out your hearts before his face;
When helpers fail, and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient Aid.

111

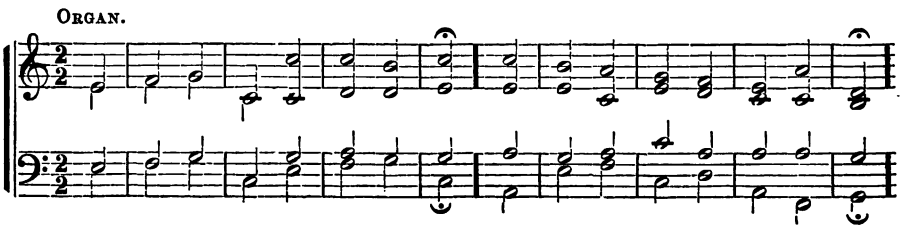
God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar;
In sacred peace our souls abide;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode;

That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth and armed with power.

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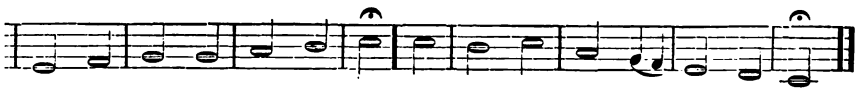

:h to the gates of end - less joy, Where thy great Cap - tain Sa-viour's gone.

112

perfect world, by Adam trod,
the first temple, built by God;
fiat laid the corner-stone;
pake, and, lo! the work was done.

ıung its starry roof on high,
broad expanse of azure sky;
pread its pavement, green and bright,
curtained it with morning light.

mountains in their places stood,
sea, the sky; and all was good;
when its first pure praises rung,
morning stars together sung.

, 'tis not ours to make the sea,
earth, and sky, a house for thee;
in thy sight our offering stands,
ıumble temple, built with hands.

113

God, in whom are all the springs
oundless love and grace unknown,
me beneath thy spreading wings,
:he dark cloud is overblown.

o the heavens I send my cry;
Lord will my desires perform;
ends his angels from the sky,
saves me from the threatening storm.

My heart is fixed: my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

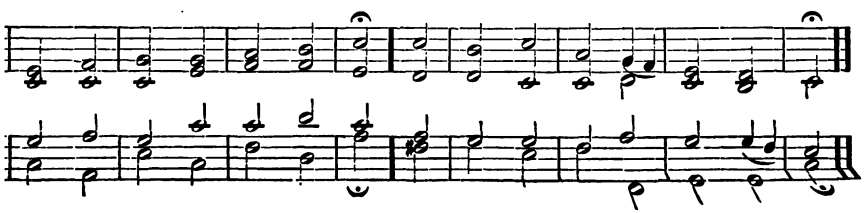
High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

114

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
The joys that cannot be expressed.

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and
Of thine unmeasurable grace. [length,

Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done,
By all the church, through Christ, his Son

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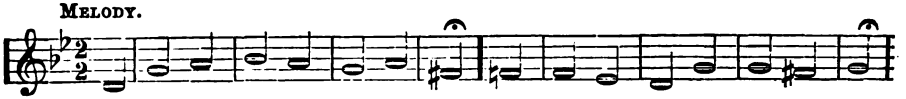

115

LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time t' insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell and fly to heaven, —
The day of grace, — and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

The living know that they must die,
But all the dead forgotten lie;
Their memory and their sense are gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.

Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith nor hope, beneath the ground.

There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

116

ASLEEP in Jesus! Blesséd sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blessed;
No fear, no woes, shall dim that hour
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! Time nor space
Debars this precious hiding place;
On Indian plains or Lapland's snows
Believers find the same repose.

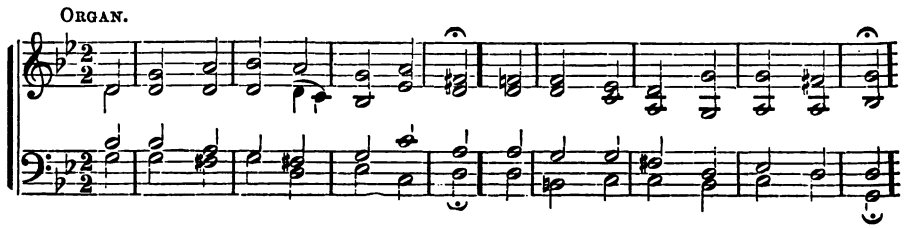
Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That Death has lost his venomed sting!

Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

117

OFT as the bell, with solemn toll,
Announces a departed soul,
Let each from every trifle fly,
And ask, "Am I prepared to die?"

Soon, leaving all I love below,
To God's tribunal I must go:
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,
And fix my everlasting state.

ORGAN.

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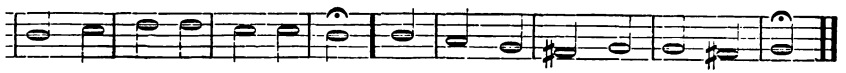

while the lamp holds out to burn, The vil - est sin - ner may re - turn.

ır, O, help me now to see,
lace my hope alone in thee
leansing blood, thy Spirit give;
e my sins, and bid me live!

when the solemn bell I hear,
ed from guilt, I need not fear:
ould the thought alarming be,
ıaps it next may toll for me!"

118

ıL thy bosom, faithful tomb;
this new treasure to thy trust;
ive these sacred relics room,
:k a slumber in the dust.

ain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
: thy bounds; no mortal woes
:ach the peaceful sleeper here,
angels watch the soft repose.

us slept; — God's dying Son [bed;
l through the grave, and blessed the
ıere, blest saint, till from his throne
ıorning break, and pierce the shade.

from his throne, illustrious morn;
l, O earth! his sovereign word;
e thy trust — a glorious form —
to ascend and meet the Lord.

119

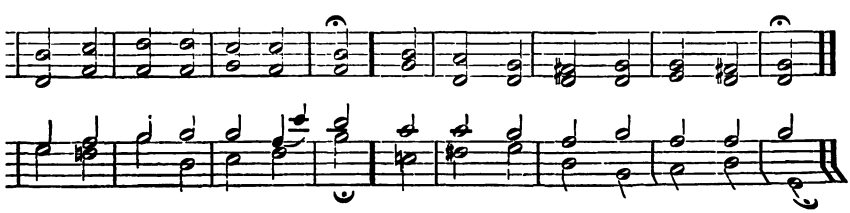
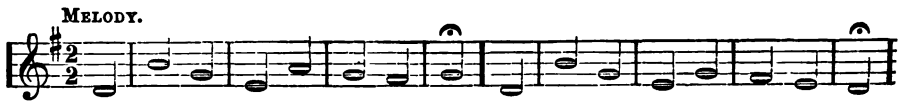
'Tıs finished: — so the Saviour cried:
And meekly bowed his head, and died!
'Tis finished: — yes, the race is run, —
The battle fought, the victory won.

'Tis finished: — all that Heaven decreed,
And all that ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as was designed,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

'Tis finished: — Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain;
The Jewish rites no more remain.

'Tis finished: — this my dying groan
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
Bv this my last, expiring breath.

'Tis finished: — Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return, and dwell with sinful men.

'Tis finished: — let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
Through heaven and hell, through earth
'Tis finished: — let the echo fly, [and sky.

120

So fades the lovely blooming flower,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart?
Spirit of grace, be ever nigh:
Thy comforts are not made to die.

Let gentle Patience smile on pain,
Till dying Hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And Faith points upward to the sky.

121

'Tis done; the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest:
Here have I found a nobler part;
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

High Heaven, that hears the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

122

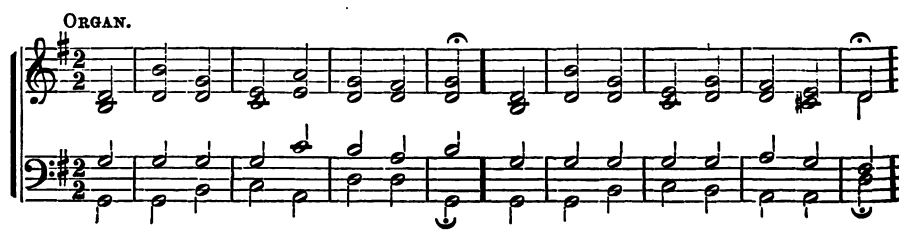
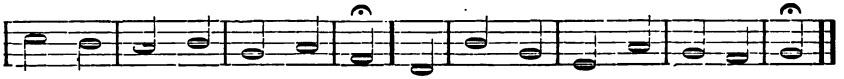
O Thou, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirit down,
View the sad breast, the streaming eye,
And let our sorrows pierce the sky.

Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell;
Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And yield our woe-fraught heart relief.

With power benign, thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer;
Avert thy swift descending stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock.

Restore him, sinking to the grave;
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save;
Back to our hopes and wishes give,
And bid our friend and father live.

Bound to each soul by tenderest ties,
In every breast his image lies;
Thy pitying aid, O God, impart,
Nor rend from him each bleeding heart.

Yet if our supplications fail,
And prayers and tears can nought prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him safe to endless day.

123

ly when the soul has fled,
ren trees, decayed and dead,
ı, — a hopeless, lifeless thing, —
of righteous deeds the spring.

ıp of healing oil and wine,
ar-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
ce more grateful, Lord, to thee,
lifted eye or bended knee.

ɜ and genuine faith we trace
ɔurce of every Christian grace;
ı the pious heart it plays,
ıg fount of joy and praise.

leeds of peace and love betray
ɔ'er the stream has found its way;
here these spring not rich and fair,
ream has never wandered there.

124

ɔu that hear'st when sinners cry,
h all my crimes before thee lie,
l them not with angry look,
ot their memory from thy book.

my nature pure within,
ɔrm my soul averse to sin;
y good Spirit ne'er depart,
de thy presence from my heart.

I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

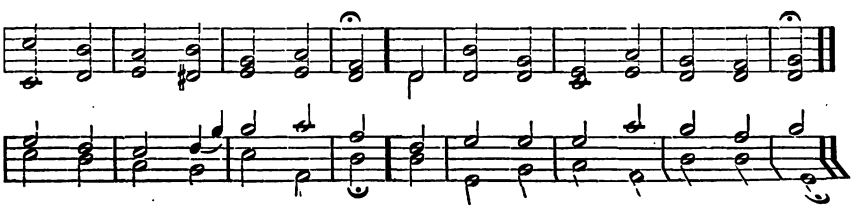
Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford,
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

125

How blest the righteous when he dies!
When sinks a trusting soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

Life's duty done, as sinks the day,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to say,
"How blest the righteous when he dies!"

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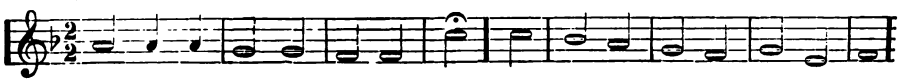

126

How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In sweet communion, kindred minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one!
To each the soul of each how dear!
What tender love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love.

127

WHEN sins and fears, prevailing, rise,
And fainting hope almost expires,
To thee, O Lord, I lift my eyes, —
To thee I breathe my soul's desires.

Art thou not mine, my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die?
'Tis fixed on thine almighty word, —
That word which built the earth and sky.

If my immortal Saviour lives,
Then my immortal life is sure;
His word a firm foundation gives;
Here I may build, and rest secure.

Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Forever sure the promise stands;
Not all the powers of earth or hell
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

Here, O my soul, thy trust repose;
If Jesus is for ever mine,
Not death itself — that last of foes —
Shall break a union so divine.

128

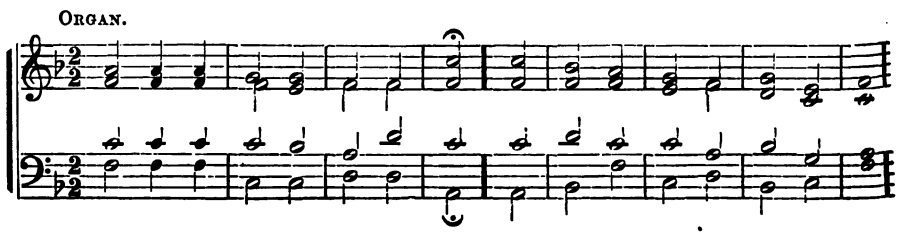
STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

Though I have most unfaithful been
Of all who e'er thy grace received, —
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved, —

Yet, O, the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
Nor, in thy righteous anger, swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

Now, Lord, my weary soul release;
Upraise me with thy gracious hand;
And guide me into perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

ORGAN.



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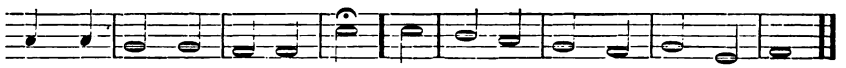


swift the heaven-ly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes, are one!

129

gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
ight and comfort from above;
ıu our Guardian, thou our Guide;
very thought and step preside.

the light of truth display,
ıake us know and choose thy way;
holy fear in every heart,
ve from God may ne'er depart.

ıs to holiness — the road
ı we must take to dwell with God;
ıs to Christ — the living way;
t us from his pastures stray; —

ıs to God, — our final rest, —
with him forever blest;
ıs to heaven, its bliss to share —
ss of joy forever there.

130

is the word of truth and love,
o the nations from above;
ah here resolves to show
his almighty grace can do.

emedy did wisdom find,
al diseases of the mind —
overeign balm, whose virtues can
e the ruined creature, man.

The gospel bids the dead revive;
Sinners obey the voice, and live;
Dry bones are raised, and clothed afresh,
And hearts of stone are turned to flesh.

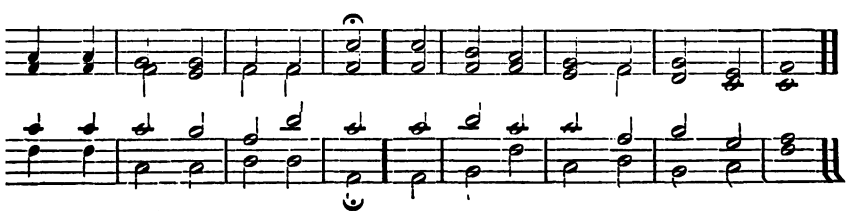
May but this grace my soul renew,
Let sinners gaze and hate me too;
The word that saves me does engage
A sure defence from all their rage.

131

SAVIOUR, when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee;
Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapped in shades of death for me.

On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn;
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell;
Thee, Source of life's eternal morn.

When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze;
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.

O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel;
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

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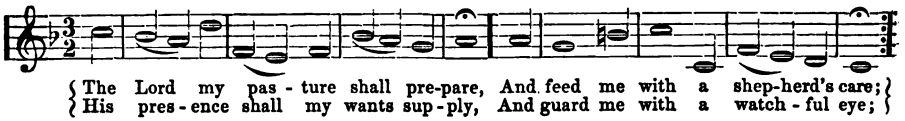

{ The Lord my pas - ture shall pre-pare, And feed me with a shep-herd's care;
{ His pres - ence shall my wants sup - ply, And guard me with a watch - ful eye;

132

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall know no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

133

THUS far on life's perplexing path,
Thus far thou, Lord, our steps hast led,
Snatched from the world's pursuing wrath,
Unharmed though floods o'erhung our head:
Like ransomed Israel on the shore,
Here then we pause, look back, adore.

Strangers and pilgrims here below,
Like all our fathers, in their day,
We to the land of promise go,
Lord, by thine own appointed way:
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
In cloud by day, in fire by night.

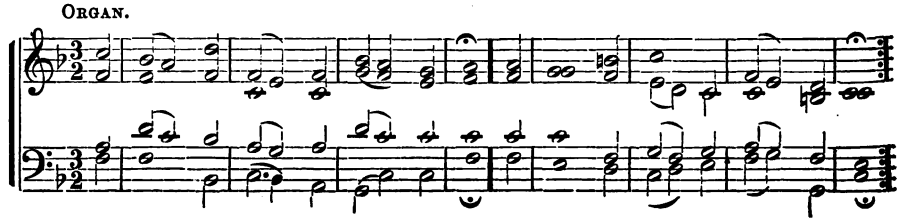
When we have numbered all our years,
And stand at length on Jordan's brink,
Though the flesh fail with mortal fears,
O, let not then the spirit sink;
But strong in faith, and hope, and love,
Plunge through the stream, to rise above!

134

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Father, we seek thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

Long have we roamed in want and pain;
Long have we sought thy rest in vain;
'Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tossed:
Low at thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, thy guests away.

ORGAN.



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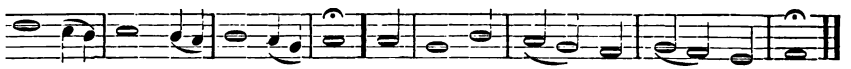

noon-day walks he shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.

135

ER of mercies, God of love,
ır a humble suppliant's cry;
from thy lofty seat above,
hrone of glorious majesty:
gn to listen to my voice,
id my drooping heart rejoice.

: no merits of my own,
)rth, to claim thy gracious smile;
vhen I bow before the throne,
to converse with God a while,
ıame, blest Saviour, is my plea—
:st and sweetest name to me.

r of mercies, God of love,
hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
from thy lofty seat above,
hrone of glorious majesty:
ardoning word can make me whole,
oothe the anguish of my soul.

136

AW me, Father, after thee,
ıll I run and never tire;
gracious words still comfort me;
ou my hope, my sole desire;
me from every weight; nor fear
in can come, if thou art here.

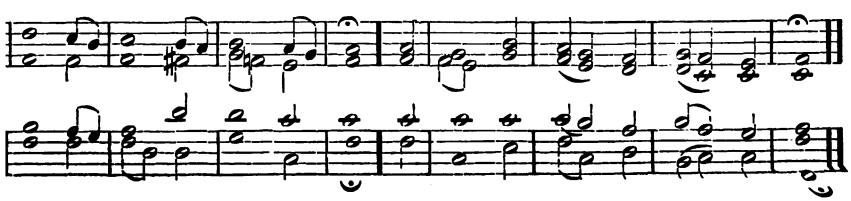
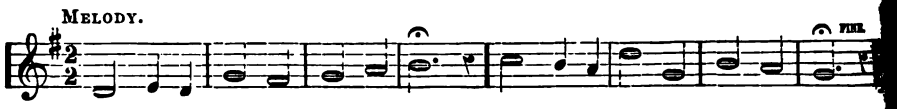
all eternity, with love
ıngeable thou hast me viewed;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued;
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side.

In suffering be thy love my peace;
In weakness be thy love my power;
And when the strength of life shall cease,
My God, in that important hour,
In death as life be thou my guide, [tide.
And bear me through death's whelming

137

SWEET is the last, the parting ray,
That ushers placid evening in,
When, with the still, expiring day,
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin;
How grateful to the anxious breast
The sacred hours of holy rest!

Hushed is the tumult of the day,
And worldly cares and business cease,
While soft the vesper breezes play,
To hymn the glad return of peace;
Delightful season! kindly given
To turn the wandering thoughts to heaven.

Oft as this peaceful hour shall come,
Lord, raise my thoughts from earthly things,
And bear them to my heavenly home,
On faith and hope's celestial wings,
Till the last gleam of life decay
In one eternal Sabbath day.

MELODY.
FINE.
Like Is-rael's host to ex - ile driven, A - cross the flood the pil-grims fled;
Till on these sav - age shores they trod, And won the wil - der - ness for God.

138

LIKE Israel's host to exile driven,
Across the flood the pilgrims fled;
Their hands bore up the ark of Heaven,
And Heaven their trusting footsteps led,
Till on these savage shores they trod,
And won the wilderness for God.

Then, when their weary ark found rest,
Another Zion proudly grew;
In more than Judah's glory dressed,
With light that Israel never knew,
From sea to sea her empire spread,
Her temple heaven, and Christ her Head.

Then let the grateful church to-day
Its ancient rite with gladness keep,
And still our fathers' God display
His kindness, though the fathers sleep.
O, bless, as thou hast blessed the past,
While earth, and time, and heaven shall last.

139

THOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

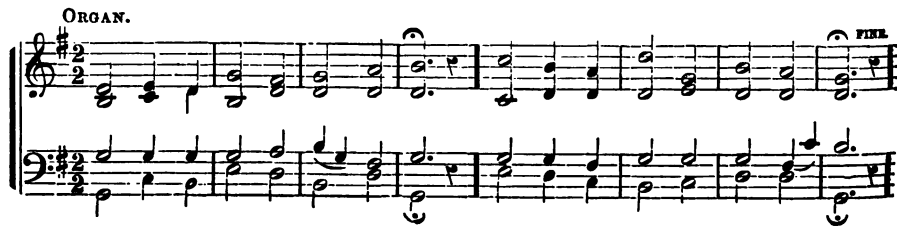
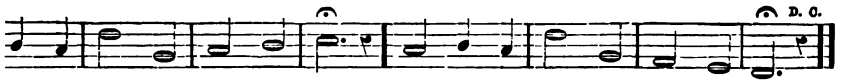
When day, with farewell beam, delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven,
Those hues that make the sun's decline
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.

When night, with wings of starry gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies, [plume
Like some dark, beauteous bird, whose
Is sparkling with unnumbered eyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.

When youthful Spring around us breathes,
Thy Spirit warms her fragrant sigh;
And every flower that Summer wreathes
Is born beneath that kindling eye;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

140

BLESSED who with generous pity glows,
Who learns to feel another's woes,
Bows to the poor man's want his ear,
And wipes the helpless orphan's tear:
In every want, in every woe,
Himself thy pity, Lord, shall know.

Thy love his life shall guard; thy hand
Give to his lot the chosen land;
Nor leave him, in the dreadful day,
To unrelenting foes a prey.
When languid with disease and pain,
Thou, Lord, his spirit shalt sustain.

ands bore up the ark of Heaven, And Heaven their trust-ing foot - steps led,

141

God, this sacred day of thine
ds our souls' collected powers;
e employ in work divine
solemn, these devoted hours;
our souls, adoring, own
ace which calls us to thy throne.

, ye vain cares and trifles, fly;
God resides appear no more;
cient God, thy piercing eye
ery secret thought explore;
thy grace our hearts refine,
our thoughts on things divine.

pirit's powerful aid impart;
thy word, with life divine,
e the ear, and warm the heart;
hall the day indeed be thine;
hall our souls, adoring, own
ace which calls us to thy throne.

142

l the earth their voices raise,
the choicest psalm of praise;
and bless Jehovah's name;
ory let the heathen know;
nders to the nations show;
l his saving works proclaim.

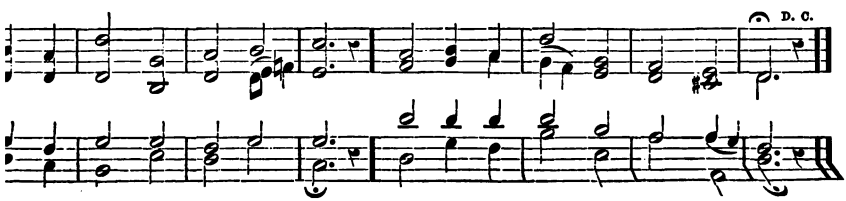
med the globe, he built the sky,
de the shining worlds on high,
And reigns complete in glory there;
His beams are majesty and light;
His beauties, how divinely bright!
His temple, how divinely fair!

Come the great day, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel his saving power,
And barbarous nations fear his name:
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of his holiness,
And in his courts his grace proclaim.

143

O, LET my trembling soul be still,
While darkness veils this mortal eye,
And wait thy wise, thy holy will:
Wrapped yet in fears and mystery,
I cannot, Lord, thy purpose see;
Yet all is well, since ruled by thee.

When, mounted on thy clouded car,
Thou send'st thy darker spirits down,
I can discern thy light afar — [frown;
Thy light, sweet beaming through thy
And, should I faint a moment, then
I think of thee, and smile again.

So, trusting in thy love, I tread
The narrow path of duty on:
What though some cherished joys are fled;
What though some flattering dreams are
Yet purer, brighter joys remain: [gone;
Why should my spirit, then, complain?

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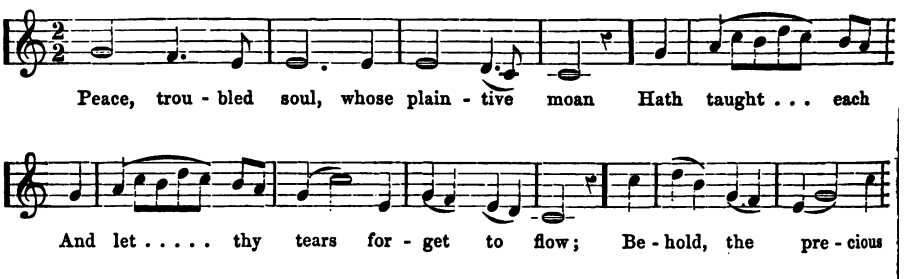


144

PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the note of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow;
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain and heal thy wound.

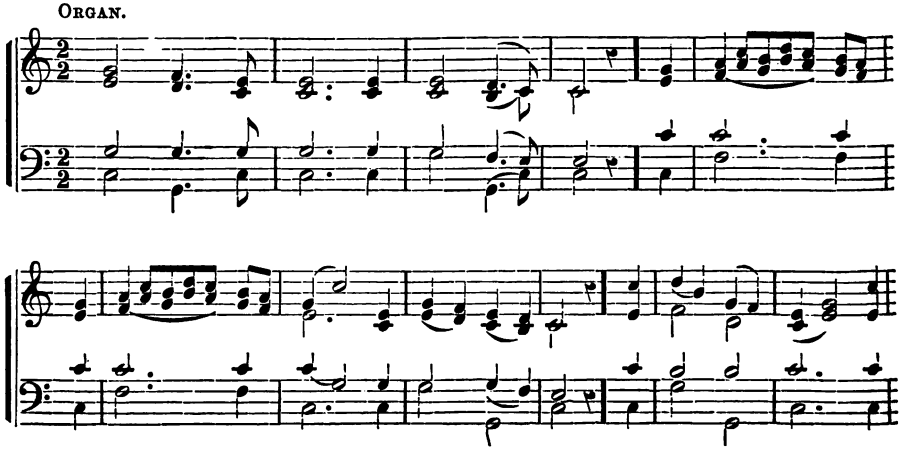
Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God;
Thy God's thy Saviour; glorious word!
O, hear, believe, and bless the Lord.

145

As every day thy mercy spares,
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Father, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend;
Teach me thy statutes all divine,
And let thy will be always mine.

When each day's scenes and labors close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, my Father, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
O, lead me onward to the skies!

And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Father, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

ORGAN.

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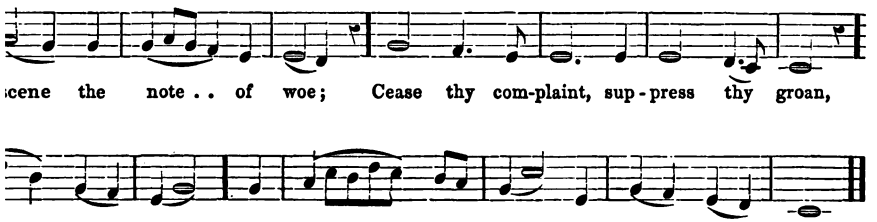

146

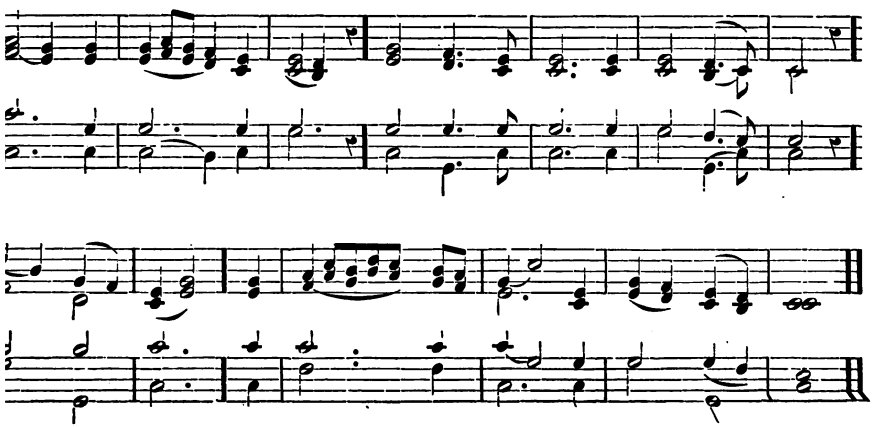
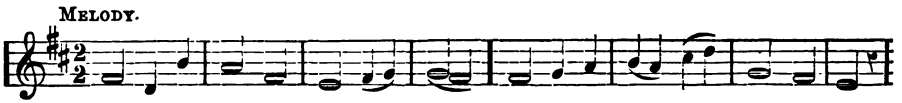
EN gathering clouds around I view,
l days are dark, and friends are few,
him I lean, who, not in vain,
ɔerienced every human pain;
sees my griefs, allays my fears,
l counts and treasures up my tears.

ught should tempt my soul to stray
m heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
fly the good I would pursue,
lo the thing I would not do,
. he who felt temptation's power,
l guard me in that dangerous hour.

en, mourning, o'er some stone I bend,
ich covers all that was a friend,
l from his hand, his voice, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
My Saviour marks the tears I shed,
For "Jesus wept" o'er Lazarus dead.

And, O, when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, Lord, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

147

SWEET is the last, the parting ray,
That ushers placid evening in,
When, with the still, expiring day,
The Sabbath's peaceful hours begin;
How grateful to the anxious breast
The sacred hours of holy rest!

148

I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God; he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train:
His truth forever stands secure;
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor;
And none shall find his promise vain.

He loves his saints, he knows them well,
But turns the wicked down to hell;
Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
Let every tongue, let every age,
In this exalted work engage;
Praise him in everlasting strains.

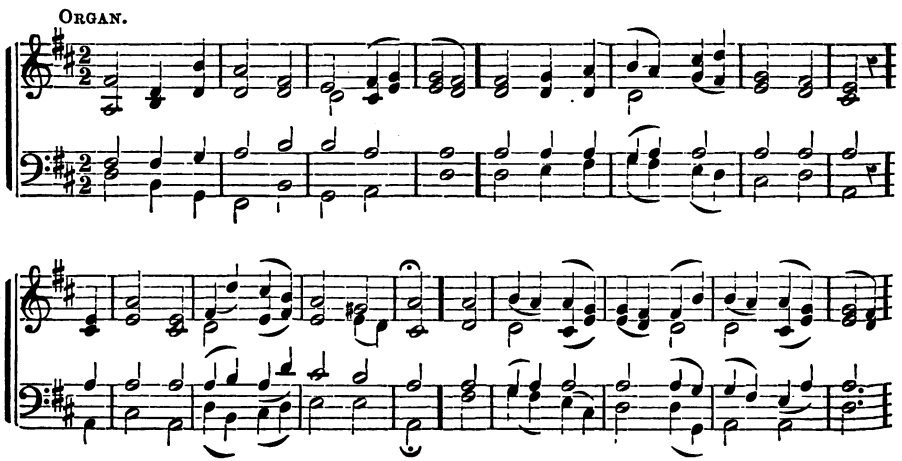
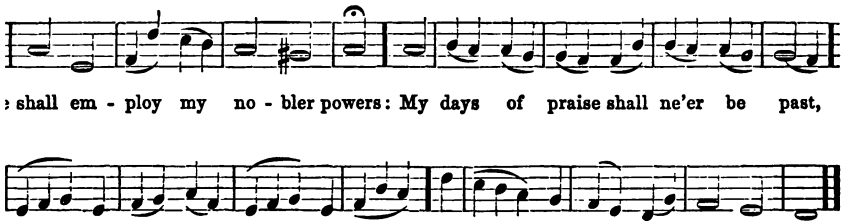
I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

149

O happy nation, where the Lord
Reveals the treasure of his word,
And builds his church, his earthly throne;
His eye the heathen world surveys;
He formed their hearts, he knows their ways;
But God, their Maker, is unknown.

In sickness, or the bloody field,
Thou our Physician, thou our Shield,
Send us salvation from thy throne:
We wait to see thy goodness shine;
Let us rejoice in help divine,
For all our hope is God alone.

150

With grateful hearts, with joyful tongues,
To God we raise united songs;

shall em - ploy my no - bler powers: My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
e life, and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty en - dures.

ower and mercy we proclaim ;
and through every age shall own
ah here has fixed his throne,
riumph in his mighty name.

as the moon her course shall run,
n behold the circling sun,
l may God amidst us reign,
i our just counsels with success,
peace and joy our borders bless,
ll our sacred rights maintain.

151

ll the earth their voices raise
ig a psalm of nobler praise,
ig and bless Jehovah's name ;
lory let the heathen know,
onders to the nations show,
ll his saving works proclaim.

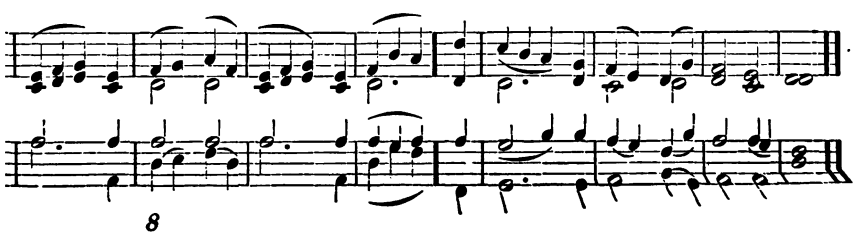
ste the day, the glorious hour,
earth shall feel his saving power,
arbarous nations fear his name :
shall the race of man confess
eauty of his holiness,
n his courts his grace proclaim.

152

GREAT God, the heavens' well-ordered frame
Declares the glories of thy name ;
There thy rich works of wonder shine ;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks, appear,
Of boundless power and skill divine.

From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;
With silent eloquence they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

Yet their divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun,
And every nation knows their voice ;
The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Rolls round and makes the earth rejoice.

Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He smiles and speaks his Maker, God ;
All nature joins to show thy praise ;
Thus God in every creature shines ;
Fair is the book of nature's lines,
But fairer is thy book of grace.

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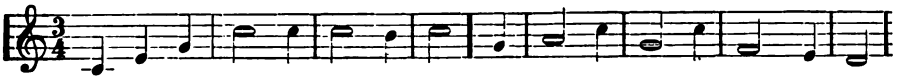

153

I LOVE the volume of thy word;
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distressed!
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way;
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray;
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

From the discoveries of thy law
The perfect rules of life I draw;
These are my study and delight;
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that has the furnace passed,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,
And warn me where my danger lies;
But 'tis thy blesséd gospel, Lord,
That makes my guilty conscience clean,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free but large reward.

Who knows the errors of his thoughts?
My God, forgive my secret faults,
And from presumptuous sins restrain;
Accept my poor attempts of praise,
That I have read thy book of grace
And book of nature not in vain.

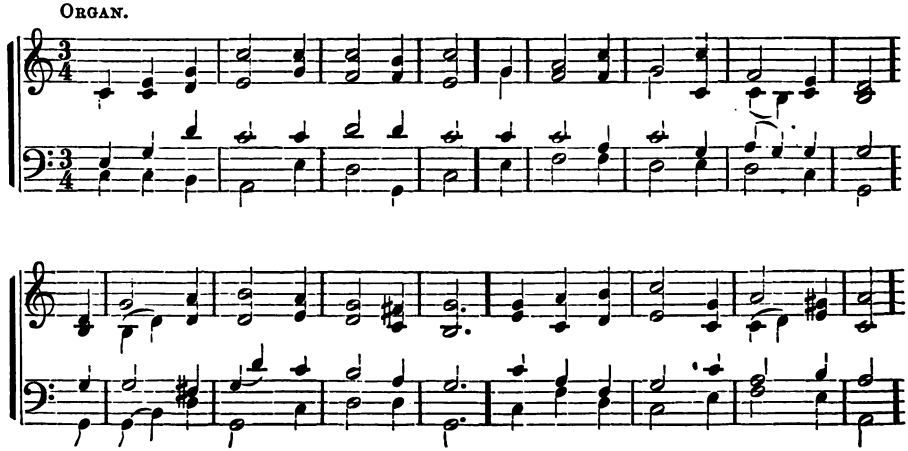
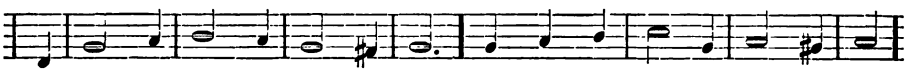
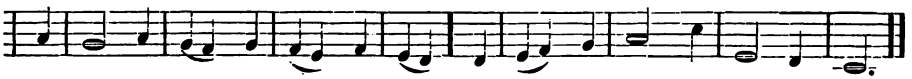
154

GREAT God, beneath whose piercing eye
The world's extended kingdoms lie,
We bow before thy heavenly throne;
Thy favoring smile upholds them all;
Thine anger smites them, and they fall;
Thy power we see, thy greatness own.

To thee, with grateful hearts, we raise
The tribute of exulting praise,
Our country's Guardian, Guide, and Friend;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages let thy kindness last,
And e'er thy sheltering care extend.

155

THERE is a glorious land afar,
Beyond the brightest burning star,

ORGAN.



Where peace interminably reigns,—
Where soft and balmy breezes blow,
And golden rivers gently flow,
And gladness smiles o'er all the plains.

No grovelling thought, no treacherous smile,
No word unkind, no act of guile,
Will e'er disturb the sacred rest;
On every peaceful brow will shine
A living beauty, all divine,
And love pervade the sinless breast.

156

Ye saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record;
His sacred name forever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

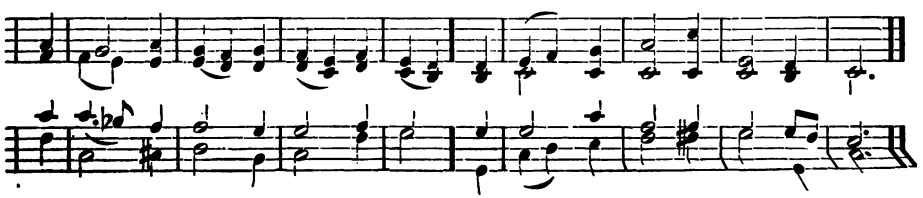
God through the world extends his sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are;
To him whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven wherein he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

157

Think, mighty God, on feeble man;
How few his hours, how short his span!
Short from the cradle to the grave;
Who can secure his vital breath
Against the bold demands of death,
With skill to fly, or power to save?

Lord, shall it be forever said,
"The race of man was only made
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust"?
Are not thy servants, day by day,
Sent to their graves, and turned to clay?
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

Hast thou not promised to thy Son
And all his seed a heavenly crown?
But flesh and sense indulge despair;
Forever blesséd be the Lord,
That faith can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

Forever blesséd be the Lord,
Who gives his saints a long reward
For all their toil, reproach, and pain;
Let all below and all above
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
And each repeat their loud amen.

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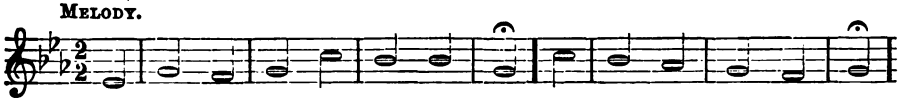

158

I LOVE the Lord; he heard my cries,
And pitied every groan;
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

I love the Lord; he bowed his ear
And chased my griefs away;
O, let my heart no more despair
While I have breath to pray.

The Lord beheld me sore distressed;
He bade my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God, thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

159

How oft, alas this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return:"
Dear Lord, and may I come!
My vile ingratitude I mourn:
O, take the wanderer home.

And canst thou — wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wondrous love!

Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious — how divine! —
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

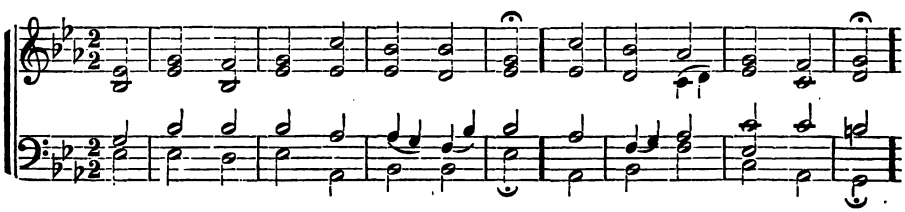
Thy pardoning love — so free — so sweet —
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O, keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

160

THRICE happy souls, who, born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Do all their days with God begin,
And spend them in his fear.

'Midst hourly cares, may love present
Its incense to thy throne;
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

As different scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.

In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all our days be past;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear the last.

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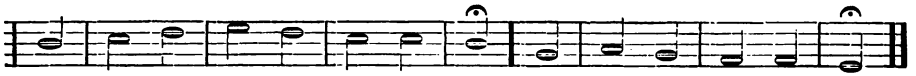

161

FATHER of light! conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.

Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide;
And when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's paths,
To wisdom's better way.

That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart,—

Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love!
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

162

THY throne eternal ages stood,
Ere earth or heaven was made;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present to thy view;
To thee, there's nothing old appears,
Great God! there's nothing new.

Our lives through varying scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on,
Thine undisturbed affairs.

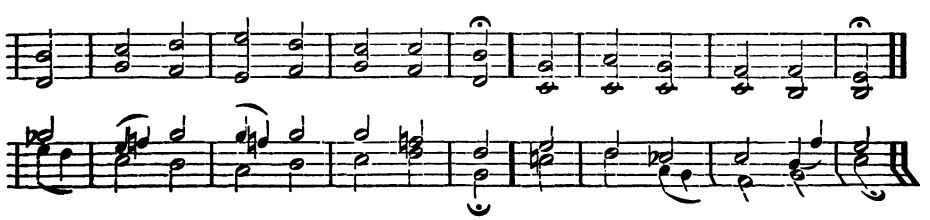
Great God! how infinite art thou!
How frail and weak are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And homage pay to thee.

163

WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,—
That glorious temple in the skies
Where dwells eternal love.

Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's Almighty King:
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

Thee we adore, and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay;
Thy service, unconstrained and free,
Conducts to endless day.

While in thy house of prayer we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

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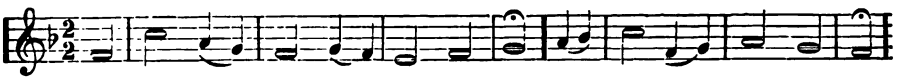
164

LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
My work and joy shall be the same,
In the bright world above.

Great is the Lord; his power unknown;
And let his praise be great:
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

The world is managed by thy hands;
Thy saints are ruled by love:
And thine eternal kingdom stands,—
Though rocks and hills remove.

165

How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day!"

I love her gates, I love the road!
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blessed.

My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,
Here God, my Saviour, reigns.

166

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,—
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

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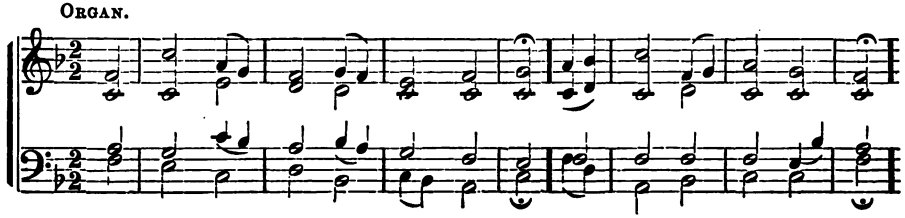
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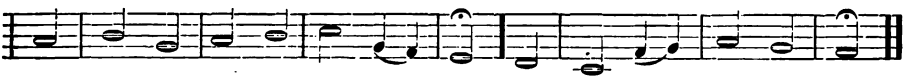

Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers,—
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

167

COME, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

Let all who dwell above the sky,
And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
And speak thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

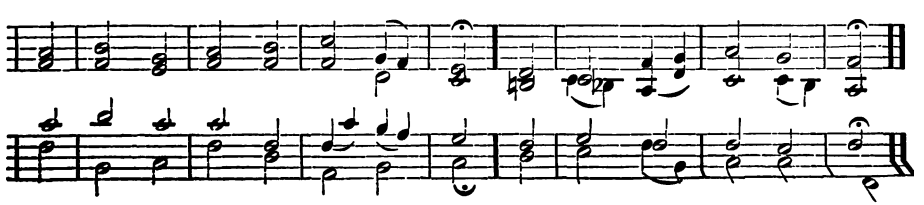
168

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye;—

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

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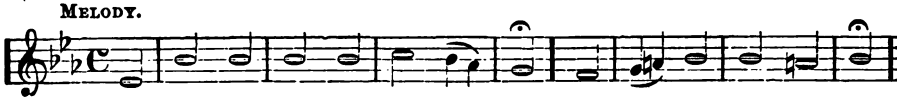
169

To heaven I lift my waiting eyes;
There all my hopes are laid;
The Lord, who built the earth and skies,
Is my perpetual aid.

Their feet shall never slide to fall,
Whom he designs to keep:
His ear attends the softest call;
His eyes can never sleep.

Israel, rejoice, and rest secure;
Thy keeper is the Lord;
His wakeful eyes employ his power
For thine eternal guard.

He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath,
Where thickest dangers come;
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

170

GREAT God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee, there's nothing old appears,—
Great God! there's nothing new.

Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thoughts move on,
Thine undisturbed affairs.

Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

171

THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
Forevermore shall reign.

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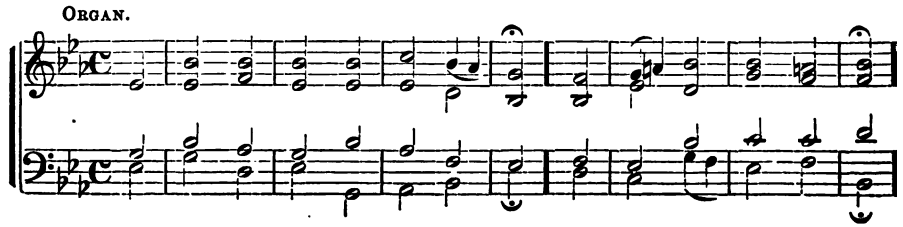

HERRMANN.

172

VATION! O, the joyful sound!
'is pleasure to our ears;
ıvereign balm for every wound,
cordial for our fears.

ed in sorrow and in sin,
t hell's dark door we lay;—
we arise, by grace divine,
ɔ see a heavenly day.

ation! let the echo fly
he spacious earth around;
le all the armies of the sky
ɔnspire to raise the sound.

173

Shepherd will supply my need;
hovah is his name:
astures fresh he makes me feed,
eside the living stream.

ɔrings my wandering spirit back,
'hen I forsake his ways;
leads me, for his mercy's sake,
ı paths of truth and grace.

ɔn I walk through the shades of death,
hy presence is my stay;
ord of thy supporting breath
rives all my fears away.

Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,
Doth still my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

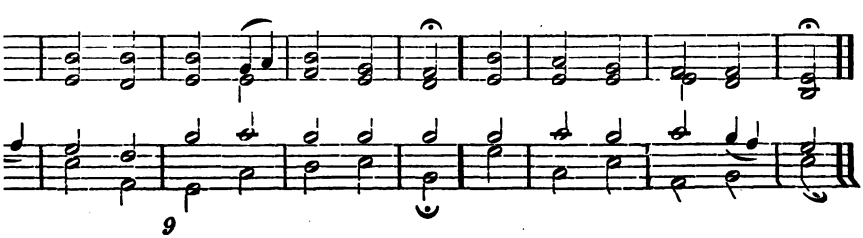
There would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.

174

O, THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still!
O, that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will!

O, send thy Spirit down, to write
Thy law upon my heart!
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

Make me to walk in thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

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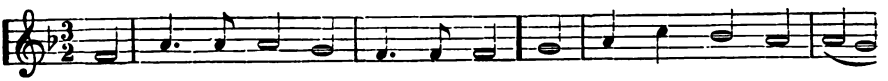
175

THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

176

To God I cried, with mournful voice;
I sought his gracious ear
In the sad day when troubles rose,
And filled the night with fear.

I called thy mercies to my mind,
Which I enjoyed before;
And will the Lord no more be kind?
His face appear no more?

I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er —
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When flesh could hope no more.

177

O, HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's faithful voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice!

Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left, the prize of fame
And honor bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

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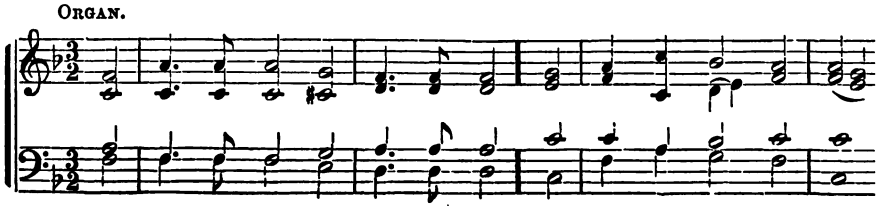
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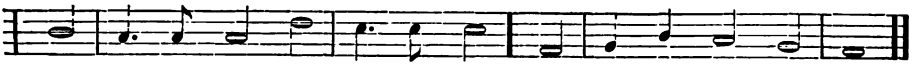


According as her labors rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

178

YE hearts, with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near;
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your welfare to pursue.

"The soul who longs to see my face
Is sure my love to gain;
And those who early seek my grace
Shall never seek in vain."

What object, Lord, my soul should move,
If once compared with thee?
What beauty should command my love,
Like what in Christ I see?

Away, ye false, delusive toys,
Vain tempters of the mind!
'Tis here I fix my lasting choice,
And here true bliss I find.

179

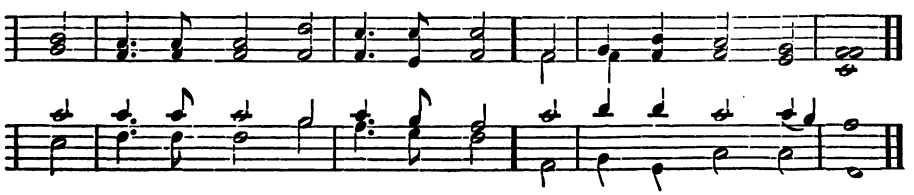
AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause
Or blush to speak his name?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

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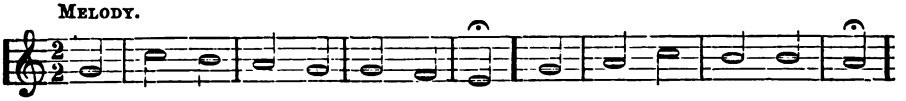
180

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord;
This work belongs to you:
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
How holy, just, and true!

His mercy and his righteousness
Let heaven and earth proclaim;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.

His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.

He bade the liquid waters flow
To their appointed deep;
The flowing seas their limits know,
And their own stations keep.

Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
With fear before him stand;
He spake, and nature took its birth,
And rests on his command.

He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

181

THE Lord our God is clothed with might;
The winds obey his will;
He speaks, and in the heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

Ye winds of night, your force combine:
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He binds the whirlwinds to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

Ye nations, bend — in reverence bend;
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend,
To celebrate our God.

182

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

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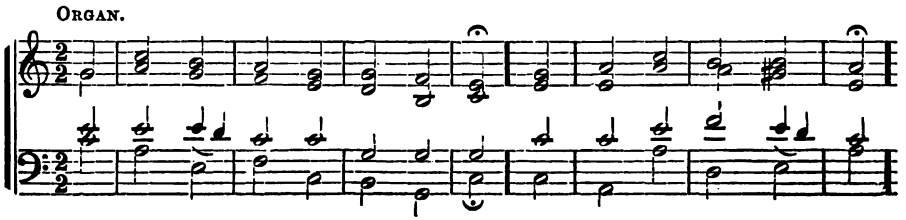
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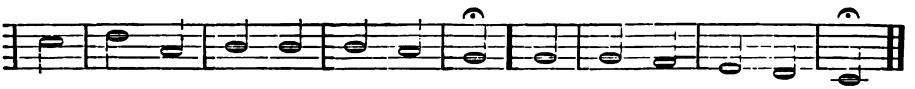

Jesus, my God, I know his name,—
His name is all my trust:
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

Then will he own my worthless name,
Before his Father's face;
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

183

THOU art the way; to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

Thou art the truth; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

Thou art the life; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the way, the truth, the life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

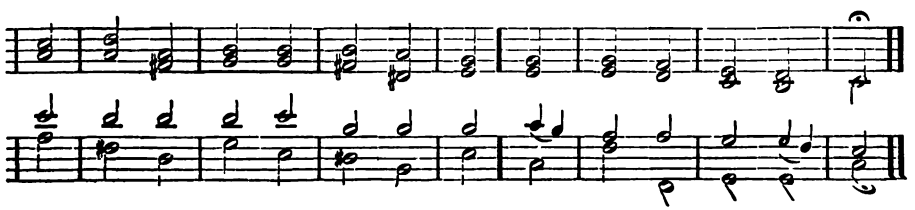
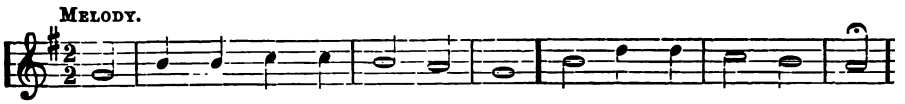
184

To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song:
O, may his love — immortal flame! —
Tune every heart and tongue.

His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

O, may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.



185

Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.

Thus till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

186

Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be!

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears:
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them, whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb—
Their triumph to his death.

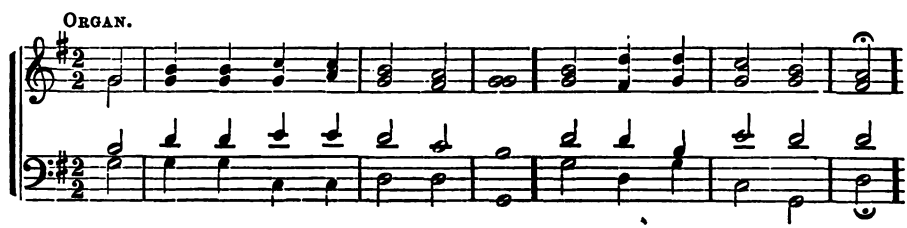
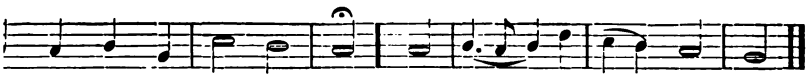
They marked the footsteps he had trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possessed the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

187

Time hastens on; ye longing saints,
Now raise your voices high;
And magnify that sovereign love
Which shows salvation nigh.

As time departs, salvation comes;
Each moment brings it near:
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.

Not many years their course shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our transported eyes.



rs - ty spir - it faints a - way, With - out thy cheer - ing grace.

188

ıre, my soul, the rising day
ı thy waking eyes;
re, my voice, thy tribute pay
ı that rules the skies.

to night his name repeats,
ıy renews the sound,
the heaven on which he sits,
n the seasons round.

ıpports my mortal frame;
ıgue shall speak his praise;
would rouse his wrath to flame,
ɛt his wrath delays.

l, let all my hours be thine,
I enjoy the light;
ll my sun in smiles decline,
ing a pleasant night.

189

the spring of all my joys,
ɛ of my delights;
r of my brightest days,
ımfort of my nights:—

ıt shades, if he appear,
wning is begun;
soul's sweet morning star,
ɛ my rising sun.

The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss;
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his.

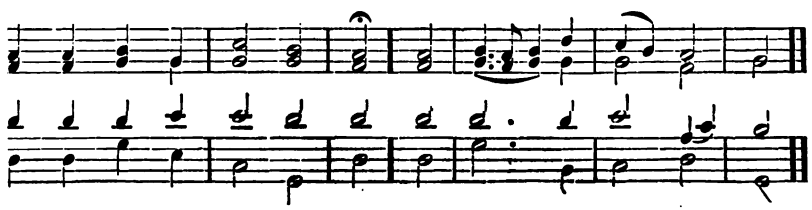
My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word;
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my dearest Lord.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Shall bear me conqueror through.

190

BLEST are the souls, who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name:
His righteousness exalts their hope;
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives:
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

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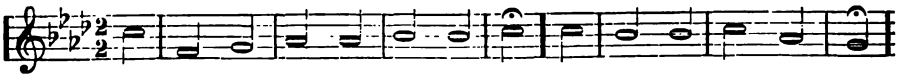
191

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head,
For such a worm as I!

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree? —
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

But drops of tears can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away —
'Tis all that I can do.

192

O, HELP us, Lord! each hour of need
Thy heavenly succor give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

O, help us, when our spirits bleed,
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O, help us, Lord, the more.

O, help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more he shall receive.

O, help us, Father! from on high;
We know no help but thee;
O, help us so to live and die,
As thine in heaven to be.

193

HEAR what the voice from heaven pro-
For all the pious dead! [claims,
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
How kind their slumbers are!
From sufferings, and from sins, released,
And freed from every snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

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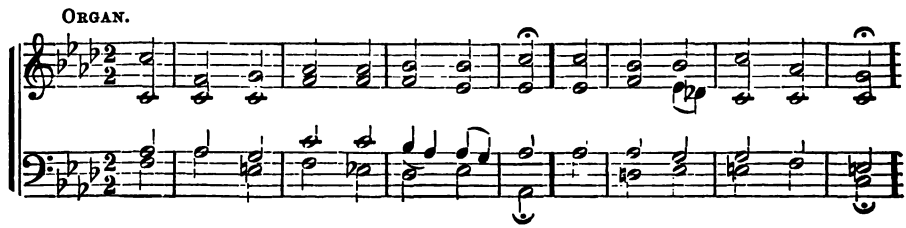
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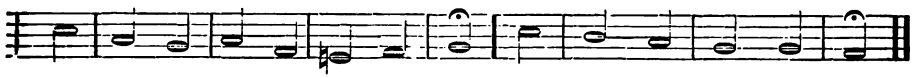

194

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
Young spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

Lone are the paths, and sad the hours,
Since thy meek spirit's gone;
But, O, a brighter home than ours,
In heaven, is now thine own!

195

WHEN those we love are snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
That friendship must demand.

While pity prompts the rising sigh,
With awful power impressed,
May this dread truth, "I, too, must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

Let this vain world allure no more;
Behold the opening tomb;
It bids us use the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

The voice of this instructive scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the faithful warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.

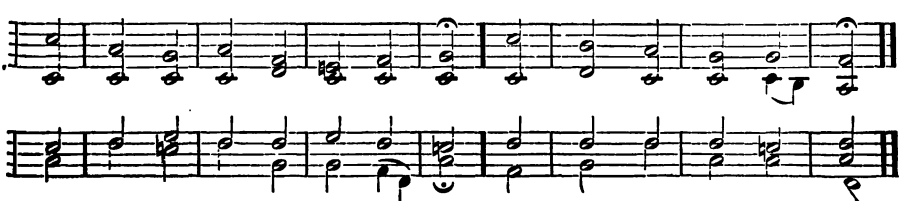
O, let us to that Saviour fly,
Whose arm alone can save:
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

196

As o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

The world and worldly things beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed;
And time unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my laboring breast:
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer;
That grace can do the rest.

My life's brief remnant all be thine;
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O, speed my soul to thee.

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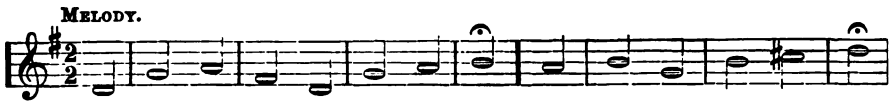

197

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.

Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints,
Presenting at his Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

But to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

O, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

The men who love and fear thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
The mighty God will compass them
With favor as a shield.

198

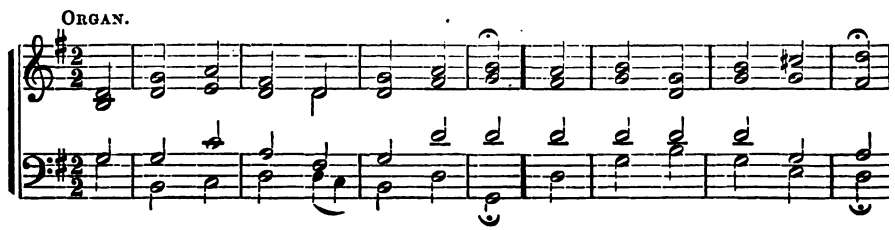
There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

O, could we make our doubts remove —
Those gloomy doubts that rise —
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes! —

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, —
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

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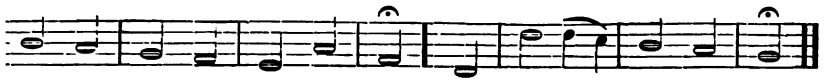


199

ye nations, praise the Lord,
with a different tongue;
r language learn his word,
let his name be sung.

cy reigns through every land;
aim his grace abroad:
firm his truth shall stand;
e ye the faithful God.

200

at a cloud of witnesses
npass us around;
e like us with suffering tried,
ow with glory crowned.

with zeal like theirs inspired,
in the Christian race;
ed from every weight of sin,
holy footsteps trace.

a witness nobler still,
trod affliction's path, —
ie author, finisher,
rder of our faith:

the joy before him set,
noved by pitying love,
l the cross, despised the shame,
iow he reigns above.

Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we, to God's right hand;
There, with the Saviour and his saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

201

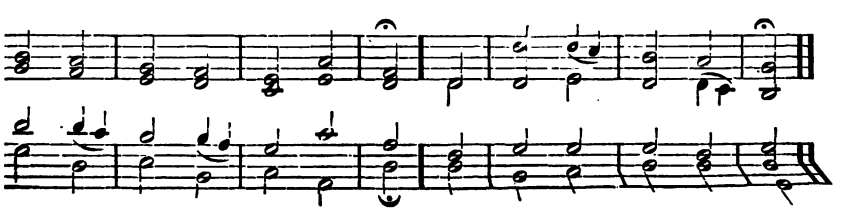
WITH songs and honors, sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high:
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

He sends his showers of blessings down,
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

He sends his word, and melts the snow;
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.



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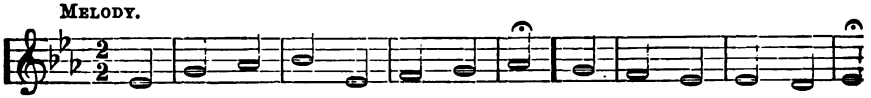
202

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknown
Where springs of life arise, —
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

The best relief that mourners have, —
It makes our sorrows blest:
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

203

JESUS, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find,
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

O hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! thi
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

204

LORD, when we bend before thy thron
And our confessions pour,
O, may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a healing glance from thee
Beam hope on every heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O, let our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

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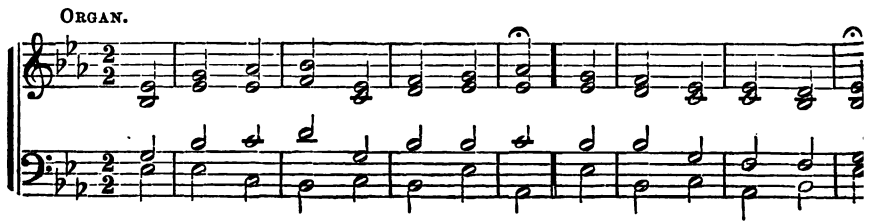

shall my no - blest powers re - joice, My warm - est thoughts en - gage.

th each weak petition fill,
lift it to the skies;
ach our hearts 'tis goodness still
grants it, or denies.

205

! thy children gathered here,
blessing now we wait;
rvant, girded for his work,
ds at the temple's gate.

purpose in his heart
deepened calm and still;
rom his childhood's Nazareth,
omes, to do thy will.

ier! keep his soul alive
very hope of good;
ay his life of love proclaim
's truest brotherhood!

ier! keep his spirit quick
very form of wrong;
the ear of sin and self
his rebuke be strong!

he doth Christ's footsteps press,
er his faith grow dim,
n the dreary wilderness,
e angels strengthen him!

206

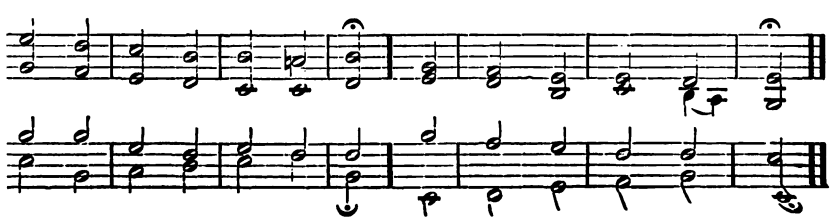
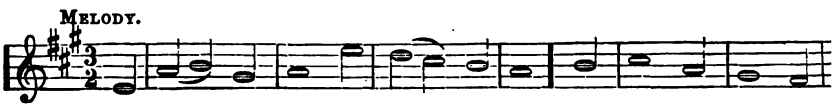
While thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul most dear,
Because conferred by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

207

Joy to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

208

How large the promise, how divine,
To Abraham and his seed!
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need."

The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The Angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers given;
He takes young children to his arms
And calls them heirs of heaven.

Our God, how faithful are his ways
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the children's name.

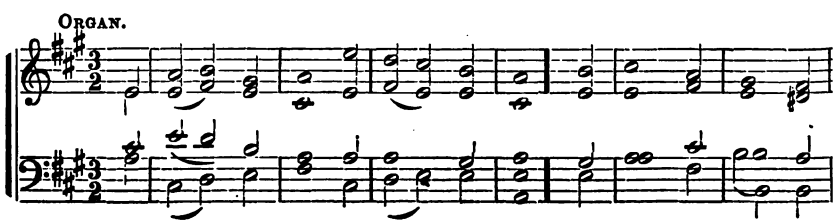
209

The Saviour! O, what endless cha
Dwell in that blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort roun

Here pardon, life, and joy divine
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels, lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

O, the rich depths of love divine!
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine
I cannot wish for more.

On thee alone my hope relies;
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my All.



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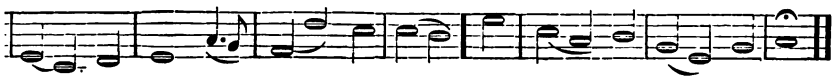

210

the mighty power of God,
made the mountains rise;
pread the flowing seas abroad,
built the lofty skies.

he wisdom that ordained
sun to rule the day;
on shines full at his command,
all the stars obey.

he goodness of the Lord,
filled the earth with food;
ned the creatures with his word,
then pronounced them good.

ow thy wonders are displayed,
re'er I turn mine eye,—
rvey the ground I tread,
aze upon the sky!

not a plant or flower below,
makes thy glories known;
uds arise, and tempests blow,
rder from thy throne.

es, as numerous as they be,
subject to thy care;
not a place where we can flee,
God is present there.

211

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
And firm as mountains be;
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

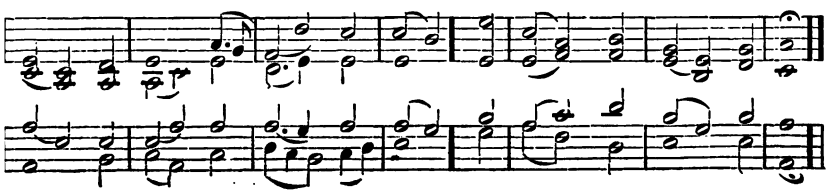
Not walls nor hills could guard so well
Old Salem's happy ground,
As those eternal arms of love
That every saint surround.

Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
And lead them safely on
To the bright gates of paradise,
Where Christ, their Lord, is gone.

212

HOW precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

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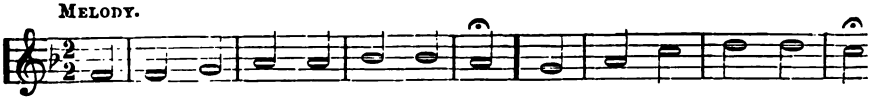
213

GOD of our fathers, by whose hand
Thy people still are blessed,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

O, spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God
And Portion evermore.

214

To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song;
O, may his love — immortal flame —
Tune every heart and tongue.

His love what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

O, may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

215

BLEST is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain:

Whose breast responds with genero
A stranger's woe to feel; [warmt
Who weeps in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy, from above,
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The Christian law of love.

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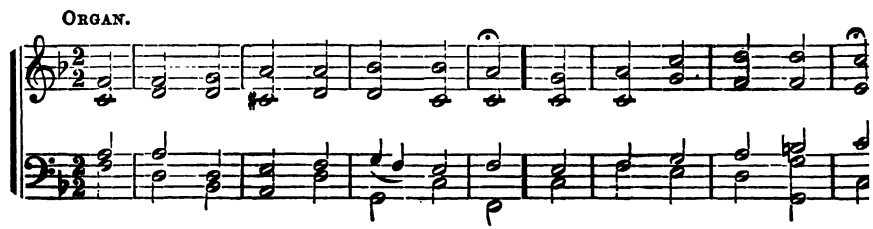
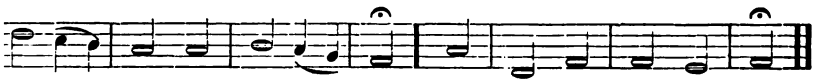



216

ves in a mysterious way
onders to perform;
s his footsteps in the sea,
ides upon the storm.

unfathomable mines
ver-failing skill,
ures up his bright designs,
vorks his sovereign will.

ul saints, fresh courage take;
louds ye so much dread
with mercy, and shall break
ssings on your head.

ot the Lord by feeble sense,
ust him for his grace;
a frowning providence,
des a smiling face.

oses will ripen fast,
ding every hour;
may have a bitter taste,
weet will be the flower.

belief is sure to err,
can his work in vain;
is own interpreter,
e will make it plain.

217

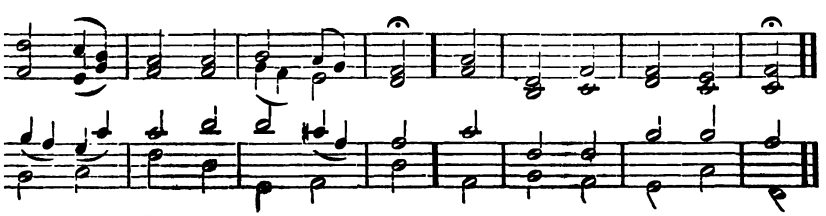
PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed, —
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays."

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

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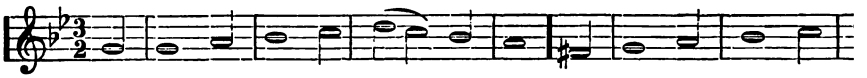
218

WHY do we mourn departing friends?
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our Love.

The graves of all the saints he blessed,
And softened every bed:
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

Thence he arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way:
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great, rising day.

Then let the last, loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise!
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies.

219

OUR sins, alas! how strong they be!
And, like a violent sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

The waves of trouble, how they ri
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary sou
Safe on the heavenly shore.

There, to fulfil his sweet commands
Our speedy feet shall move:
No sin shall clog our wingéd zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

There shall we sit, and sing, and tel
The wonders of his grace;
Till heavenly raptures fire our hear
And smile in every face.

Forever his dear, sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue;
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

220

STILL on the Lord thy burden roll,
Nor let a care remain;
His mighty arm shall bear thy soul
And all thy grief sustain.

Ne'er will the Lord his aid deny
To those who trust his love;
The men who on his grace rely
Nor earth nor hell shall move.

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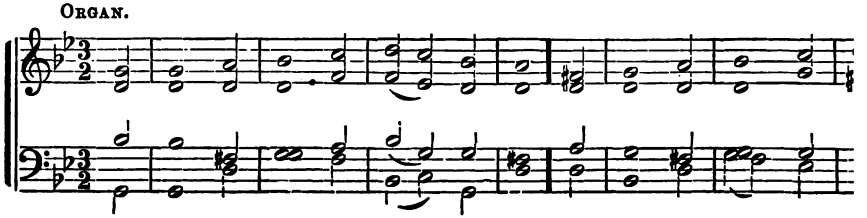
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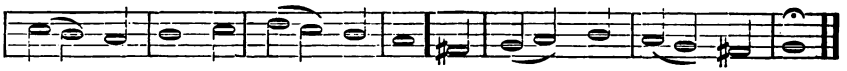

221

what the voice from heaven pro-
all the pious dead! [claims,
is the savor of their names,
l soft their sleeping bed.

die in Jesus, and are blessed;
v kind their slumbers are!
sufferings, and from sins released,
l freed from every snare.

om this world of toil and strife,
y're present with the Lord;
ibors of their mortal life
l in a large reward.

222

! what hourly dangers rise!
at snares beset my way!
aven then let me lift my eyes,
l hourly watch and pray.

ɔft my mournful thoughts complain,
l melt in flowing tears!
eak resistance, ah, how vain!
v strong my foes and fears!

ıse my faith, increase my hope,
ıen foes and fears prevail;
ɔear my fainting spirit up,
soon my strength will fail.

Still keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And never let me go astray
From happiness and thee.

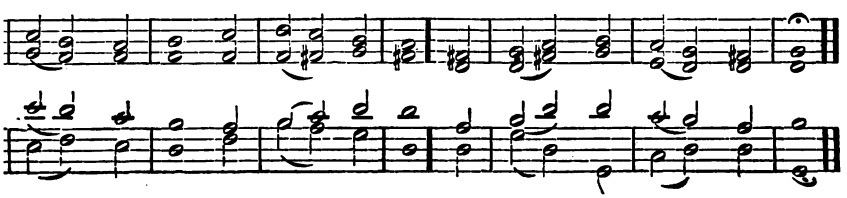
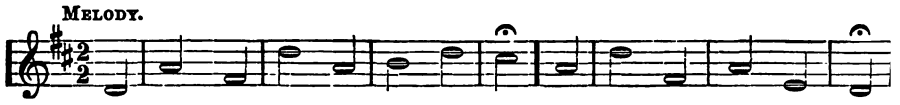
223

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

224

The Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation too;
God is my strength; nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

One privilege my heart desires —
O, grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

225

Daughter of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust,
He calls thee from the dead.

Awake, awake! put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length,
The Lord's appointed day.

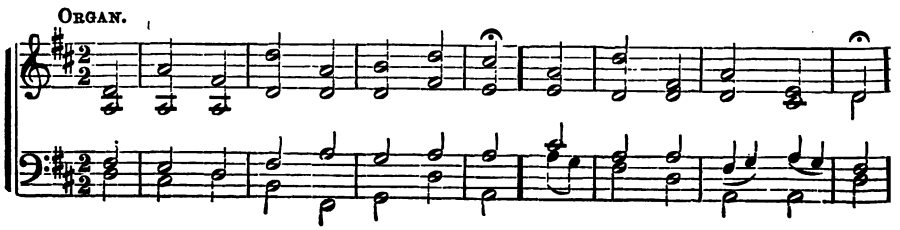
Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, "Give up thy charge!
And keep not back, O north!"

They come, they come! thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

226

Again the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O, what a night was that which wrapped
The heathen world in gloom!
O, what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb!

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

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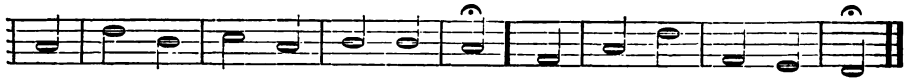

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

227

This is the day the Lord hath made;
He calls the hours his own:
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround his throne.

To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna to th' Anointed King,
To David's holy Son;
Help us, O Lord, descend, and bring
Salvation from thy throne.

Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise:
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

228

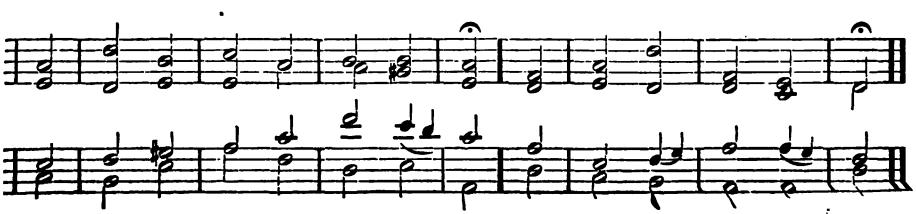
My Saviour, my almighty Friend,
When I begin thy praise,
Where will the growing numbers end—
The numbers of thy grace?

Thou art my everlasting trust;
Thy goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy graces first,
I speak thy glories more.

My feet shall travel all the length
Of the celestial road;
And march with courage in thy strength,
To see my Father God.

When I am filled with sore distress
For some surprising sin,
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
And mention none but thine.

How will my lips rejoice to tell
The victories of my King!
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,
Shall thy salvation sing.

Awake, awake, my tuneful powers!
With this delightful song
I'll entertain the darkest hours,
Nor think the season long.

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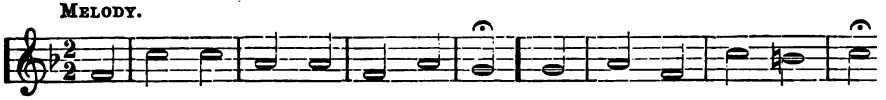

229

WITH my whole heart, I'll raise my song,
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
Thou, sovereign Judge of right and wrong,
Wilt put my foes to shame.

I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
My God prepares his throne,
To judge the world in righteousness,
And make his vengeance known.

Then will the Lord a refuge prove
For all who are oppressed;
To save the people of his love,
And give the weary rest.

The men who know thy name will trust
In thy abundant grace;
For thou wilt ne'er forsake the just,
Who humbly seek thy face.

Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
Who dwells on Zion's hill;
Who executes his threatening word,
And doth his grace fulfil.

230

HOW sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors, —
While everlasting love displays
The choicest of her stores!

While all our hearts, and all our songs,
Join to admire the feast;
Each of us cry, with thankful tongues,
"Lord, why was I a guest?

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room,
When thousands make a wretched choice
And rather starve than come?"

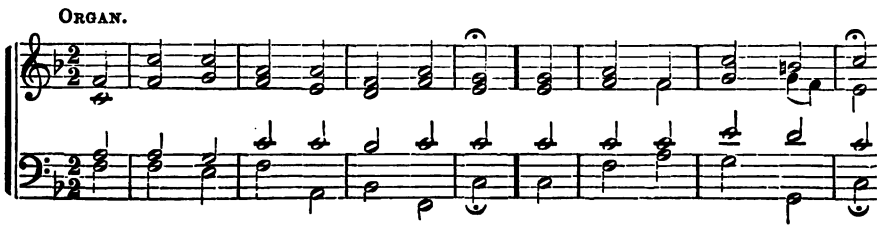
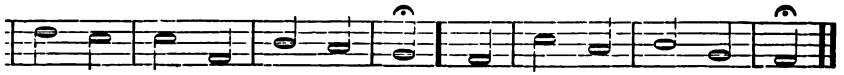
'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin.

231

IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word
He knows the sense I mean.

ORGAN.

drous knowledge, deep and high!
ere can a creature hide?
thy circling arms I lie,
et on every side.

thy grace surround me still,
like a bulwark prove,
rd my soul from every ill,
ired by sovereign love.

232

I believe; thy power I own;
word I would obey;
er comfortless and lone,
n from thy truth I stray.

I believe; but gloomy fears
etimes bedim my sight;
to thee with prayers and tears,
cry for strength and light.

I believe; but oft, I know,
faith is cold and weak;
then my weakness, and bestow
confidence I seek.

believe; and only thou
st give my soul relief;
o thy truth my spirit bow;
thou my unbelief.

233

How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

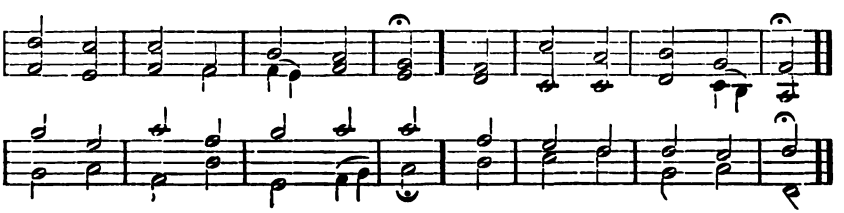
I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

He hears our praises and complaints,
And while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blessed.

My soul shall pray for Zion still
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell;
There God, my Saviour, reigns.



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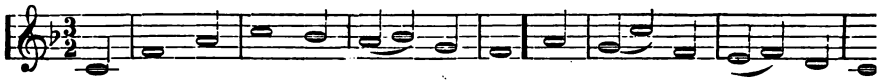

234

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, — for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind, —
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign: —

"The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song: —

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good will henceforth from heaven to men,
Begin, and never cease."

235

COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

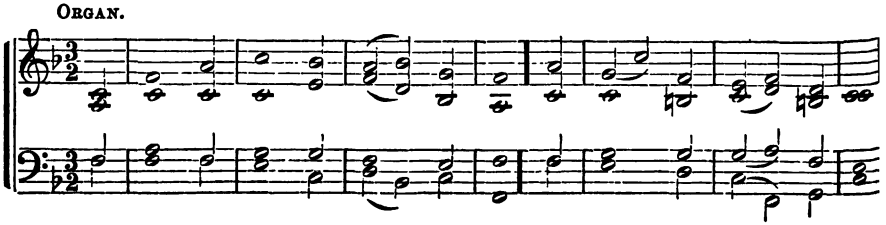
Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

One family, we dwell in him;
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream —
The narrow stream — of death.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

E'en now, to their eternal home,
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

O Saviour, be our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

ORGAN.

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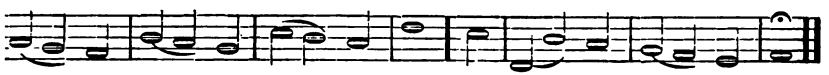

236

ıe Sun of Righteousness
ightest beams hath poured;
ateful hearts and holy zeal,
be thy love adored;—

us look with joyful hope
at more glorious day,
whose brightness, sin and death,
grief shall flee away.

237

Winter throws his icy chains,
cling nature round;
ak, how comfortless the plains,
with gay verdure crowned!

withholds his vital beams,
ight and warmth depart;
oping, lifeless nature seems
nblem of my heart.

O blissful sun, and bring
oul-reviving ray:
ntal winter shall be spring,
larkness cheerful day.

r state! divine abode,
e spring eternal reigns,
fect day, the smile of God,
all the heavenly plains.

Great Source of light, thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

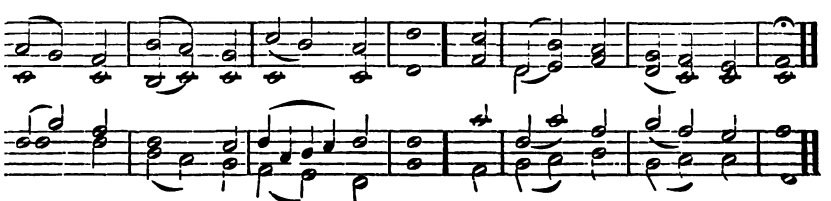
238

I'LL speak the honors of my King,
His form divinely fair;
None of the sons of mortal race
May with the Lord compare.

Sweet is thy speech, and heavenly grace
Upon thy lips is shed;
Thy God with blessings infinite
Hath crowned thy sacred head.

Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
Ride with majestic sway;
Thy terror shall strike through thy foes,
And make the world obey.

Thy throne, O God, forever stands;
Thy word of grace shall prove
A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
To rule thy saints by love.

Justice and truth attend thee still;
But mercy is thy choice;
And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
With most peculiar joys.

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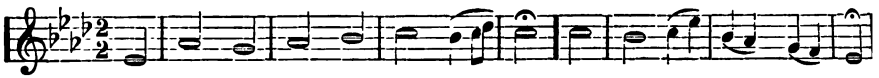

239

AWAKE, ye saints! to praise your King,
Your sweetest passions raise;
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
Increasing with the praise.

Great is the Lord, and works unknown
Are his divine employ;
But still his saints are near his throne,
His treasure and his joy.

Heaven, earth, and sea confess his hand;
He bids the vapors rise;
Lightning and storm, at his command,
Sweep through the sounding skies.

Ye saints, adore the living God;
Serve him with faith and fear;
He makes the churches his abode,
And claims your honors there.

240

LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud and more loud the anthems raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights, through darkest shades
To realms of endless day. [dea

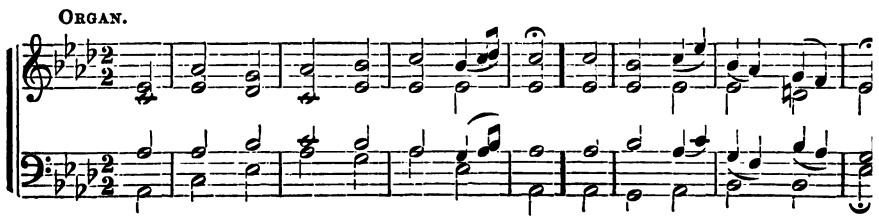
241

ALL hail, the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might
And crown him Lord of all.

Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord did call:
The God incarnate! Man divine!
And crown him Lord of all.

ORGAN.

MADAN.

:n seed of Israel's race,
ısomed from the fall,
. who saves you by his grace,
rown him Lord of all.

whose love can ne'er forget
ormwood and the gall;
d your trophies at his feet,
rown him Lord of all.

y kindred, every tribe,
s terrestrial ball,
ll majesty ascribe,
rown him Lord of all.

242

ny heart is fully bent
gnify thy name;
ıe, with cheerful songs of praise,
:elebrate thy fame.

thy mercy's boundless height
ghest heaven transcends,
beyond the aspiring clouds
ithful truth extends.

O God, exalted high
the starry frame,
he world, with one consent,
s thy glorious name.

243

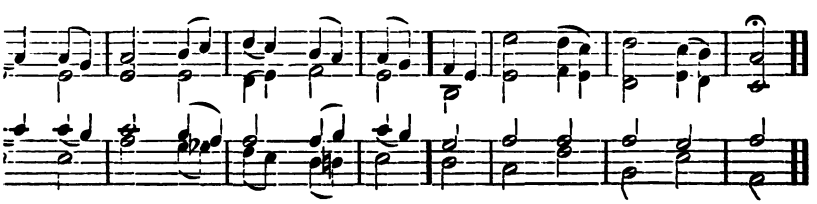
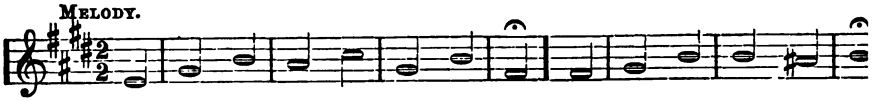
HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes!
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst;
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy belovéd name.

244

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rule imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.

'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

245

See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

"Permit them to approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of angels came."

We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands,
And yield them up to thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children, seek his face,
And fly with transports to receive
The blessings of his grace.

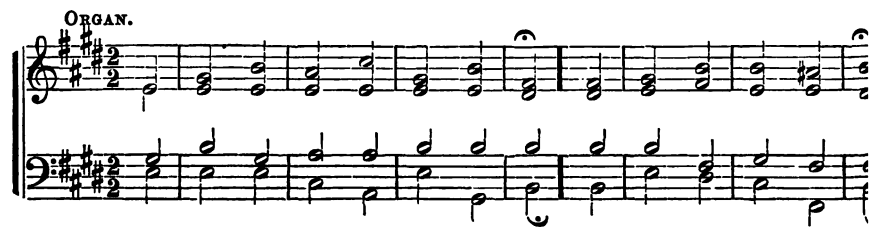
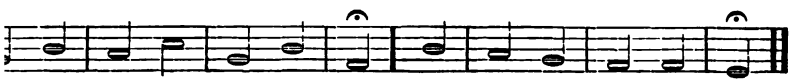
If orphans they are left behind,
Thy guardian care we trust;
That care shall heal our bleeding hear
If weeping o'er their dust.

246

Soon as I heard my Father say,
"Ye children, seek my grace,"
My heart replied, without delay,
"I'll seek my Father's face."

Let not thy face be hid from me,
Nor frown my soul away:
God of my life, I fly to thee
In a distressing day.

Should friends and kindred near and d
Leave me to want or die.
My God would make my life his care,
And all my need supply.

Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
And keep your courage up;
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
And far exceed your hope.

rd the choi - cest rule im - parts, To keep the con-science clean.

247

ng souls, dismiss your fears;
y all your theme;
ich like a river flows,
erpetual stream.

ıe powers of earth and hell;
those powers restrain;
ıall all their rage repel,
ɛe their efforts vain.

ıe want of outward good;
he will provide,
ı supplies of daily food,
e them heaven beside.

ıat he will e'er forsake,
his work undone;
ıl to his promises,
hful to his Son.

248

our fleeting hours be past,
the setting sun
ıward in the radiant west,
ing beams be gone.

om whom all blessings flow,
ed rites attend,
in wisdom's ways,
ı short journey end;—

And as the rapid sands run down,
Our virtue still improve,
Till each receive the glorious crown
Of never-fading love.

249

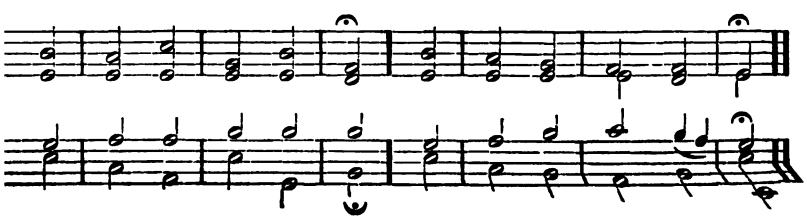
THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all who are distressed,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection he affords to all,
Who make his Name their trust.

O, make but trial of his love,—
Experience will decide,
How blessed are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.



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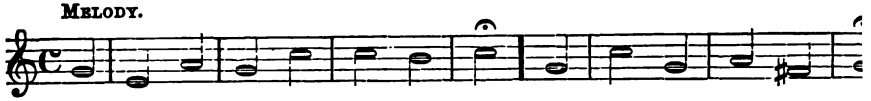

250

O GOD, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

To thee all angels cry aloud;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry:

O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

251

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapor flies!
Man is a tender, transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies.

The once-loved form, now cold and d
Each mournful thought employs;
And Nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of tim
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full, immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.

Then cease, fond Nature, cease thy te
Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

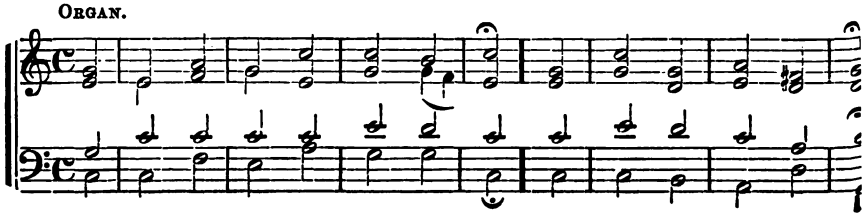
252

ETERNAL Source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.

Our dark and erring minds illume
With truth's celestial rays;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

Safely conduct us, by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road;
And place us, when that journey's o'e
At thy right hand, O God.

ORGAN.



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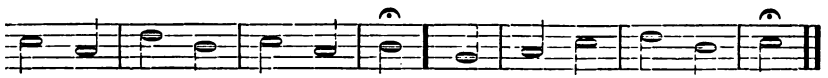

ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther art, By all the earth a - dored.

253

, each morning, O my God,
aking thoughts attend;
n are founded all my hopes,
ıom my wishes end.

, in pleasing wonder lost,
ɔoundless love surveys;
ed with grateful zeal, prepares
ıacrifice of praise.

vening slumbers press my eyes,
thy protection blessed,
ɜ and safety I commit
reary limbs to rest.

it, in thy hands secure,
; no approaching ill;
ɜther waking, or asleep,
, Lord, art with me still.

ill I daily to the world
wondrous acts proclaim;
all with me shall praise and sing,
bless the Sacred Name.

n, at noon, at night, I'll still
growing work pursue;
ɜe alone will praise, to whom
ıal praise is due.

254

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

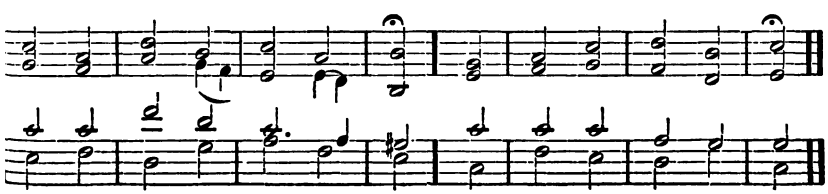
Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
"Return, ye sons of men;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home.

DOXOLOGY.

LET God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

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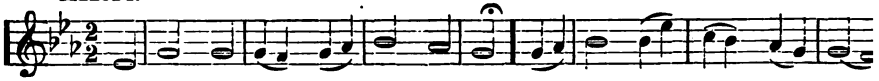


255

WHAT shall I render to my God,
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

Among the saints who fill thy house,
My offering shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows,
My soul in anguish made.

How much is mercy thy delight,
Thou ever blessèd God!
How dear thy servants in thy sight!
How precious is their blood!

How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

Now I am thine, forever thine,—
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
And thy rich grace record;
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
If I forsake the Lord.

256

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

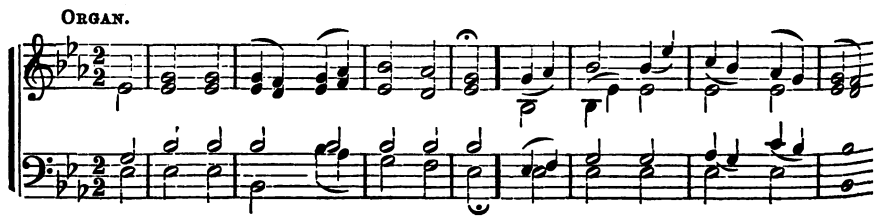
When, in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
For, O, eternity's to short
To utter all thy praise.

ORGAN.

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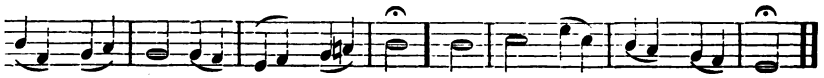

257

closer walk with God,
n and heavenly frame,
ıt to shine upon the road
eads me to the Lamb.

s the blessedness I knew
first I saw the Lord?
s the soul-refreshing view
sus and his word?

aceful hours I once enjoyed!
sweet their memory still!
· have left an aching void,
'orld can never fill.

O holy Dove; return,
Messenger of rest;
e sins that made thee mourn,
rove thee from my breast.

rest idol I have known,
e'er that idol be,
to tear it from thy throne,
vorship only thee.

my walk be close with God,
and serene my frame;
er light shall mark the road,
leads me to the Lamb.

258

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

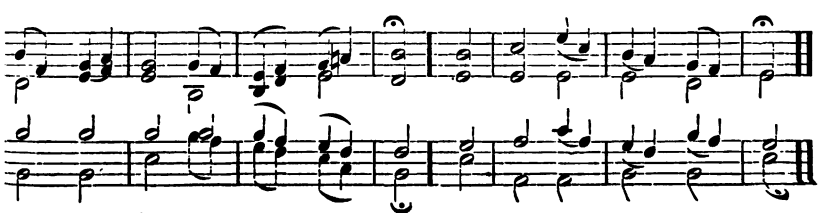
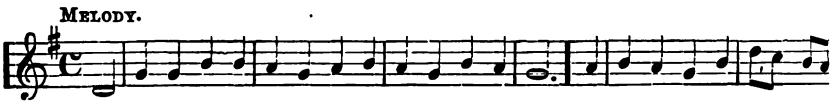
Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all;

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

259

ETERNAL Father, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

Thine, wholly thine, O, let us be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

260

All hail, the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, —
A remnant weak and small, —
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

O that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

261

This is the day the Lord hath made:
O earth, rejoice and sing;
Let songs of triumph hail the morn,
Hosanna to our King!

The stone the builders set at nou
That stone has now become
The sure foundation, and the stre
Of Zion's heavenly dome.

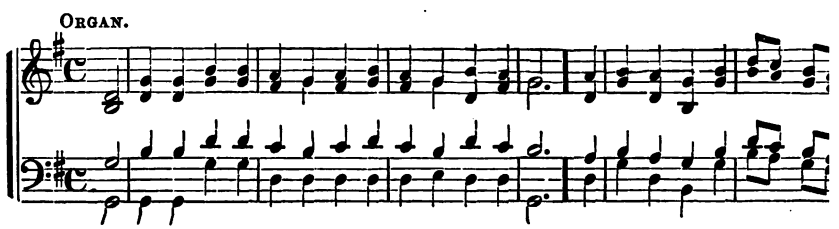
Christ is that stone — rejected o
And numbered with the slain·
Now raised in glory, o'er his chu
Eternally to reign.

This is the day the Lord hath m
O earth, rejoice and sing;
With songs of triumph hail the
Hosanna to our King!

262

Behold the glories of the Lam
Amid his Father's throne;
Prepare new honors for his nam
And songs before unknown.

Let elders worship at his feet,
The church adore around;
With vials full of odors sweet,
And harps of sweeter sound.

Those are the prayers of all the
And these the hymns they rai
Jesus is kind to our complaints;
He loves to hear our praise.

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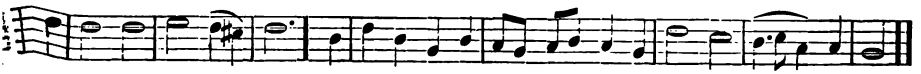

Now to the Lamb, that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
Forever on thy head.

The worlds of nature and of grace
Are put beneath thy power;
Then shorten these delaying days,
And bring the promised hour.

263

HOSANNA to the Prince of Light,
That clothed himself in clay,
Entered the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.

Death is no more the King of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

See how the Conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise;
Let heaven, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

264

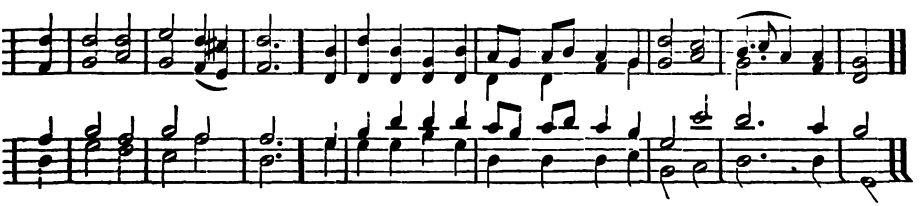
AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must not I stem the flood?
Is this low world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

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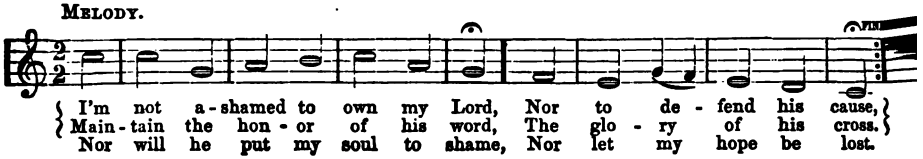

I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Nor to de-fend his cause,
Main-tain the hon-or of his word, The glo-ry of his cross.
Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.

265

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause,
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

Jesus, my God, I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands
Till the decisive hour.

Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

266

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice:
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.

Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.

Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
O may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

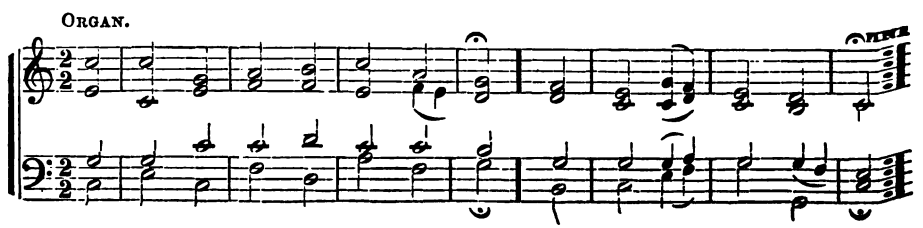
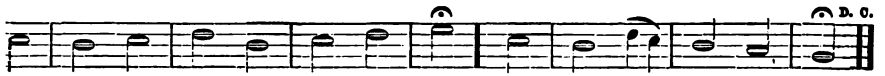
267

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove
With ever fresh delight.

'Tis a broad land, of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

The best relief that mourners have;
It makes our sorrows blest:
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

ORGAN.



Je - sus, my God, I know his name; His name is all my trust;

268

NG as I live, I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love;
work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.

eat is the Lord, his power unknown;
And let his praise be great;
sing the honors of thy throne,
Thy works of grace repeat.

hers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways;
es to come thy truth proclaim,
And nations sound thy praise.

e world is managed by thy hands;
Thy saints are ruled by love;
d thine eternal kingdom stands,
Though rocks and hills remove.

269

T Zion's watchmen all awake,
And take the alarm they give;
w let them, from the mouth of God,
Their solemn charge receive.

s not a cause of small import
The pastor's care demands,
t what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands.

All to the great tribunal haste,
The account to render there;
And shouldst thou strictly mark our faults,
Lord, how should we appear?

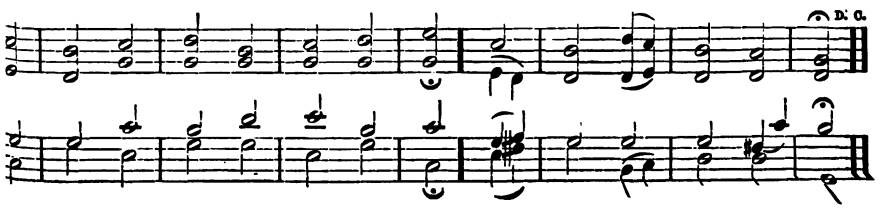
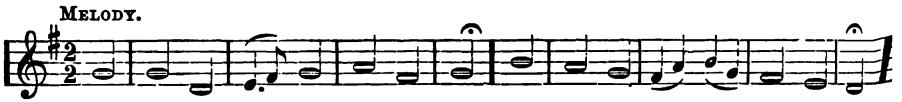
May they that Jesus whom they preach,
Their own Redeemer, see;
And watch thou daily o'er their souls,
That they may watch for thee.

270

THY law is perfect, Lord of light;
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandment pure.

Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise:
Let these be gladness to my ears,
The dayspring to mine eyes.

By these may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes,
Cleanse me from secret sin.

So may the words my lips express,
The thoughts that throng my mind,
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

271

Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name.
Lo, heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise
To swell th' inspiring theme.

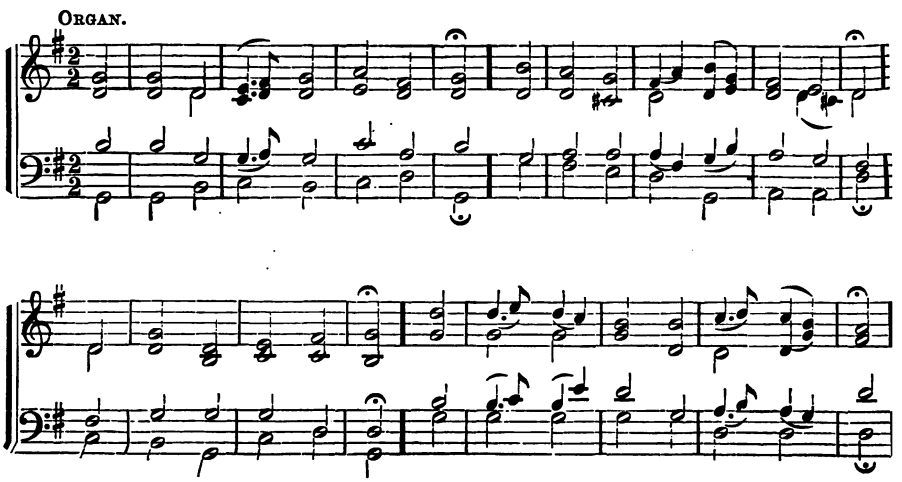
Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God;
Ye thunders, speak his power.
Lo, on the lightning's rapid wings
In triumph rides the King of kings:
Th' astonished worlds adore.

Ye deeps, with roaring billows rise
To join the thunders of the skies,—
Praise him who bids you roll.
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
The feeling heart, the reasoning head,
In heavenly praise employ:
Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heaven's wide arch repeat the sound,
The general burst of joy.

272

We sing of God the mighty source
Of all things, the stupendous force
On which all things depend;
From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,
All period, power, and enterprise
Commence, and reign, and end.

The world, the clustering spheres he made,
The glorious light, the soothing shade;
Dale, plain, and grove, and hill;
The multitudinous abyss,
Where Nature joys in secret bliss,
And Wisdom hides her skill.

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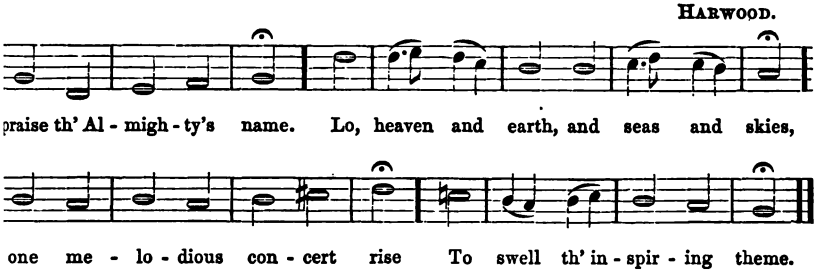

n I AM, Jehovah said
:s, while earth heard in dread,
mitten to the heart;
above, beneath, around,
re, without voice or sound,
:d, O Lord, THOU ART!

273

ful morn, my God, is come,
ls me to thy honored dome,
ıresence to adore.
the summons shall attend,
lling steps thy courts ascend,
read the hallowed floor.

from Judah's utmost end,
ven-protected tribes ascend,
offerings hither bring;
ıger to attest their joy,
ıs of praise their tongues employ,
ıail th' immortal King.

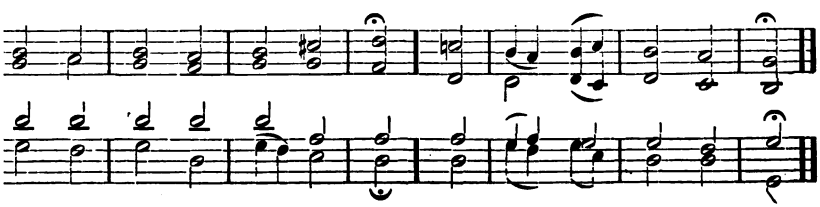
e by each implored on thee,
ı, while with bended knee
cob's God we pray.
ssed who calls himself thy friend!
his labors shall attend,
ıafety guard his way.

274

O, COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O, could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings
In notes almost divine.

I'd sing the precious blood he spilt—
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.

Well, the delightful day will come,
When my dear Lord will bring me home,
And I shall see his face;
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

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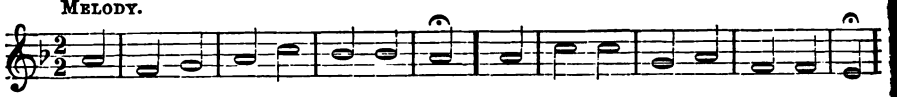

All earth-ly charms, how - ev - er dear, How - e'er they please the eye or ear,

275

ALL earthly charms, however dear,
Howe'er they please the eye or ear,
  Will quickly fade and fly;
Of earthly glory faint the blaze,
And soon the transitory rays
  In endless darkness die.

The nobler beauties of the just
Shall never moulder in the dust,
  Or know a sad decay;
Their honors time and death defy,
And round the throne of heaven on high
  Beam everlasting day.

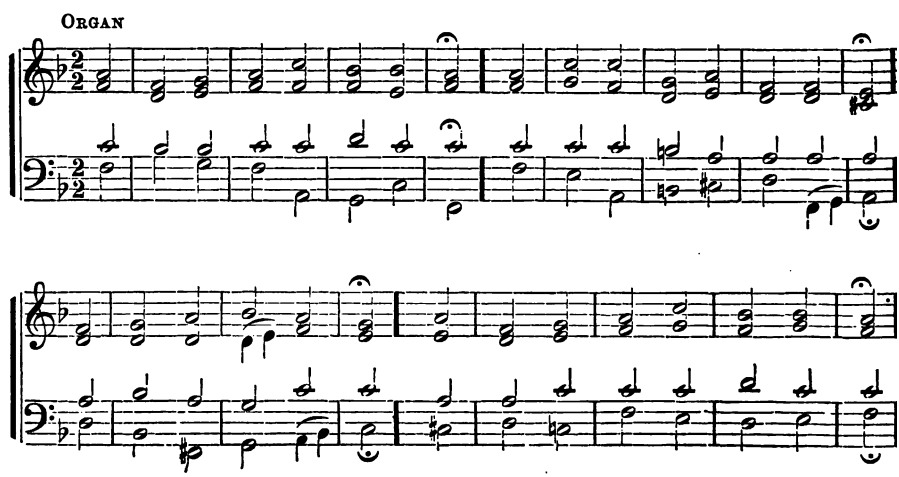
276

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To fetch thy ransomed people home,
  Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
  Be found at thy right hand

I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
  Though vilest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought,
What if my name should be left out,
  When thou for them shalt call?

Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
  In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
  Nor let me fall, I pray.

Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
  To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
  With shouts of sovereign grace.

ORGAN

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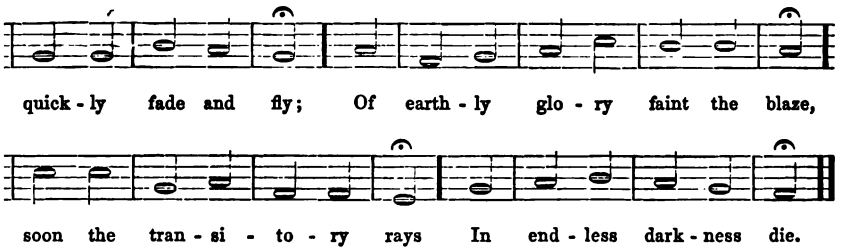


277

ED by Sinai's awful sound,
ıl in bonds of guilt I found,
. knew not where to go;
ıl truth did loud proclaim,
sinner must be born again,"
ink to endless woe.

to the law I trembling fled,
ed its curses on my head;
relief could find.
arful truth increased my pain,
sinner must be born again,"
l whelmed my tortured mind.

did Sinai's thunder roll,
uilt lay heavy on my soul,
ast, oppressive load:
I read and saw it plain,
sinner must be born again,"
drink the wrath of God.

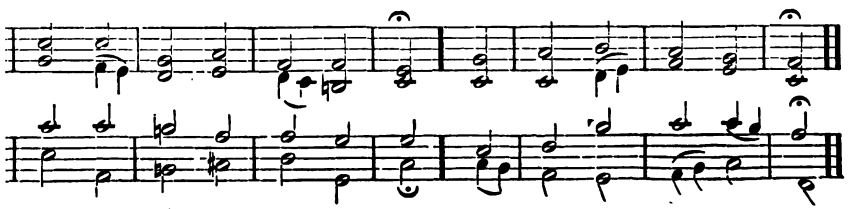
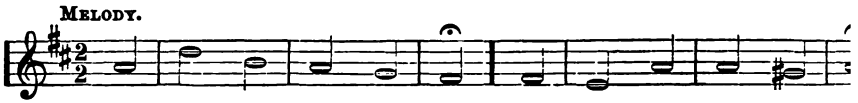
ints I heard with rapture tell
Jesus conquered death and hell,
l broke the fowler's snare;
hen I found this truth remain,
sinner must be born again,"
nk in deep despair.

But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed that way,
And felt his pity move:
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

278

THAT warning voice, O sinner, hear;
And while salvation lingers near,
The heavenly call obey;
Flee from destruction's downward path,
Flee from the threatening storm of wrath
That rises o'er thy way.

Soon night comes on, with thick'ning shade;
The tempest hovers o'er thy head,
The winds their fury pour;
The lightnings rend the earth and skies,
The thunders roar, the flames arise;
What terrors fill that hour!

That warning voice, O sinner, hear,
Whose accents linger on thine ear;
Thy footsteps now retrace;
Renounce thy sins, and be forgiven;
Believe, become an heir of heaven,
And sing redeeming grace.



279

Exalt the Lord our God,
And worship at his feet:
His nature is all holiness,
And mercy is his seat.

When Israel was his church,
When Aaron was his priest,
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,
He gave his people rest.

Oft he forgave their sins,
Nor would destroy their race;
And oft he made his vengeance known,
When they abused his grace.

Exalt the Lord our God,
Whose grace is still the same;
Still he's a God of holiness,
And jealous for his name.

280

Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait;
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

"Watch!" 'Tis your Lord's comm
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

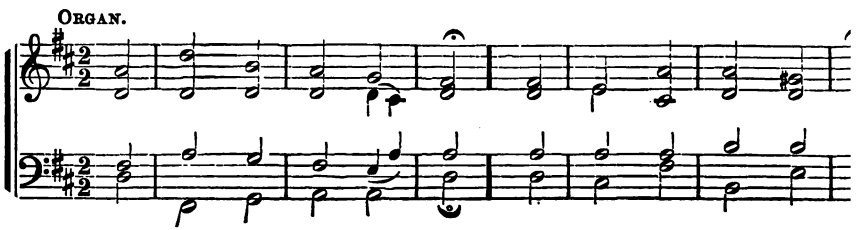
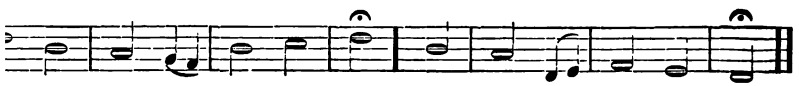
O, happy servant he,
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

281

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on;
Strong in the strength which God supp
Through his eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God; —

That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome through Christ alon
And stand entire at last,

282

ıul, be on thy guard;
ıousand foes arise;
:s of sin are pressing hard
ıw thee from the skies.

tch, and fight, and pray;
attle ne'er give o'er;
t boldly every day,
ıelp divine implore.

283

T is the Lord our God,
et his praise be great;
es his churches his abode,
ost delightful seat.

temples of his grace,
beautiful they stand!
ors of our native place,
ulwarks of our land.

n God is known,
uge in distress;
ght has his salvation shone
gh all her palaces!

ve our fathers told,
yes have often seen,
ll our God secures the fold,
e his own sheep have been.

In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

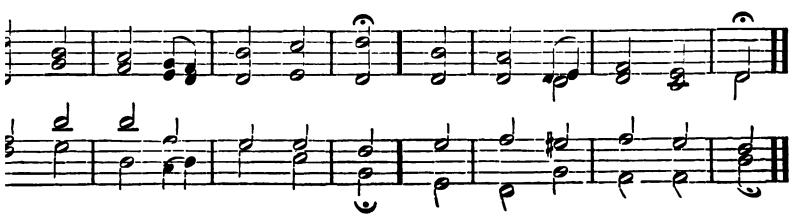
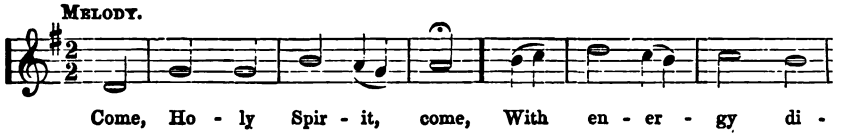
284

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart, and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For us, whose sins he bore.

Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blesséd children, come!"
Soon will he call us hence away
To our eternal home.

There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim,
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

285

Come, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

Melt, melt, this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee I will devote
The remnant of my days.

286

O Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
Akin to dust and worms?

Lord, what is worthless man,
That thou shouldst love him so?
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

How rich thy bounties are,
And wondrous are thy ways;
Of dust and worms thy power can
A monument of praise.

287

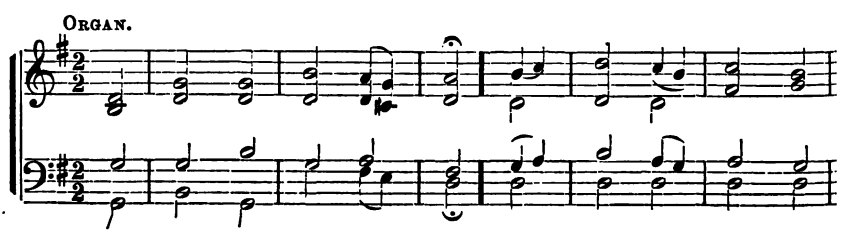
Our heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now;
Thy name be hallowed far and near
To thee all nations bow!

Thy kingdom come; thy will
On earth be done in love,
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above!

Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live;
The guilt of our iniquity
Forgive, as we forgive.

From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles, defend;
Deliver in the evil hour,
And guide us to the end.

Doxology.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints who dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

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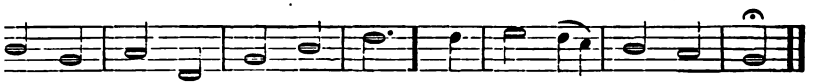

288

,D, the morning sun
his glorious way;
s through all the nations run,
'e and light convey.

ıere the gospel comes,
ıds diviner light;
:ad sinners from their tombs,
ves the blind their sight.

erfect is thy word,
l thy judgments just!
ure thy promise, Lord,
en securely trust.

cious God, how plain
r directions given!
never read in vain,
d the path to heaven.

289

Saviour, we would come,
e appointed way;
to thy high commands,
emn vows we pay.

s this sacred rite,
g us near to thee;
we find that as our day
engtb shall also be.

290

O, LEAD me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

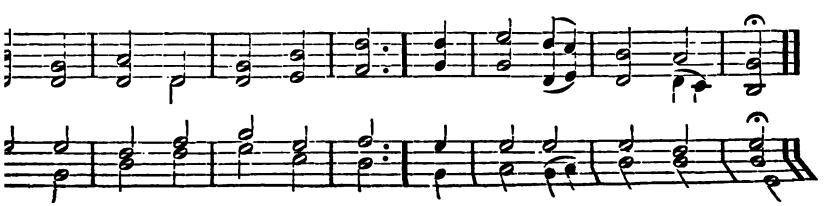
Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

291

SWEET is the task, O Lord,
Thy glorious acts to sing,
To praise thy name, and hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

Sweet at the dawning hour,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when the night wind shuts the flower,
Still on the theme to dwell.

Sweet on this day of rest,
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

MELODY.

292

COME to the house of prayer,
O ye afflicted, come:
The God of peace shall meet you there,—
He makes that house his home.

Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.

Ye agéd, hither come,
For ye have felt his love:
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.

Ye young, before his throne,
Come, bow; your voices raise;
Let not your hearts his praise disown,
Who gives the power to praise.

Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,—
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call,—

Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's tardy pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

293

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

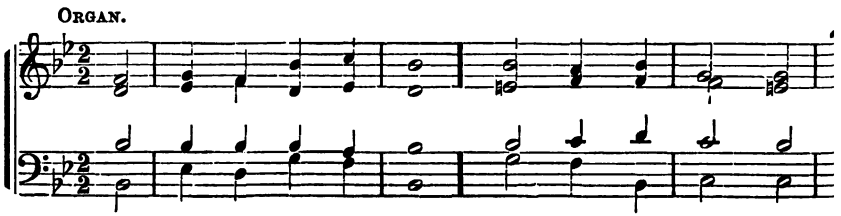
His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to co
Shall quench the spark divine.

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

294

MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

ORGAN.

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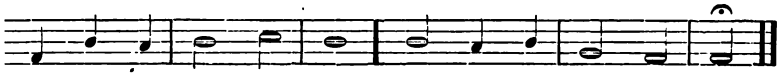

of peace shall meet you there,— He makes that house his home.

of the Lord,
that fear his name,
ender parents feel:
s our feeble frame.

s we are but dust,
by every breath;
ike a rising wind,
us swift to death.

are as the grass,
e morning flower;
blast sweep o'er the field,
in an hour.

ompassions, Lord,
s years endure;
ı's children ever find
s of promise sure.

295

ıe blood of beasts,
ı altars slain,
he guilty conscience peace
ıway the stain.

t, the heavenly Lamb,
our sins away;
of nobler name
r blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

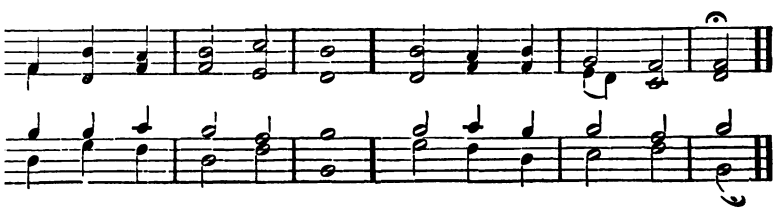
My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the curséd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

296

While my Redeemer's near,
My Shepherd and my Guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear;
My wants are all supplied.

To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand, indulgent, leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

Dear Shepherd, if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

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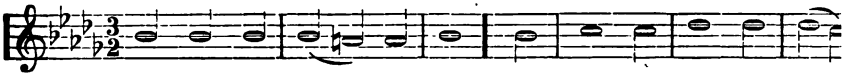


297

WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless, and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

O, lead me to the Rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

298

AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

How will our hearts endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before his face
Astonished shrink away?

But ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering so
What joyful tidings spread!

Ye sinners, seek his grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Flee to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

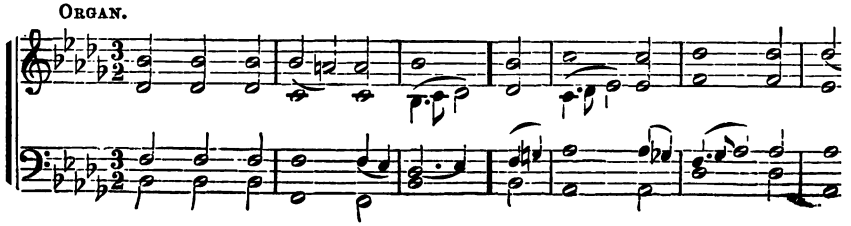
299

AND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins oppressed?

To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

But grace so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fr
Will fill thee with surprise.

ORGAN.

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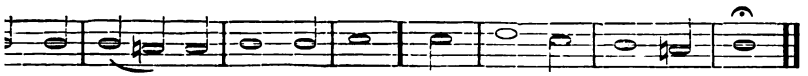


300

ɜROW, Lord, is thine,—
. in thy sovereign hand;
ı sun arise and shine,
ːs by thy command.

ɛsent moment flies,
ars our life away;
hy servants truly wise,
ıey may live to-day.

ɔn this wingéd hour,
y is hung,
y thine almighty power,
ed and the young.

ing demands our care;
: still pursued,
ıted once, the season fair
never be renewed.

ıs may we fly,
s the morning light,
young golden beams should die,
len, endless night.

301

wift the torrent rolls
ɛars us to the sea!
hat bears our thoughtless souls
: eternity!

Our fathers, where are they,
With all they call their own?
Their joys and griefs, and hopes and cares,
And wealth and honor, gone.

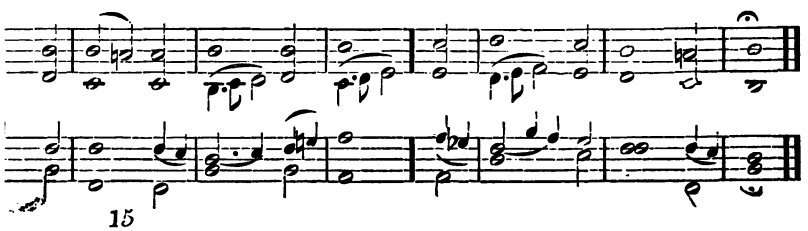
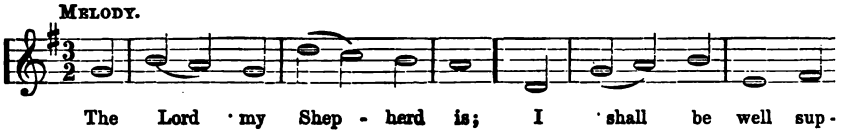
God of our fathers, hear!
Thou everlasting Friend!
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.

Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them, in the land of light,
We dwell before thy face.

302

THE day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear:
O, may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

303

The Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied;
Since he is mine and I am his,
What can I want beside?

He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear; [shade,
Though I should walk through death's dark
My Shepherd's with me there.

In spite of all my foes,
Thou dost my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
And joy exalts my head.

The bounties of thy love
Shall crown my following days;
Nor from thy house will I remove,
Nor cease to speak thy praise.

304

Teach me, my God and King
In all things thee to see;
And what I do in any thing,
To do it as for thee!

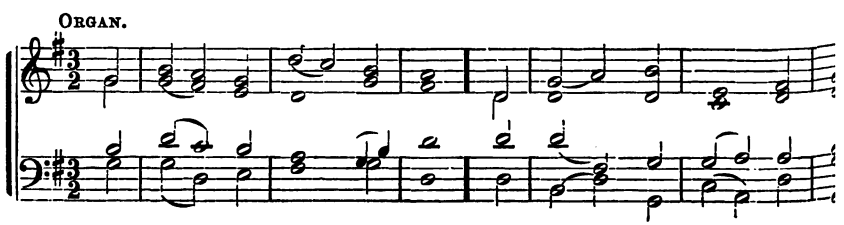
To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend;
In all I do be thou the way, —
In all be thou the end.

All may of thee partake:
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sa
Greatness and worth from thee

If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine;
Hallowed is toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

305

Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

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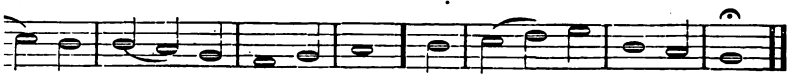

e is mine and I am his, What can I want be - side?

306

eet the melting lay
reaks upon the ear,
he hour of rising day,
as unite in prayer!

ezes waft their cries
hovah's throne;
to their humble sighs,
ds his blessings down.

rose to pray
he morning light,
e chilling mount did stay,
stle all the night.

still doth pray
he morning bright,
ly mountains far away,
e toil here in night.

Lord, thy vigil there;
upon life's wave;
e bark through midnight air;
m shall cease to rave.

307

e the tie that binds
rts in Christian love;
ship of kindred minds
o that above.

Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

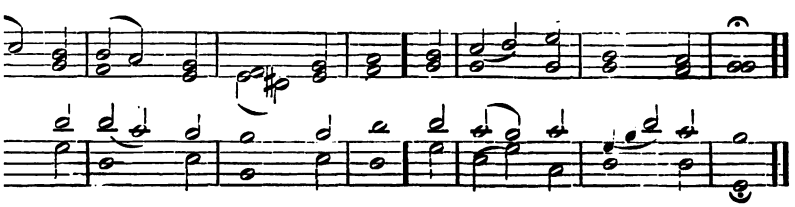
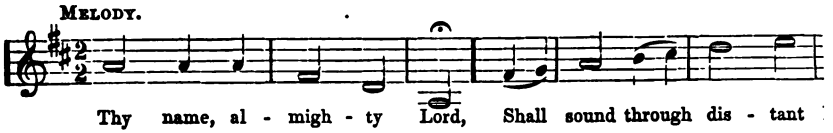
We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

308

O, CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

Behold the ark of God;
Behold the open door;
O, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more!

There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blessed.

309

Thy name, almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word;
Thy truth forever stands.

Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

310

Behold, the lofty sky
Declares its Maker, God;
And all his starry works on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same,
While night to day, and day to night,
Divinely teach his name.

In every different land
Their general voice is known;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.

His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

While of thy works I sing,
Thy glory to proclaim,
Accept the praise, my God, my
In my Redeemer's name.

311

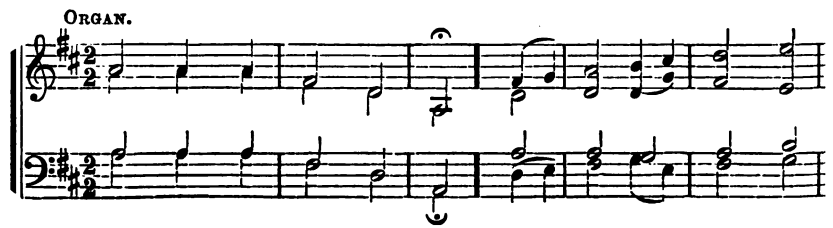
My Saviour and my King,
Thy beauties are divine;
Thy lips with blessings overflow,
And every grace is thine.

Now make thy glories known,
Gird on thy dreadful sword,
And ride in majesty, to spread
The conquests of thy word.

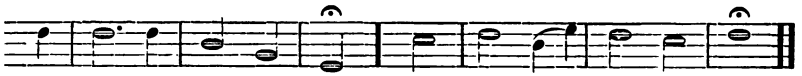
Thy laws, O God, are right;
Thy throne shall ever stand;
And thy victorious gospel proves
A sceptre in thy hand.

Thy Father and thy God
Hath, without measure, shed
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,
T' anoint thy sacred head.

O, let thy God and King
Thy sweetest thoughts employ
Thy children shall his honors sin
In palaces of joy.



JONES.



thy grace, and sure thy word; Thy truth for - ev - er stands.

312

'our triumphant songs
nmortal tune;
de earth resound the deeds
l grace has done.

w eternal Love
' Belovéd chose,
im raise our wretched race
ieir abyss of woes.

d no thunder bears;
)r clothes his brow;
) drive our guilty souls
er flames below.

iercy filled the throne,
ith stood silent by,
'ist was sent with pardons down
ls doomed to die.

iners, dry your tears;
eless sorrow cease;
: sceptre of his love,
.e the offered peace.

e obey thy call;
a humble claim
vation thou hast brought,
e and praise thy name.

313

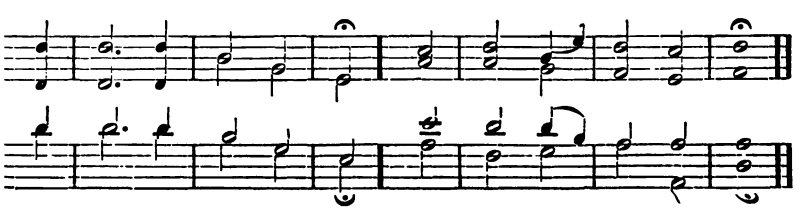
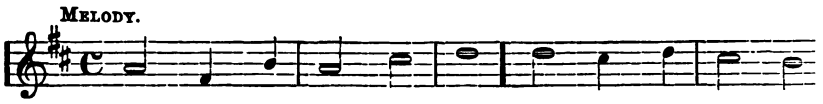
How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill!
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

How charming is their voice!
How sweet the tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King;
He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

How blesséd are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.



314

Lord, in this sacred hour,
Within thy courts we bend,
And bless thy love, and own thy power,
Our Father and our Friend.

But thou art not alone
In courts by mortals trod;
Nor only is the day thine own
When man draws near to God.

Thy temple is the arch
Of yon unmeasured sky;
Thy Sabbath, the stupendous march
Of grand eternity.

Lord, may that holier day
Dawn on thy servants' sight;
And purer worship may we pay
In heaven's unclouded light.

315

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath w
That caused thy needless fear

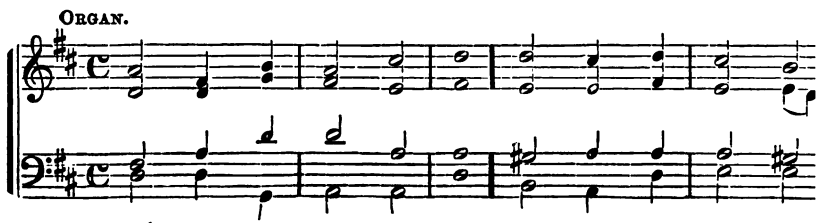
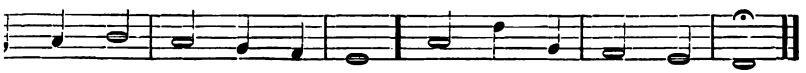
What though thou rulest not!
Yet heaven, and earth, and h
Proclaim, God sitteth on the thr
And ruleth all things well.

316

God, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct,
And to the paths of righteousne
Their wandering steps conduc

The humble soul he guides,
Teaches the meek his way;
Kindness and truth he shows to
Who his just laws obey.

Give me the tender heart
That mixes fear with love,
And lead me through whatever
Thy wisdom shall approve.

O, ever keep my soul
From error, shame, and guilt
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.



ess thy love and own thy power, Our Fa - ther and our Friend.

317

ery creature join
se the eternal God;
ily hosts, the song begin,
ind his name abroad.

in, with golden beams,
on, with paler rays,
lights, ye twinkling flames,
o your Maker's praise.

t those worlds above,
ed their wondrous frame;
nmand they stand or move,
er speak his name.

ors, when ye rise,
in showers of snow,
rs, murmuring round the skies,
ver and glory show.

ail, and flashing fire
o praise the Lord,
in dreadful storms conspire
ute his word.

is works above
ors be expressed;
, that taste his saving love,
sing his praises best.

318

To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.

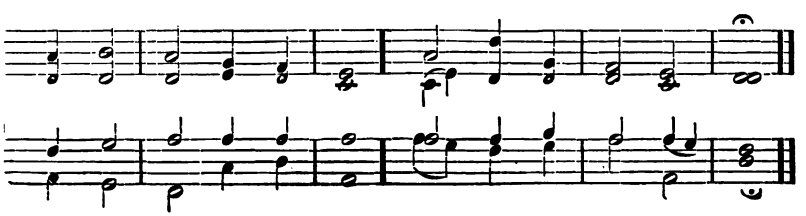
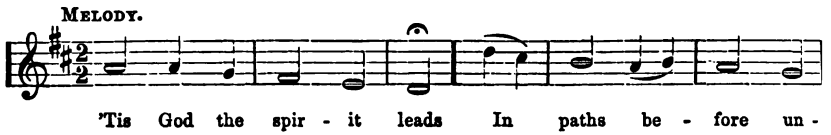
'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel, and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed
Shall meet around the throne;
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belongs,
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting songs.

Doxology.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints who dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

319

'Tis God the spirit leads
In paths before unknown:
The work to be performed is ours;
The strength is all his own.

Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
He is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

320

O, where shall rest be found, —
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

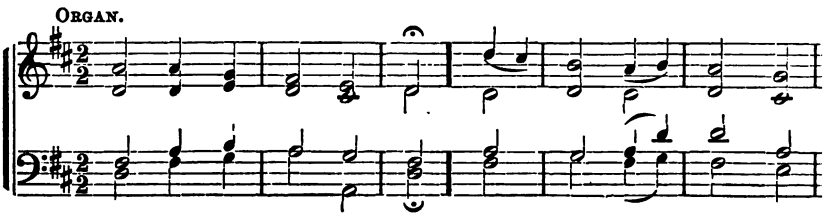
Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face
And evermore undone.

321

The Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, "Sinner, come!"
The bride, the church of Christ, pr
To all his children, "Come!"

Let him that heareth say
To all about him, "Come!"
Let him that thirsts for righteousn
To Christ, the Fountain, come.

Yes, whosoever will,
O, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of lif
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

Lo, Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come;"
Lord, even so; I wait thy hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

MORNINGTON.

322

'ael's Shepherd stand,
l-engaging charms;
r he calls the tender lambs,
ds them in his arms!

t them to approach,
them not," he cried;
my Father's kingdom is,
:h with him abide."

ıg them, gracious Lord,
:ld them up to thee;
t we ourselves are thine,
et our offspring be.

ans they are left,
ardian love we trust;
can heal our bleeding hearts,
veeping o'er their dust.

323

:ntle God's commands!
nd his precepts are!
ıst your burdens on the Lord,
ıst his constant care."

Providence supports,
ıts securely dwell;
which bears all nature up,
ıide his children well.

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

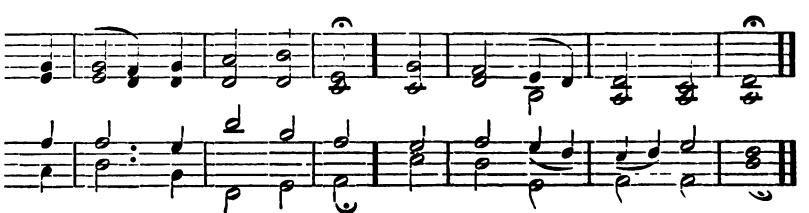
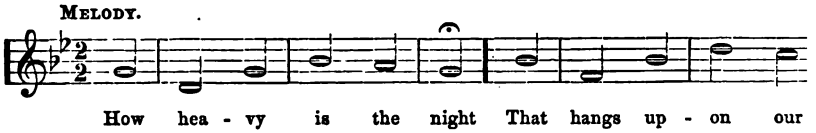
His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

324

Is this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind.

Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, Sovereign Grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

Let old ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes;
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

325

How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes;
Till Christ, with his reviving light,
Over our souls arise!

Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of Heaven;
But in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
His hands infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.

The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the curséd chain.

Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God—
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

326

Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

The Son of God in tears
Angels with wonder see;
Be thou astonished, O my sou
He shed those tears for thee

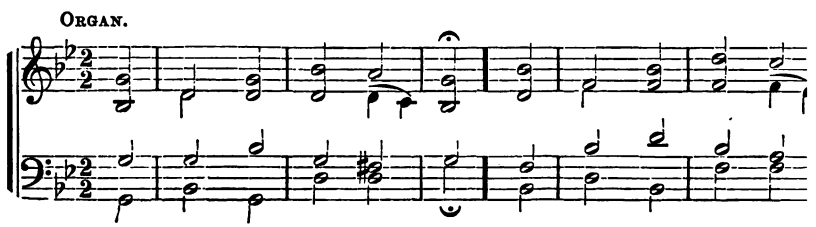
He wept that we might wee
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is foun
And there's no weeping the

327

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil;
O, may it all my powers engag
To do my Master's will.

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, pre
A strict account to give.

Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

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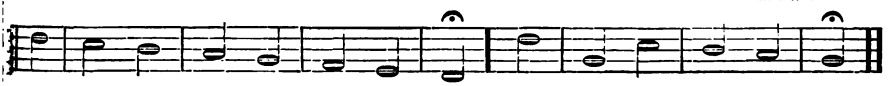

328

BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high!
Behold the Father's chief delight
Expire in agony!

For love of us he bled,
And all in torture died;
'Twas love that bowed his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.

In him our hearts unite,
Nor share his grief alone,
But from his cross pursue their flight
To his triumphant throne.

329

MY few revolving years,
How swift they glide away!
How short the term of life appears,
When past — but as a day!

A dark and cloudy day,
Clouded by grief and sin;
A host of enemies without,
Distressing fears within.

Lord, through another year,
If thou permit my stay,
With diligence may I pursue
The true and living way!

330

FROM lowest depths of woe,
To God I send my cry;
Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

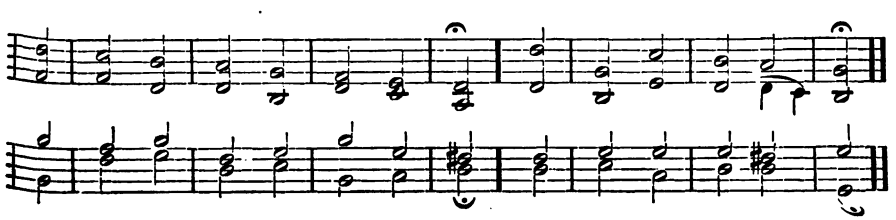
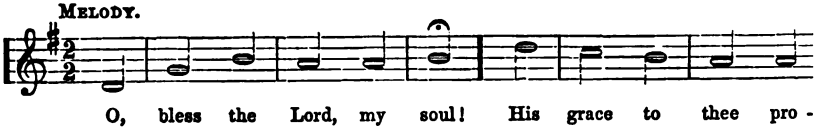
My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never failing word.

My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.

Let Israel trust in God;
No bounds his mercy knows;
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence
Eternal succor flows.

331

I HEARD a voice from heaven
Say, "Blesséd is the doom
Of those whose trust is in the Lord,
When sinking to the tomb!"

The Holy Spirit spake —
And I the words repeat —
"Blesséd are they" — for, after toil,
To mortals rest is sweet.

332

O, BLESS the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

O, bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits:
The Lord to thee is kind.

He will not always chide;
He will with patience wait;
His wrath is ever slow to rise,
And ready to abate.

He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth,
And, like the eagle, he renews
The vigor of thy youth.

Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving kindness crowns thy days;
O, bless the Lord, my soul!

333

WELCOME, sweet day of res
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breas
And these rejoicing eyes.

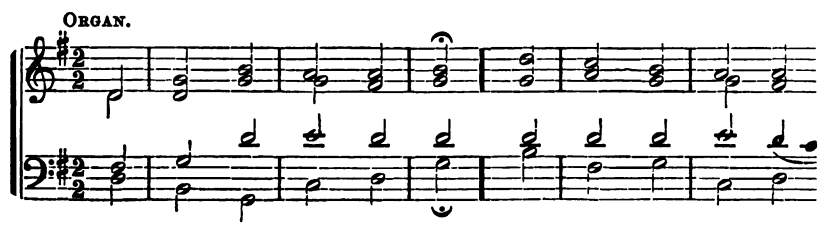
The King himself comes ne
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him
And love, and praise, and pr

One day amid the place
Where my dear God hath b
Is sweeter than ten thousand d
Of pleasurable sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

334

I LIFT my soul to God,
My trust is in his name;
Let not my foes that seek my l
Still triumph in my shame.

From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
With ever longing eyes.

ıber all thy grace,
ad me in thy truth;
he sins of riper days,
llies of my youth.

ɔrd is just and kind;
eek shall learn his ways;
y humble sinner find
ethods of his grace.

; own goodness' sake,
es my soul from shame;
ns, though my guilt be great,
h my Redeemer's name.

335

up and bless the Lord,
ple of his choice!
and bless the Lord your God,
eart, and soul, and voice

ı high above all praise,
all blessing high,
ld not fear his holy name,
ud and magnify?

he living flame
his own altar brought,
our lips, our minds inspire,
ing to heaven our thought.

God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

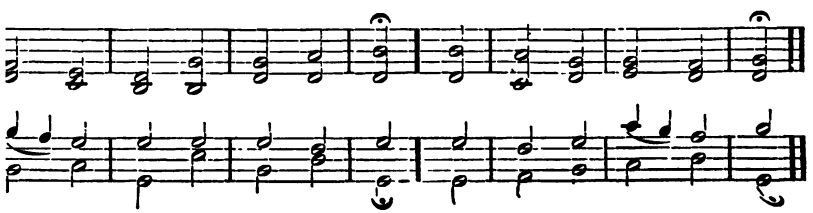
Stand up and bless the Lord;
The Lord, your God, adore;
Stand up and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, forevermore.

336

O, BLESSÉD souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more!

They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

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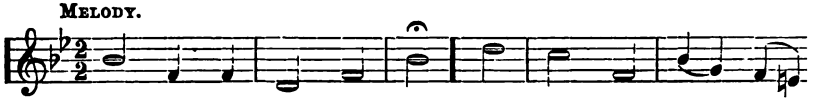

337

COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his work, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

338

BEHOLD the Prince of peace!
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well belovéd Son, fulfils
The sure prophetic word.

No royal pomp adorns
This King of Righteousness;
But meekness, patience, truth, and love,
Compose his princely dress.

The spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great prophet gently ligh
And rests upon his head.

Jesus, thou light of men,
Thy doctrine life imparts:
O, may we feel its quickening po
To warm and glad our hearts!

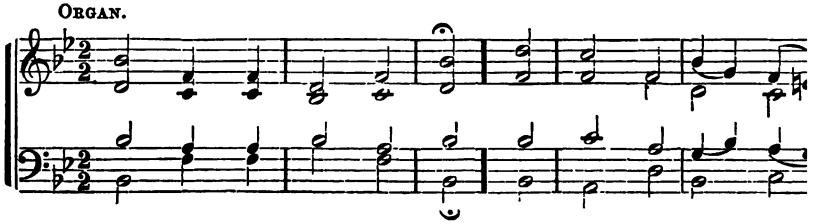
339

"THE Lord is risen indeed;"
Then hell has lost his prey;
With him is risen the ransomed s
To reign in endless day.

"The Lord is risen indeed;"
He lives, to die no more;
He lives the sinner's cause to ple
Whose curse and shame he bo

"The Lord is risen indeed;"
Attending angels, hear;
Up to the courts of heaven, with
The joyful tidings bear.

Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chor
Join all the bright, celestial choir
To sing our risen Lord.

ORGAN.

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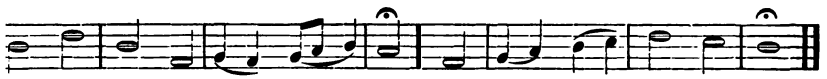

ho - vah is the sove - reign God, The u - ni - ver - sal King.

340

:, we who love the Lord,
let our joys be known;
a song of sweet accord,
thus surround the throne.

ıose refuse to sing
never knew our God;
›rites of the heavenly King
speak their joys abroad.

nen of grace have found
begun below;
l fruits on earthly ground
faith and hope may grow.

ıill of Zion yields
usand sacred sweets,
ve reach the heavenly fields,
ılk the golden streets.

let our songs abound,
›very tear be dry;
ıarching thro' Immanuel's ground,
irer worlds on high.

341

:E! 'tis a charming sound,
ıonious to my ear;
with the echo shall resound,
ıll the earth shall hear.

Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

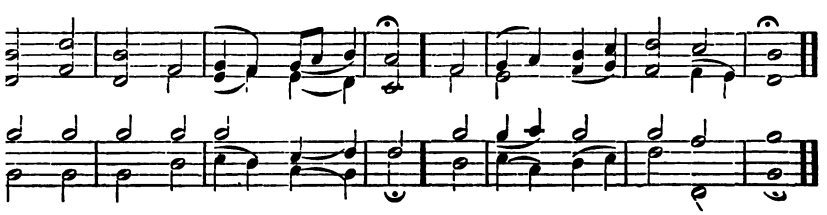
Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

342

How glorious, Lord, art thou!
How bright thy splendors shine!
Whose rays, reflected, gild thy saints
With ornaments divine.

With lowliness and love,
Wisdom and courage meet;
The grateful heart, the cheerful eye,
How reverend and how sweet!

In beauties such as these,
Thy children now are dressed;
But brighter habits shall they wear
In regions of the blessed.

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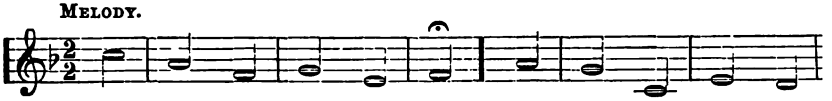
343

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

Beyond my highest joy,
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

344

I WANT a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or rew
To thee and thy great name.

Swift to my rescue come;
Thine own this moment seize
Gather my wandering spirit hon
And keep in perfect peace.

Long as our trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O, let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer!

345

BLEST Comforter divine,
Let rays of heavenly love
Amid our gloom and darkness sl
To guide our souls above.

Draw, with thy still small voi
From every sinful way,
And bid the mourning saint rej
Though earthly joys decay.

By thine inspiring breath,
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of de
A smile of glory wear.

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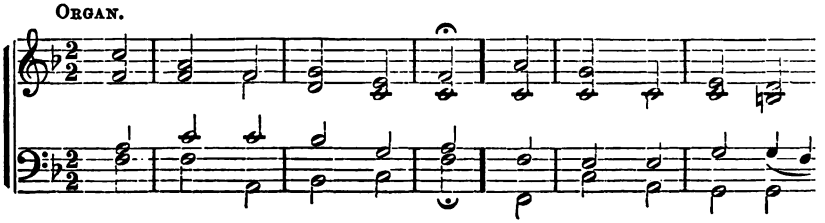
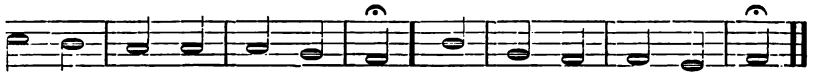

lurch our blest Re - deem - er saved With his own pre - cious blood.

346

.D, what wondrous grace
ather hath bestowed
rs of a mortal race,
l them sons of God!

) surprising thing
/e should be unknown;
ish world knew not their King,
everlasting Son.

)th it yet appear
reat we must be made;
1 we see our Saviour here,
all be like our Head.

ny Father's love
: a filial part,
/n thy Spirit like a dove,
t upon my heart.

)uld no longer lie,
laves, beneath the throne;
shall "Abba Father" cry,
lou the kindred own.

347

ED are the pure in heart,
ey shall see our God;
et of the Lord is theirs;
soul is Christ's abode.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his cradle and his throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

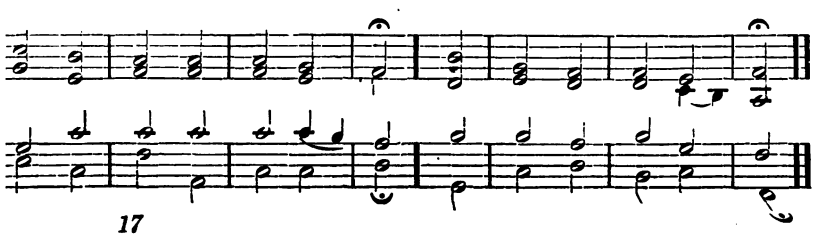
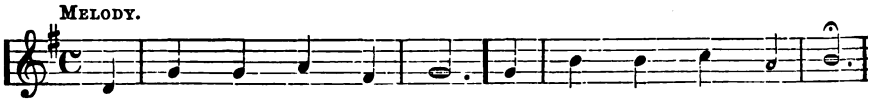
348

My God, permit my tongue
This joy, — to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.

For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared with this, —
To serve and please the Lord.

In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies;
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps;
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

349

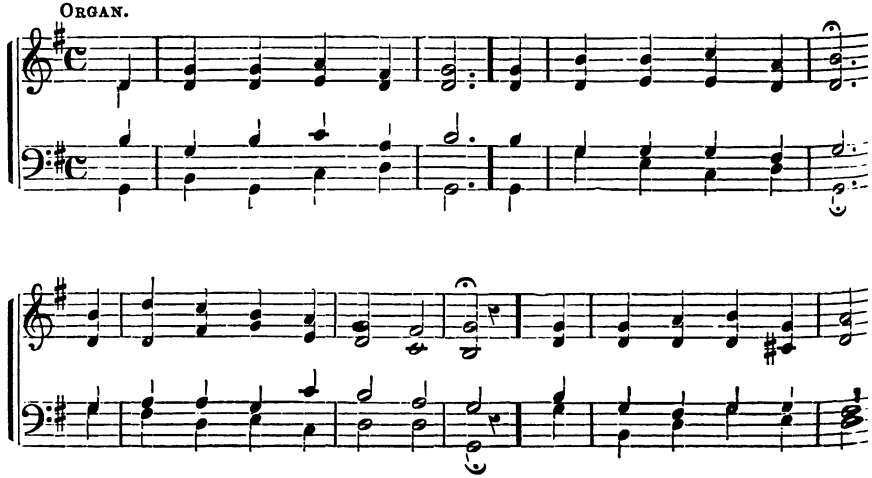
The Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

Upheld by thy commands,
The world securely stands;
And skies and stars obey thy word;
Thy throne was fixed on high
Before the starry sky;
Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

In vain the noisy crowd,
Like billows fierce and loud,
Against thine empire rage and roar;
In vain, with angry spite,
The surly nations fight,
And dash like waves against the shore.

Let floods and nations rage,
And all their powers engage;
Let swelling tides assault the sky;
The terrors of thy frown
Shall beat their madness down:
Thy throne forever stands on high.

Thy promises are true;
Thy grace is ever new:
There fixed, thy church shall ne'er remove:
Thy saints, with holy fear,
Shall in thy courts appear,
And sing thine everlasting love.

The Lord Jehovah reigns,
And royal state maintains,
His head with awful glories crowned;
Arrayed in robes of light,
Begirt with sovereign might,
And rays of majesty around.

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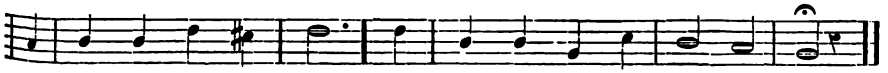

350

How pleased and blessed was I,
To hear the people cry,
Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
nd there our vows and honors pay.

Zion, thrice happy place!
Adorned with wondrous grace,
nd walls of strength embrace thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
he sacred gospel's joyful sound.

Here David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
e sits for grace and judgment here:
He bids the saint be glad,
He makes the sinner sad,
nd humble souls rejoice with fear.

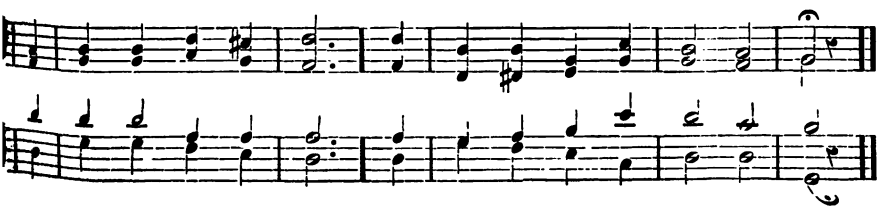
May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
'o bless the soul of every guest;
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

My tongue repeats her vows,
"Peace to this sacred house!"
For here my friends and kindred dwell;
And since my glorious God
Makes thee his blest abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

351

How pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree!
Each in his proper station move;—
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet!
The oil through all the room
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blessed his feet.

Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighboring hills,
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

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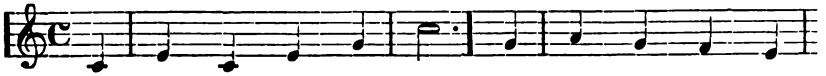

352

LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples are!
To thine abode | With warm desires,
My heart aspires, | To see my God.

The sparrow for her young
With pleasure seeks a nest,
And wandering swallows long
To find their wonted rest:
My spirit faints, | To rise and dwell
With equal zeal, | Among thy saints.

O happy souls that pray
Where God appoints to hear;
O happy men that pay
Their constant service there:
They praise thee still; | That love the way
And happy they | To Zion's hill.

They go from strength to str
Through this dark vale of te
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, | Shall thithe
When God our King | Our willing

353

YE tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng | In worlds o
Of angels bright, | Begin the s

Thou sun, with dazzling rays
And moon, that rul'st the nig
Shine to your Maker's praise
With stars of twinkling light
His power declare, | And clouds
Ye floods on high, | In empty ai

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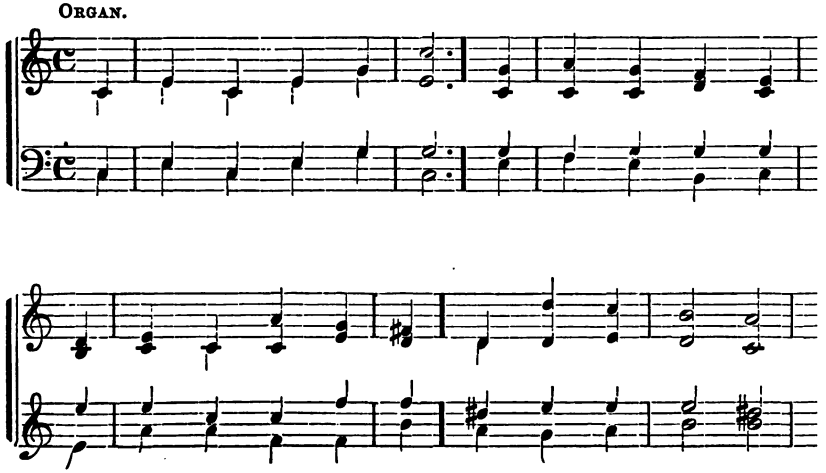
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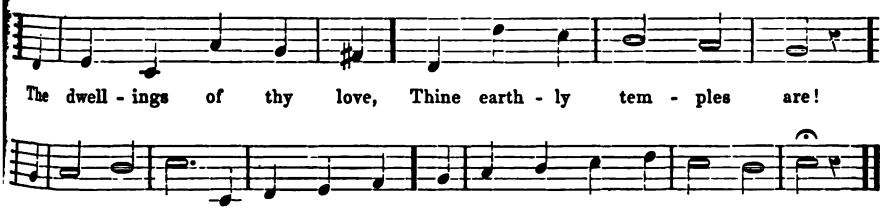

The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand;
Or in swift courses move,
By his supreme command.
'e spake the word, | From nothing came
nd all their frame | To praise the Lord.

Ye vapors, hail, and snow,
Praise ye th' Almighty Lord,
And stormy winds that blow
To execute his word.
'hen lightnings shine, | Let earth adore
· thunders roar, | His hand divine.

Let all the nations fear
The God that rules above;
He brings his people near,
And makes them taste his love.
'hile earth and sky | His saints shall raise
ttempt his praise, | His honors high.

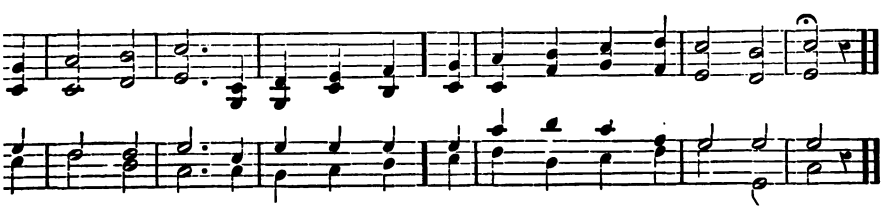
354

GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sovereign King of kings,
And be his grace adored.
is power and grace | And let his name
re still the same; | Have endless praise.

How mighty is his hand!
What wonders hath he done!
He formed the earth and seas,
And spread the heavens alone.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

His wisdom framed the sun,
To crown the day with light;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

He sent his only Son,
To save us from our woe;
From Satan, sin, and death,
And every hurtful foe.
His power and grace | And let his name
Are still the same; | Have endless praise.

Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord, | And ever sure
Shall still endure; | Abides thy word.

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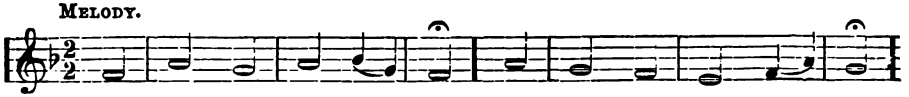
355

UPWARD I lift mine eyes;
From God is all my aid;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made:
God is the tower | His grace is nigh
To which I fly; | In every hour.

My feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares;
Since God, my Guard and Guide,
Defends me from my fears.
Those wakeful eyes, | Shall Israel keep
That never sleep, | When dangers rise.

No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of evening air,
Shall take my health away,
If God be with me there:
Thou art my sun, | To guard my head
And thou my shade, | By night or noon.

Hast thou not given thy word
To save my soul from death?
And I can trust my Lord
To keep my mortal breath;
I'll go and come, | Till from on high
Nor fear to die, | Thou call me home.

356

YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's name;
His praise your songs employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise, | And seraphim,
Ye cherubim | To sing his praise.

Let all adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last, | His firm decree
From changes free; | Stands ever fast.

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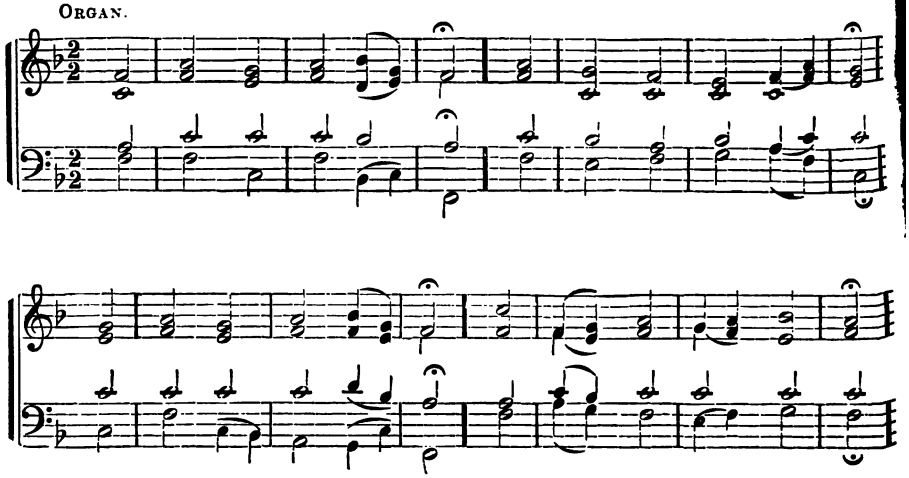
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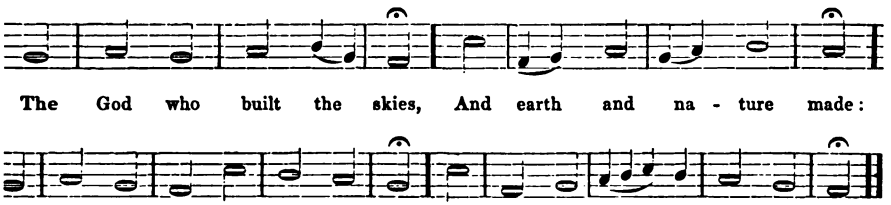

357

WELCOME, delightful morn;
Sweet day of sacred rest,
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest:
From low desires | I soar to reach
And fleeting toys, | Immortal joys.

Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel | And learn to know
Thy quick'ning word, | And fear the Lord.

Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul | Nor Sabbaths be
New life obtain, | Enjoyed in vain.

358

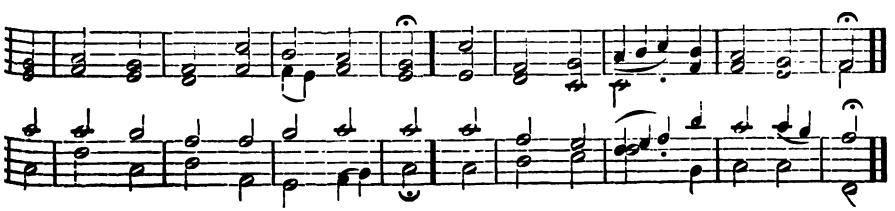
MARK the soft-falling snow,
And the diffusive rain!
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again;
But waters earth | And calls forth all
Through every pore, | Her secret store.

Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and valleys shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine:
The harvest bows | The copious seed
Its golden ears, | Of future years.

"So," saith the God of grace,
"My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend;
Millions of souls | And bear it down
Shall feel its power, | To millions more."

359

To thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our powers:
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours:
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.

O, grant that each of us
Now met before thee here,
May meet together thus,
When thou and thine appear:
To thy blest presence may we come,
And dwell in an eternal home.

MELODY.

360

LORD, we come before thee now;
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O, do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

Lord, on thee our souls depend;
In compassion, now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace;
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

Send some message from thy word
That may joy and peace afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

Comfort those who weep and mourn;
Let the time of joy return;
Those who are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

Grant that all may seek, and find
Thee a gracious God and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in thee.

361

BREAD of heaven! on thee we f
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread!

Vine of heaven! thy blood supp
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing gi
To thy cross we look and live.

Day by day with strength suppli
Through the life of him who die
Lord of life! O, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee!

362

ALL ye nations, praise the Lord
All ye lands, your voices raise;
Heaven and earth, with loud acc
Praise the Lord, forever praise.

For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be,
Like the years of his right hand
Like his own eternity.

Praise him, ye who know his lo
Praise him, from the depths ben
Praise him in the heights above
Praise your Maker, all that brea

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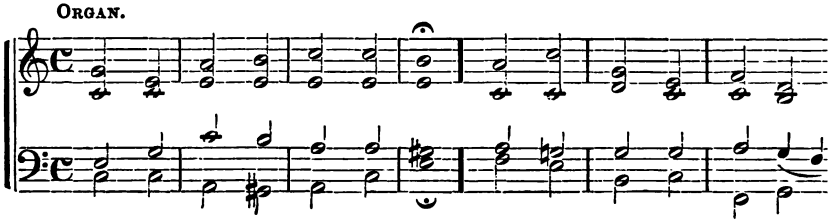
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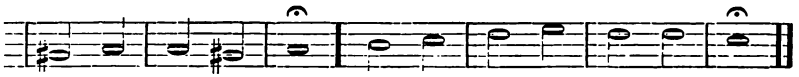


363

'ho seek the throne of grace
ıt throne in every place;
ve a life of prayer,
)resent every where.

ickness or our health,
vant or in our wealth,
)k to God in prayer,
)resent every where.

ur earthly comforts fail,
ıe foes of life prevail,
time for earnest prayer;
)resent every where.

ıy soul, in every strait
Father come and wait;
answer every prayer;
)resent every where.

364

)f life, seraphic fire,
vine, thyself impart;
ainting soul inspire;
ı every drooping heart.

nournful sinner cheer,
all our guilty gloom;
God, appear, appear!
human temples come.

Come in this accepted hour;
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin.

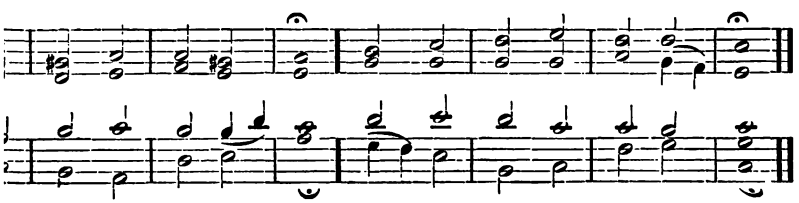
Nothing more can we require,
We will covet nothing less;
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy and all our peace.

365

HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored;
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.

There no tongue shall silent be;
All shall join in harmony;
That through heaven's capacious round
Praise to thee may ever sound.

Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.

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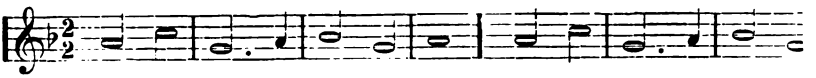

366

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

Ye are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

Shout, ye little flock, and blessed!
You on Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seat is now prepared;
There your kingdom and reward.

Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
Christ, your Father's darling Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord, submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

367

GOD of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad repentant song;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.

Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent
Hearts debased by worldly ca
Thankless for the blessings le

Foolish fears, and fond desires
Vain regrets for things as vai
Lips too seldom taught to prai
Oft to murmur and complain:

These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, v
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy thro

God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad repentant songs;
O, restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belon

368

SUPPLIANT, lo! thy children l
Father, for thy blessing now;
Thou canst teach us, guide, de
We are weak, almighty thou.

Shed abroad in every mind
Light and pardon from above,
Charity for all our kind,
Trusting faith, and holy love.

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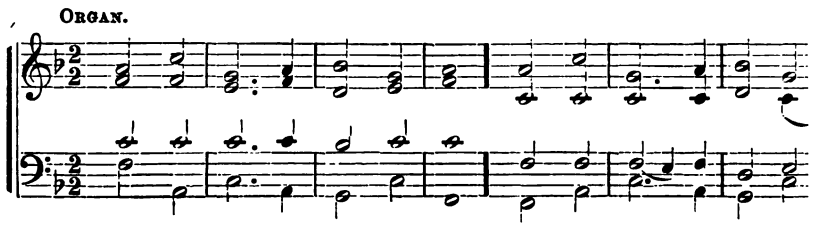
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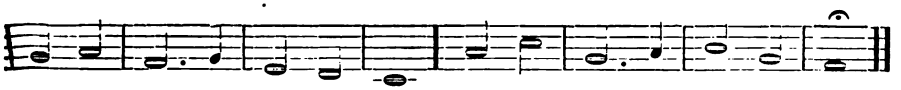


369

At thy table, Lord of life,
May our souls find peace and rest;
On the Saviour may we lean,
Safe repose upon his breast.

He invites us to this feast;
He hath said, "Remember me;"
May we come with trustful hearts,
Hearts devoted, Lord, to thee.

May thy grace our souls awake —
Make them glow with holy love; —
While we take the bread and cup,
Set our hearts on things above.

Like the Saviour, may we be,
Always doing, Lord, thy will; —
Let it be our chief concern
Thy good pleasure to fulfil.

370

Christians, brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There, we all may meet again.

Now to him who reigns in heaven,
Be eternal glory given!
Grateful for thy love divine,
O, may all our hearts be thine.

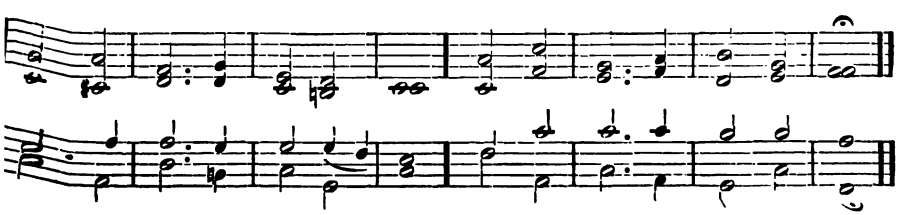
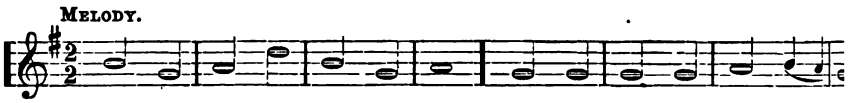
371

Hark, my soul; it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour; hear his word:
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee, —
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?

"I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right;
Turned thy darkness into light.

"Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

"Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

"Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be; —
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

372

Praise to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ;

For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use;

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain,
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse;

All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores;

These to thee, O God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow!
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

373

Father of the human race,
Sanction with thy heavenly grace
What on earth hath now been done,
That these twain be truly one.

One in sickness and in health,
One in poverty and wealth,
And, as year rolls after year,
Each to other still more dear.

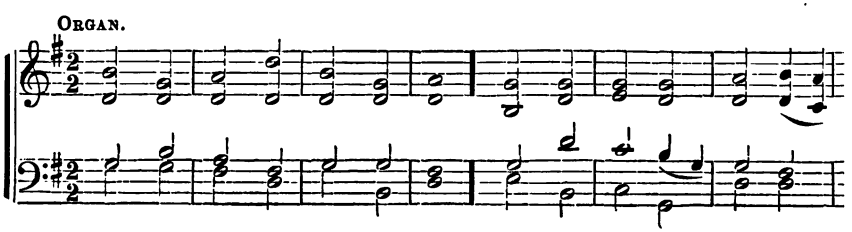
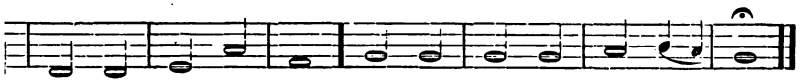
One in purpose, one in heart,
Till the mortal stroke shall part;
One in cheerful piety,
One forever, Lord, with thee.

374

Lord of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and praise
Thou thy people's heart prepare
Here to meet for praise and praye

Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly brea
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

Hallelujah! — earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah! — hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall e

375

IGN Ruler of the skies,
acious, ever wise,
times are in thy hand,
its at thy command.

f sickness, times of health;
f penury and wealth;
f trial and of grief;
f triumph and relief;

he tempter's power to prove;
o taste a Saviour's love;
t come, and last, and end,
l please my heavenly Friend.

Gracious, Wise, and Just,
ands my life I trust;
somewhat dearer still?
it to thy will.

376

, O, praise the name divine;
him at the hallowed shrine;
firmament on high
Maker's praise reply.

vital breath enjoy,
raise that breath employ,
one great chorus join;
O, praise the name divine.

377

To thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there,
When within the veil I meet
Christ before the mercy seat.

While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue,
That my joyful soul may bless
Thee, the Lord, my Righteousness.

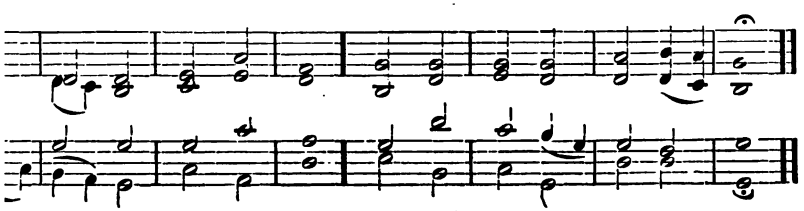
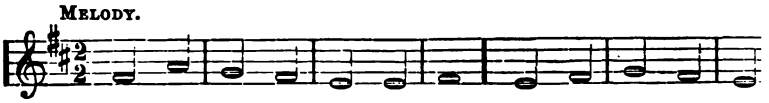
While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

From thine house when I return,
May my heart within me burn,
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

Doxology.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory, as of old, to thee,
Now, and evermore shall be.



378

They who on the Lord rely,
Safely dwell, though danger's nigh;
Lo, his sheltering wings are spread
O'er each faithful servant's head.

Vain temptation's wily snare;
Christians are Jehovah's care:
Harmless flies the shaft by day,
Or in darkness wings its way.

When they wake, or when they sleep,
Angel guards their vigils keep;
Death and danger may be near,
Faith and love have nought to fear.

379

When before thy throne we kneel,
Filled with awe and holy fear,
Teach us, O our God, to feel
All thy sacred presence near.

Check each proud and wandering thought
When on thy great name we call;
Man is nought, is less than nought;
Thou, our God, art all in all.

Weak, imperfect creatures, we
In this vale of darkness dwell;
Yet presume to look to thee
Midst thy light ineffable.

O, receive the praise that
Seek thy heaven-exalted t
Bless our offerings, hear o
Infinite and Holy One!

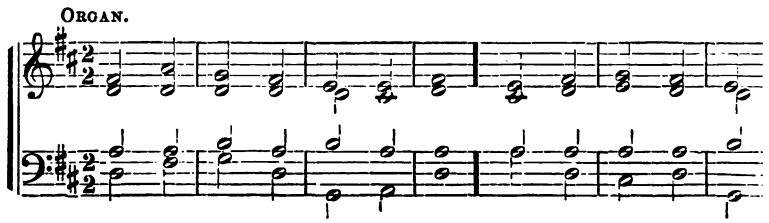
380

Lo, my Snepherd's hand
Want shall never more be
In a pasture fair and large
He shall feed his happy c

When I faint with summe
He shall lead my weary fe
To the streams that, still a
Through the verdant mead

He my soul anew shall fra
And, his mercy to proclain
When through devious pat
Teach my steps the better

Thou my plenteous board
Thou with oil refreshed m
Filled by thee, my cup o'e
For thy love no limit knov

Constant, to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt at
And shalt bid thy hallowe
Yield me an eternal home.

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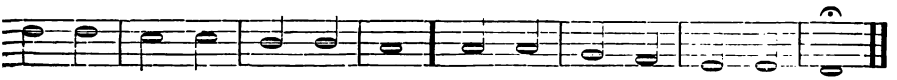

381

Gracious Spirit! Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Dwell thyself within my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

382

Now may he who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.

383

Blest Instructor, from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapped within my heart's disguise.

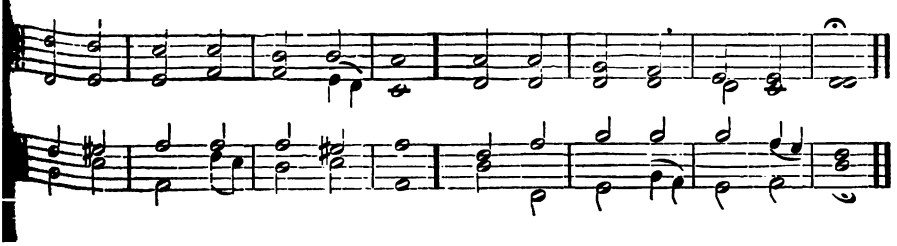
Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee;
To thy all-observing eyes,
Let my thoughts accepted rise.

While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear,
God, my strength, propitious hear.

384

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon our sight away;
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee!

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

When from us the light of day
Shall on earth have passed away,
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

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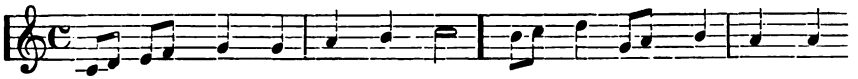

385

HAIL, all hail, the joyful morn!
Tell it forth from earth to heaven,
That to us a child is born,
That to us a Son is given.

Angels bending from the sky
Chanted at the wondrous birth,
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace — good will to men on earth."

Join we then our feeble lays,
To the chorus of the sky;
And, in songs of grateful praise,
Glory give to God on high.

386

SOURCE of light and life divine!
Thou didst cause the light to shine;
Thou didst bring thy sunbeams forth
O'er thy new-created earth.

May we ne'er, by guilt depressed,
Lose the way to endless rest;
May no thoughts, corrupt and vain,
Draw our souls to earth again.

Rather lift them to the skies,
Where our much-loved treasure lies;
Help us in our daily strife,
Make us struggle into life.

387

MORNING breaks upon the tomb;
Jesus dissipates its gloom;
Day of triumph, through the skie
See the glorious Saviour rise.

Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay.

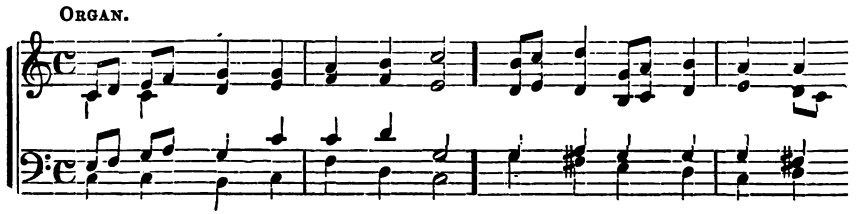
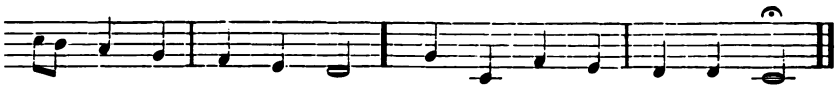
Christians, dry your flowing tears;
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

388

WAKE the song of jubilee;
Let it echo o'er the sea;
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.

All ye nations, join and sing,
"Christ of lords and kings is King
Let it sound from shore to shore,
"Jesus reigns forevermore."

Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings."

ORGAN.

389

.s, roll the stone away!
yield up thy mighty prey!
ɜ rises from the tomb,
with immortal bloom.

e Saviour! angels, raise
riumphant shouts of praise;
ɜ earth's remotest bound
he joy-inspiring sound.

n unfolds its portals wide;
us Conqueror, through them ride;
f glory, mount thy throne;
less empire is thine own.

him, all ye heavenly choirs,
, and sweep your golden lyres;
him in the noblest songs;
him from ten thousand tongues.

390

E thanks unto the Lord;
wondrous deeds proclaim:
tongue his praise record;
heart adore his name.

he Lord; his grace implore;
love your trust repose;
is presence evermore;
lay down your cares and woes.

Ye who make the Lord your choice,
Call to mind his works of love;
Tell his wonders, and rejoice
In your King who reigns above.

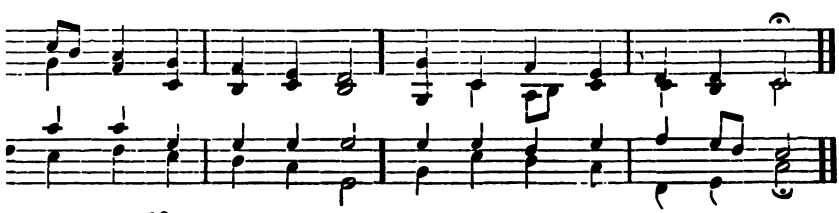
Thou, O Lord, art true and just;
Thou wilt crown with sure success
All the waiting souls that trust
In thy love and faithfulness.

391

GLORY be to God on high,
God whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well beloved of heaven.

Favored mortals, raise the song;
Endless thanks to God belong;
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.

Mark the wonders of his hand:
Power, no empire can withstand;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme;
Goodness, one eternal stream.

Awful Being! from thy throne
Send thy promised blessings down:
Let thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease.

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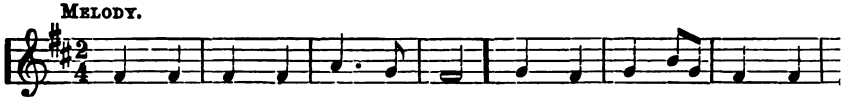

392

LET us, with a gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He his chosen race did bless
In the wasteful wilderness;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

All things living he doth feed;
His full hand supplies their need;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Let us therefore warble forth
His high majesty and worth;
For his mercies aye endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

393

LORD of hosts, to thee we raise
Here a house of prayer and prais
Thou thy people's hearts prepare
Here to meet for praise and praye

Let the living here be fed
With thy word, the heavenly brea
Here, in hope of glory blest,
May the dead be laid to rest.

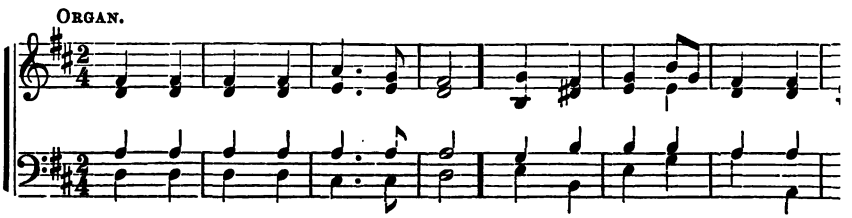
Here to thee a temple stand,
While the sea shall gird the land;
Here reveal thy mercy sure,
While the sun and moon endure.

Hallelujah! — earth and sky
To the joyful sound reply;
Hallelujah! — hence ascend
Prayer and praise till time shall e

394

THANKS for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view.

Bless thy word to young and old;
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and lov
And, when life's short tale is told,
Take us to thy home above.

ORGAN.

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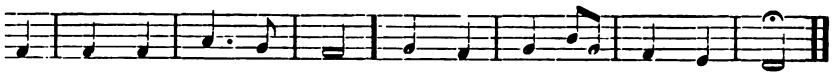

395

before thy presence come,
e down with holy fear;
r erring footsteps home;
feel that thou art near.

ring thoughts and languid powers
ıot where devotion kneels;
soul expand her stores,
g with the joy she feels.

portals of thine house,
ign our earthborn cares:
thoughts our souls engross,
)f praise and fervent prayers.

396

ay soul, his wondrous love,
:om yon bright throne above,
atchful o'er our race,
man extends his grace.

ı and earth by him were made;
)y his sceptre swayed;
.re we that he should show
:h love to us below?

ıe merciful and good,
us with the Saviour's blood,
make our safety sure,
us by his Spirit pure.

Sing, my soul, adore his name,
Let his glory be thy theme:
Praise him till he calls thee home;
Trust his love for all to come.

397

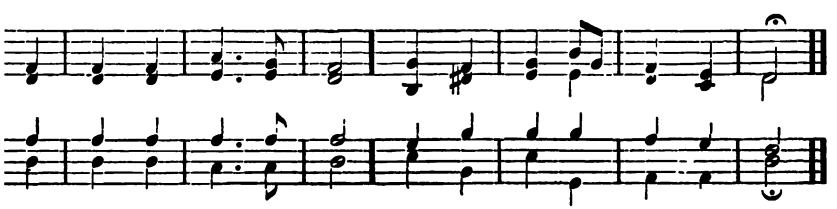
LORD, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;—

Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;—

Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store.

Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind;
Thus th' accepted offering bring—
Love to thee and all mankind.

DOXOLOGY.

HOLY Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory, as of old, to thee,
Now, and evermore shall be.

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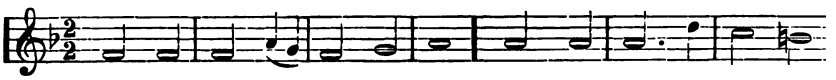

398

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No; the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amid eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

399

Now the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may we be thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

Fill our souls with heavenly ligl
Banish doubt and clear our sigh
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand, and watch and p

Keep our haughty passions boun
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

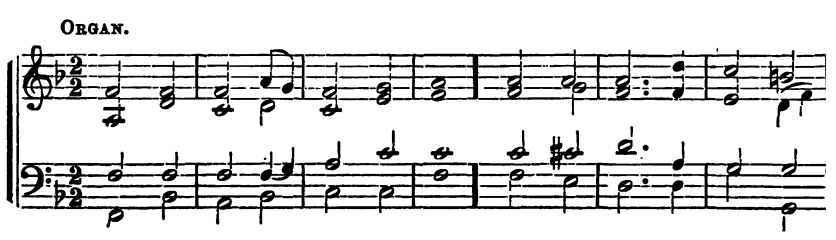
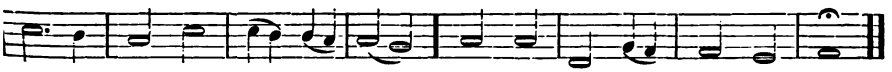
When our work of life is past,
O, receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly sh

400

BLESS, O Lord, the opening yea
To each soul assembled here;
Clothe thy word with power div
Make us willing to be thine.

Where thou hast thy work begu
Give new strength the race to r
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fe
Wipe away the mourners' tears.

Bless us all, both old and young
Call forth praise from every ton
Let the whole assembly prove
All thy power and all thy love.

ORGAN.



401

Now begin the heavenly theme;
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

Ye who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise and bless redeeming love.

Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your guilty fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing slaves to death and sin,
Now, from bliss no longer rove;
Stop, and taste redeeming love.

Welcome, all by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

He subdued the infernal powers;
His tremendous foes, and ours,
From their curséd empire drove,
Mighty in redeeming love.

Hither, then, your music bring;
Strike aloud each joyful string;
Mortals, join the hosts above;
Join to praise redeeming love.

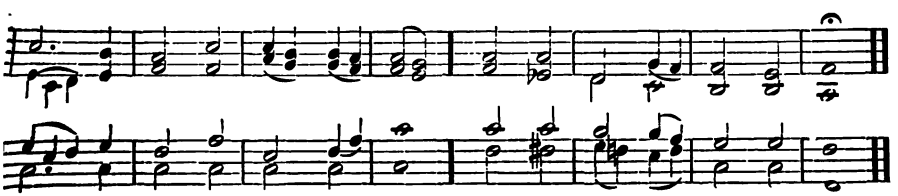
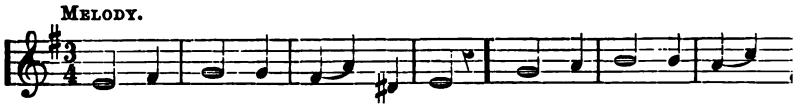
402

HARK! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled."

Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With th' angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."

Veiled in flesh, the Godhead see;
Hail, the incarnate Deity;
Pleased as man with men t' appear,
Jesus, our Immanuel, here.

Mild he lays his glory by;
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.

403

Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

Sinner, come; for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure;
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

404

When thy mortal life is fled,
When the death shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O where wilt thou be found?

When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might,
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O where wilt thou appear?

What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

While the Holy Ghost is nig
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit c
Then in heaven shalt thou a

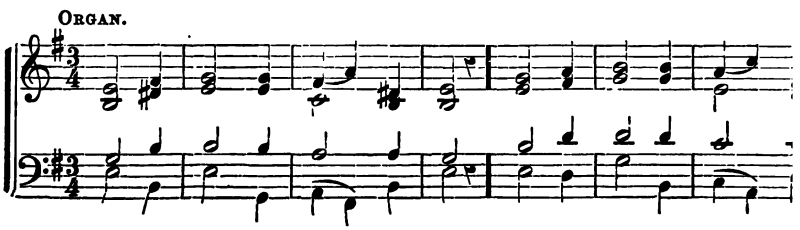
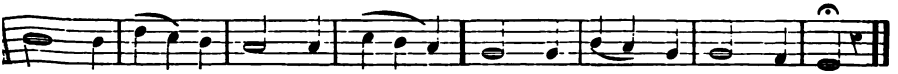
405

Feeble, helpless, how shall
Learn to live and learn to di
Who, O God, my guide shall
Who shall lead thy child to t

Blesséd Father, gracious On
Thou hast sent thy holy Son
He will give the light I need
He my trembling steps will l

Through this world, uncertai
Let me ever lean on him;
From his precepts wisdom d
Make his life my solemn law

Thus in deed, and thought, a
Led by Jesus Christ, the Lo
In my weakness thus shall I
Learn to live and learn to di

Learn to live in peace and lo
Like the perfect ones above;
Learn to die without a fear,
Feeling thee, my Father, ne



406

SINNER! rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;
Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.

Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path;
Watchful tread that path; be wise;
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

Leave thy folly, cease from crime;
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay;
Evil is the mortal day.

Be not blind and foolish still;
Called of Jesus, learn his will;
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

407

WHY, thou never-setting Light,
Is thy brightness veiled from me?
Why does this unwonted night
Cloud thy blest benignity?

I am lost without thy ray;
Guide my wandering footsteps, Lord!
Light my dark and erring way
To the noontide of thy word.

408

HEAVENLY Father, gracious name!
Night and day his love the same!
Far be each suspicious thought,
Every anxious care forgot!

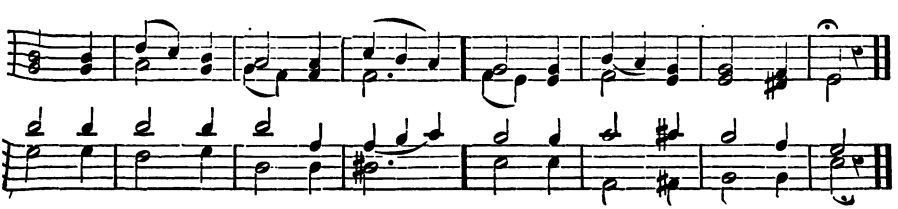
What if death my sleep invade?
Should I be of death afraid?
While encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest:
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, — for still with thee.

409

COME, ye weary souls oppressed,
Find in Christ the promised rest;
On him all your burdens roll;
He can wound, and he make whole.

Ye who dread the wrath of God,
Come, and wash in Jesus' blood:
To the Son of David cry;
In his word he's passing by.

Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,
All your wants in Jesus find;
This the day of mercy is,
Now accept the proffered bliss.

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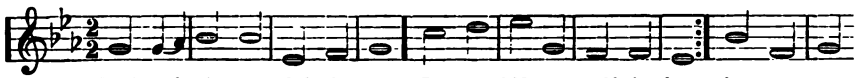

410

ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my heart-strings break in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

411

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!
Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my piercéd body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

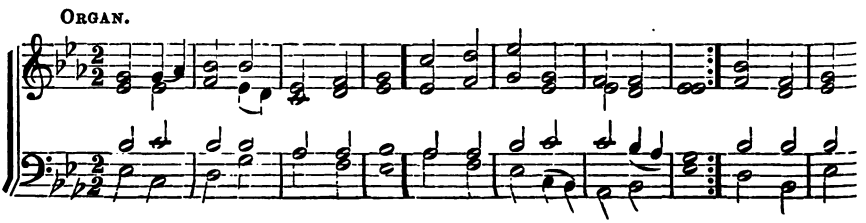
Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

Soon the days of life shall end;
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

412

As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see;
When, O, when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near?

Why art thou cast down, my soul?
God, thy God, shall make thee whol
Why art thou disquieted?
God shall lift thy fallen head,
And his countenance benign
Be the saving health of thine.

ORGAN.

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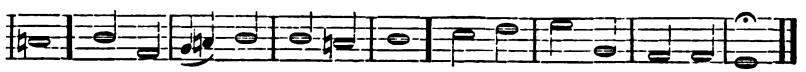


cure; Cleanse me from its guilt and power; Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

413

sinner, keep thine eyes
toning Sacrifice;
m bleeding on the tree,
out his life for thee:
he dreadful curse he bore;
g soul, lament no more.

guilty soul on him;
n mighty to redeem;
eet thy burden lay;
y doubts and care away;
faith the Son embrace,
is promise, trust his grace.

414

whose glory fills the skies,
he true, the only light,
Righteousness, arise,
o'er the shades of night;
ng from on high, be near;
, in my heart appear.

d cheerless is the morn,
ght is hid from me;
is the day's return,
mercy's beams I see;
inward light impart,
and gladness to my heart.

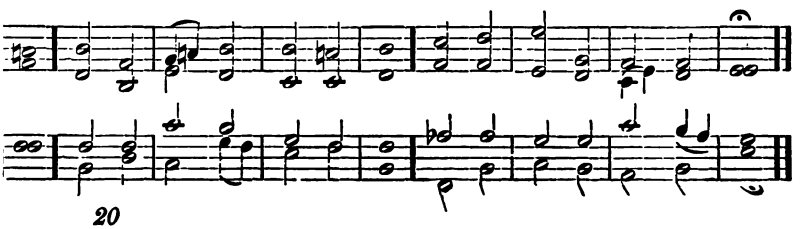
en, this soul of mine;
he gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, radiant Sun divine;
Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

415

Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see;
Watch with him one bitter hour.
Turn not from his griefs away;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment hall;
View the Lord of life arraigned:
O, the wormwood and the gall!
O, the pangs his soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:
"It is finished!" hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb
Where they laid his breathless clay;
All is solitude and gloom;
Who hath taken him away?
Christ is risen; He meets our eyes:
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

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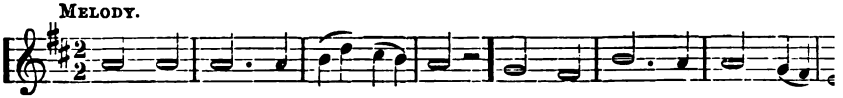

416

On thy church, O Power Divine,
Cause thy glorious face to shine;
Till the nations from afar
Hail her as their guiding star;
Till her sons from zone to zone
Make thy great salvation known.

Then shall God, with lavish hand,
Scatter blessings o'er the land;
Earth shall yield her rich increase,
Every breeze shall whisper peace,
And the world's remotest bound
With the voice of praise resound.

417

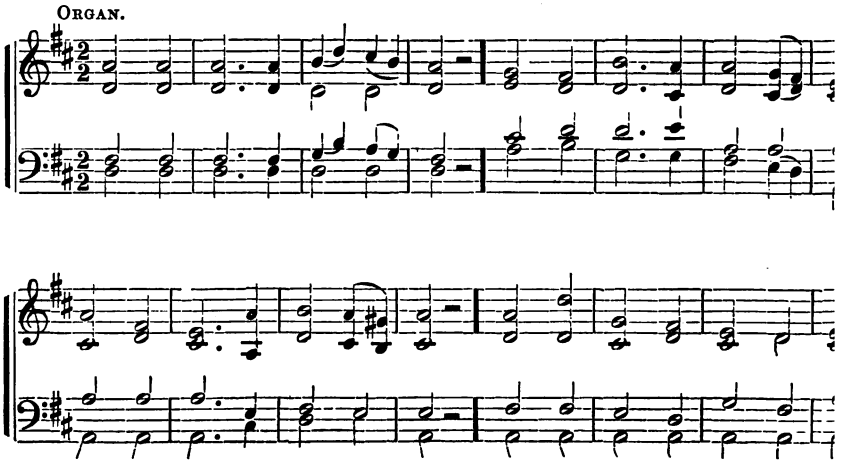
O, 'tis sweet to mingle, where
Christians meet for social prayer;
O, 'tis sweet, with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise;
Then how blest that state must be,
When they meet eternally.

Father, let these meetings prove
Scenes of fervent Christian love;
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we, each in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.

418

Safely through another week,
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day:
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

While we seek supplies of grace
Through the dear Redeemer's nai
Show thy reconciling face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

Organ.

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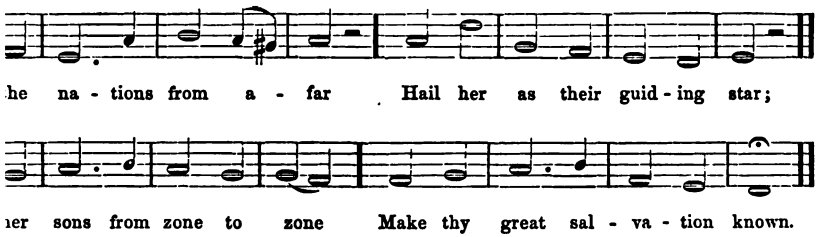


come thy name to praise;
el thy presence near;
glory meet our eyes,
e in thy house appear;
ord us, Lord, a taste
verlasting feast.

gospel's joyful sound
sinners, comfort saints,
e fruits of grace abound,
lief from all complaints;
all our Sabbaths prove,
join the church above.

419

are the sons of God:
e bought with Christ's own blood;
e ransomed from the grave;
nal they shall have:
em numbered may we be,
ıd in eternity.

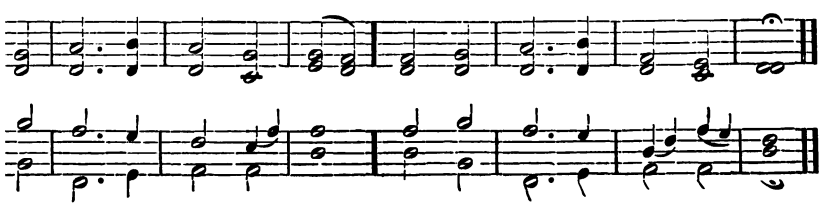
love them in his Son,
fore the world begun;
e seal of this receive,
n Jesus they believe:
em numbered may we be,
ıd in eternity.

They are justified by grace;
They enjoy a solid peace;
All their sins are washed away;
They shall stand in God's great day:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

They produce the fruits of grace,
In the works of righteousness;
They are harmless, meek, and mild,
Holy, blameless, undefiled:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

They are lights upon the earth,
Children of a heavenly birth;
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun:
With them numbered may we be,
Here, and in eternity.

DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE the name of God most high;
Praise him, all below the sky;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host; —
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost:
As through countless ages past,
Evermore his praise shall last.

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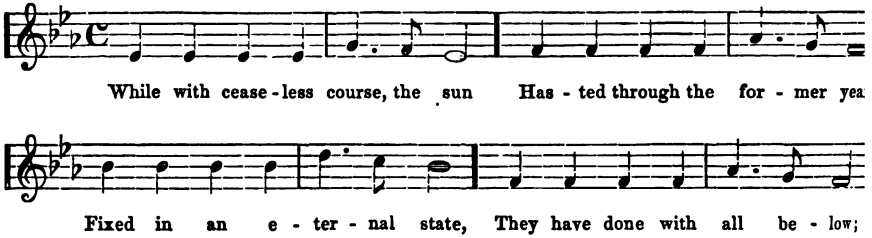

While with cease - less course, the sun Has - ted through the for - mer yea
Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;

420

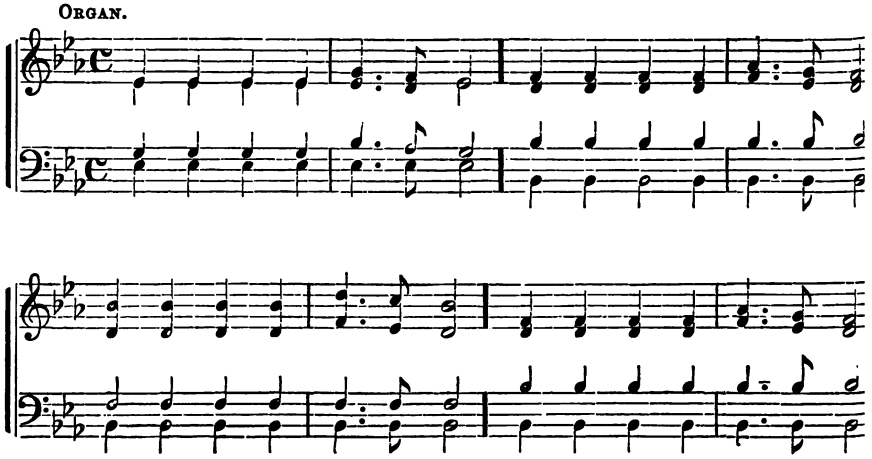
WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here!
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little, none can know.

As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find, —
As the lightning from the skies
Darts, and leaves no trace behind, —
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream;
Upward, Lord, our spirits raise;
All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live,
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And, when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

421

SINNERS, turn! why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

ORGAN.

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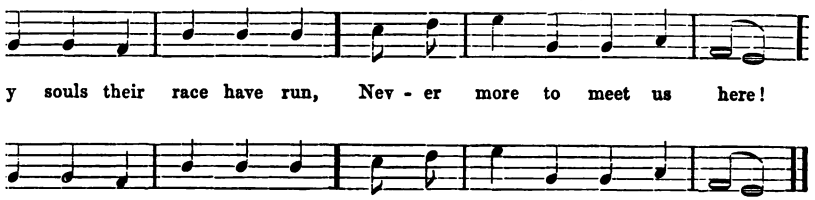
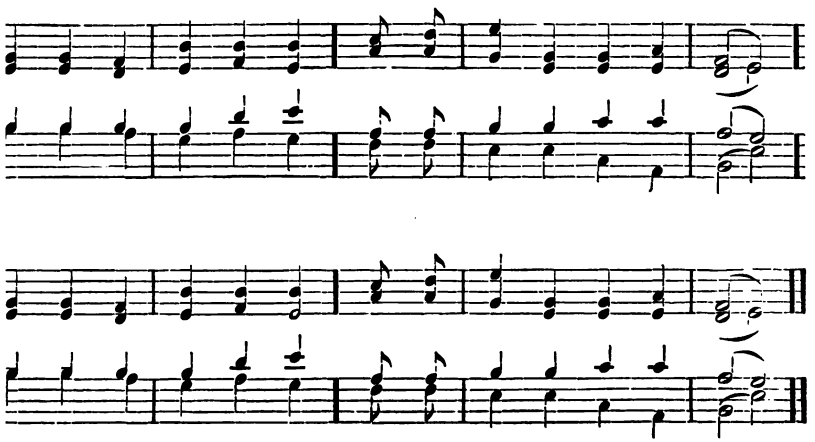
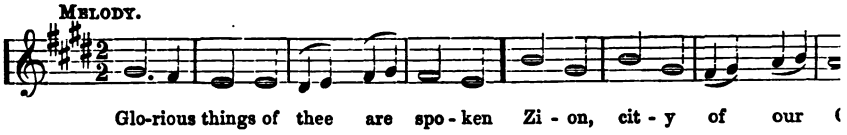


s, turn; why will ye die?
our Saviour, asks you why;
/ho did your souls retrieve,
imself, that ye might live.
ou let him die in vain?
/ your Lord again?
ye ransomed sinners, why
e slight his grace, and die?

s, turn; why will ye die?
ıe Spirit, asks you why;
o all your lives hath strove,
. you to embrace his love;
ɜ not his grace receive?
ɜ still refuse to live?
/ou long-sought sinners, why
ɔu grieve your God, and die?

422

LORD, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow?
Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
Whence the kind affections flow;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast;—

Willing hands to lead the blind,
Heal the wounded, feed the poor;
Love, embracing all our kind;
Charity, with liberal store.
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind;
Thus th' accepted offering bring —
Love to thee and all mankind.

423

Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.

On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.

Who can faint while such a river
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

424

Praise the Lord! ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord, for he is gloriou
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victoric
Sin and death shall not prevail

Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high his power procla
Heaven and earth, and all creatio
Praise and magnify his name!

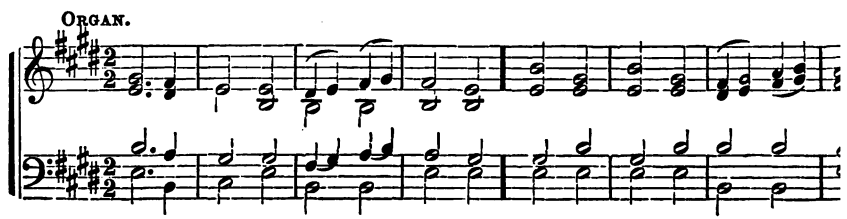
425

Hail, thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free!
From our sins and fears release us
Let us find our rest in thee.

Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints, thou art
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our Kin
Born to reign in us forever,
Now thy gracious kingdom brir

By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.



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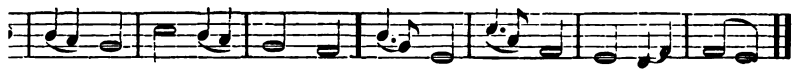

ıc word can - not be bro - ken, Formed thee for his own a - bode.

426

moments, rich in blessing,
efore the cross I spend;
ealth, and peace possessing,
e sinner's dying Friend.

ıéd is this station,
ore his cross to lie,
e divine compassion,
; in his gracious eye.

grief my heart dividing,
r tears his feet I'll bathe;
ill, in faith abiding,
iving from his death.

enjoy this feeling,
ny Redeemer go,
wounds each day more healing,
ıself more truly know.

427

Shepherd, guide me, feed me,
ı my pilgrimage below,
e the waters lead me,
hy flock, rejoicing, go.

guardian presence ever,
kneeling, I implore;
nd thee, and would never,
vander from thee more.

428

IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

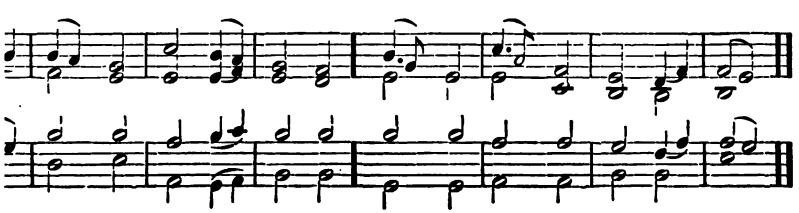
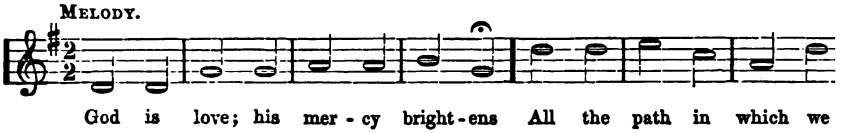
When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven;
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

429

God is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Every where his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

430

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.

There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

Worship, honor, power, and blessing
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

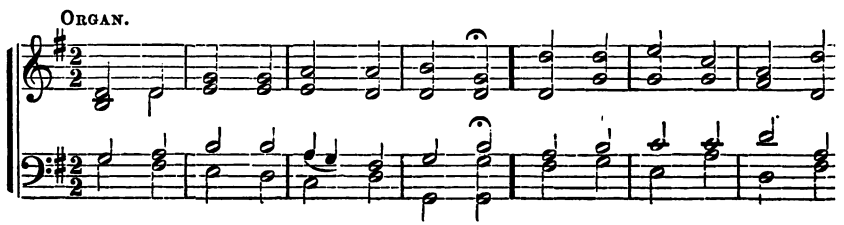
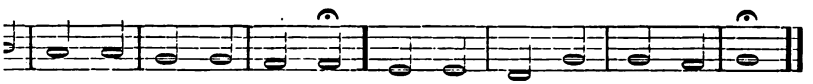
431

Hark! what mean those holy voices
Sweetly sounding through the skies
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!

"Peace on earth, good will from heaven
Reaching far as man is found:
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven:—
Loud our golden harps shall sound

"Christ is born, the great Anointed
Heaven and earth his praises sing
O, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King

Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

432

ıis head with endless blessing,
n God the Father's name,
passion never ceasing,
salvation to proclaim.

'ah, we adore thee, —
ıur Saviour, — thee, our God;
throne let beams of glory
hrough all the world abroad.

e our Saviour hailing,
ır God in praise we own;
onors, never failing,
ernal round thy throne.

ıaints, his power confessing,
grateful strains adore;
ıercy, never ceasing,
and flows forevermore.

433

› thee, thou great Creator;
to thee from every tongue;
soul, with every creature,
ɔ universal song.

ıousand blessings given,
› hope of future joy,
praise through earth and heaven,
Jehovah's praise on high.

434

CEASE, ye mourners, cease to languish
O'er the grave of those you love;
Pain, and death, and night, and anguish,
Enter not the world above.

While our silent steps are straying,
Lonely, through night's deep'ning shade,
Glory's brightest beams are playing
Round the happy Christian's head.

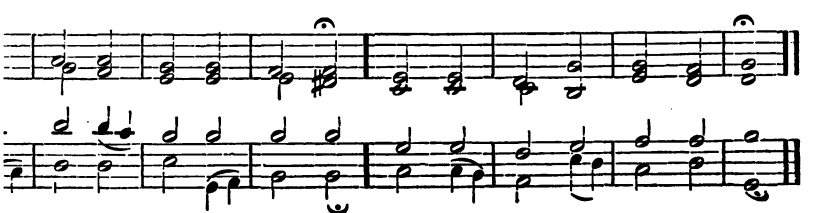
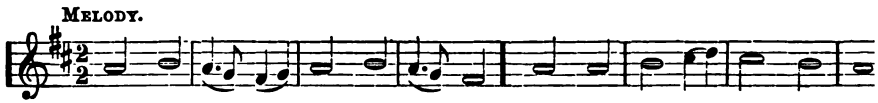
Light and peace at once deriving
From the hand of God most high,
In his glorious presence living,
They shall never, never die.

Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
Sickness there no more can come;
There, no fear of woe, intruding,
Sheds o'er heaven a moment's gloom.

435

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of sinful night;
Come, thou Source of sweetest gladness,
Breathe thy life and spread thy light.

Author of our new creation,
Bid us all thine influence prove;
Make our souls thy habitation;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.



436

Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

By thy hand sustained, defended,
Safe through life, thus far, I've come;
Safely, Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; O, take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.

437

Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

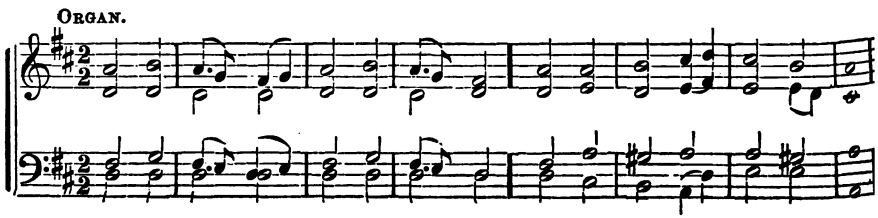
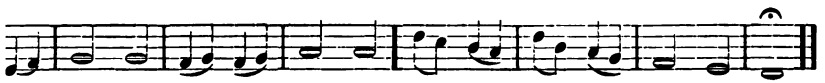
Though cast down, we're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blesséd Lord, "Thy will be done."

Though to-day we're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."

By thy hands the boon was given;
Thou hast taken but thine own:
Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
Evermore "Thy will be done."

438

May the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

439

R, source of every blessing,
my heart to grateful lays;
of mercy never ceasing
or ceaseless songs of praise.

ıe some melodious measure,
by raptured saints above;
soul with sacred pleasure,
I sing redeeming love.

lst seek me when a stranger,
ering from the fold of God;
save my soul from danger,
redeem me with thy blood.

ıand restored, defended,
hrough life, thus far, I've come;
Lord, when life is ended,
me to my heavenly home.

440

ILY Father, grant thy blessing
e teaching of this day;
hearts, thy fear possessing,
rom sin be turned away.

e wandered? O, forgive us;
we wished from truth to rove?
, turn us, and receive us,
ncline us truth to love.

441

FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head.

His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear;
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere.

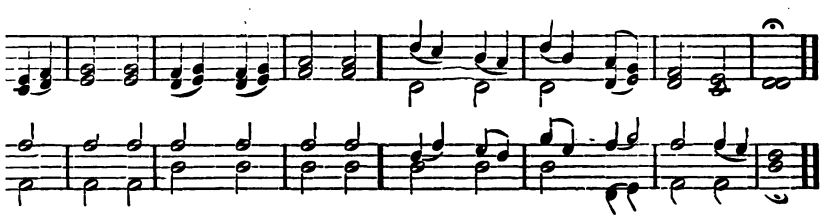
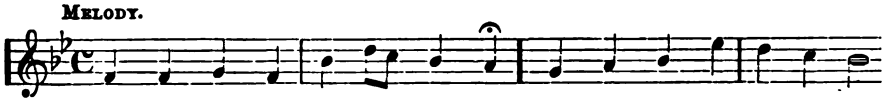
Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day!

442

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE the Father, earth and heaven;
Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
Glory through eternal days.

443

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
I am poor, despised, forsaken, —
Thou henceforth my all shalt be.

Let the world despise and leave me,
It has left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

Soul, then know thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed with faith, and winged with prayer;
An eternal day before thee
Waits for God to guide thee there.

444

On the dewy breath of even
Thousand odors mingling rise,
Borne like incense up to heaven, —
Nature's evening sacrifice.

With her favorite offerings blending,
Let our glad thanksgiving be,
To thy throne, O Lord, ascending,
Incense of our hearts to thee.

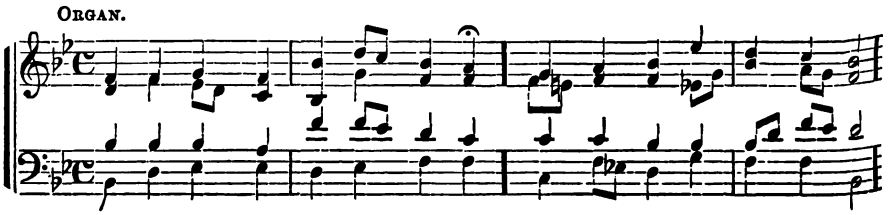
Thou, whose favors without number
All our days with gladness bless,
Let thine eye, that knows no slumber,
Guard our hours of helplessness.

Then, though conscious we are sleeping
In the outer courts of death,
Safe beneath a Father's keeping,
Calm we rest in perfect faith.

445

One sweet flower has drooped and faded
One sweet infant voice has fled;
One fair brow the grave has shaded;
One dear schoolmate now is dead.

But we feel no thought of sadness,
For our friend is happy now;
She has knelt in soul-felt gladness
Where the blessèd angels bow.

May our footsteps never falter
In the path that she has trod;
May we worship at the altar
Of the great and living God.

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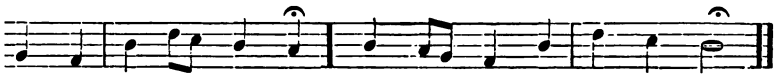

poor, de-spised, for - sa - ken, — Thou hence-forth my all shalt be.

446

'es around us falling,
vithered, to the ground;
ghtless mortals calling,
nd solemn sound: —

lam, — once in Eden,
:e us, he blighted fell, —
son we are reading;
awful truth we tell:

length of days presuming,
)aths of pleasure tread,
: in beauty blooming,
l now among the dead.

gh yet no losses grieve you,
health and many a grace,
lless skies deceive you;
ives to autumn place.

ur course returning,
's of shortest stay,
ach this truth concerning,
ıd earth shall pass away."

)f life eternal,
ur hopes be laid:
)rever vernal,
af that shall not fade.

447

SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care, —
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share, —

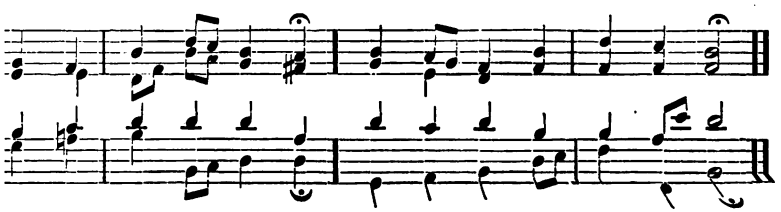
Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in thy gracious arm;
There, we know, — thy word believing, —
Only there, secure from harm.

Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep them all life's dangerous way; —

Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

448

Lo! the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night;
May the Sun that ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

While, thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, give thine evening blessing;
Fold us safe beneath thy wing.

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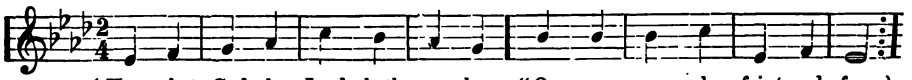


449

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
"O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you:
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways:
You shall name your walls Salvation,—
And your gates shall all be praise."

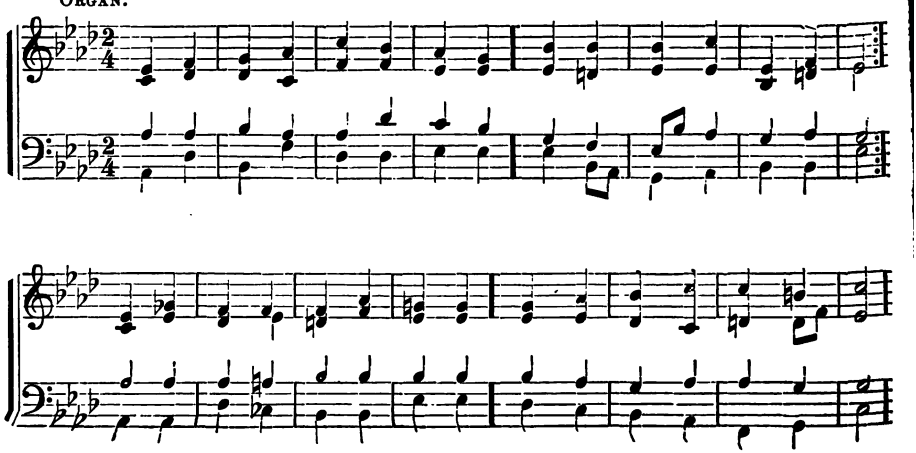
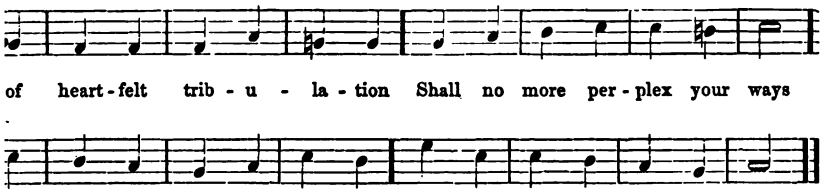
There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures, without end, shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow:
Still, in undisturbed possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression—
Hear the voice of war again.

Ye, no more your suns declining,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But, your griefs forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
God will rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, will be your glory,
God, your everlasting light.

450

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

Breathe, O, breathe thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive,
Graciously come down, and never,
Never more thy temples leave.

ORGAN.


of heart-felt trib - u - la - tion Shall no more per - plex your ways
hall name your walls Sal - va - tion, — And your gates shall all be praise."

451

with fervor I would praise thee,
he bliss thy love bestows,
pardoning grace that saves me,
the peace that from it flows:
God, my weak endeavor;
dull soul to rapture raise;
ust light the flame, or never
ny love be warmed to praise.

my soul, the God that sought thee,
ched wanderer, far astray,
hee lost, and kindly brought thee
the paths of death away;
with love's devoutest feeling,
who saw thy guilt-born fear,
e light of hope revealing,
the blood-stained cross appear.

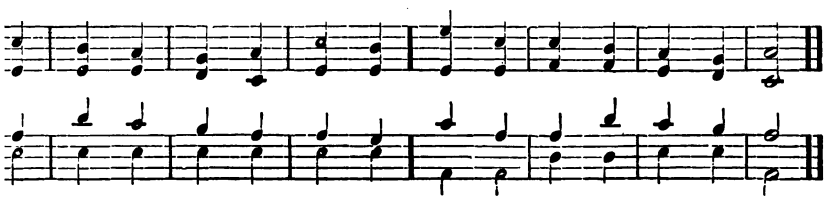
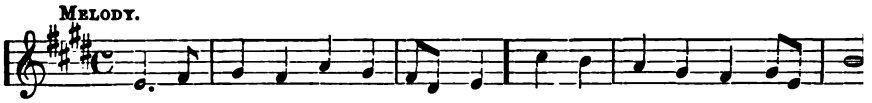
is bosom's ardent feeling
y would my lips express;
fore thy footstool kneeling,
n thy suppliant's prayer to bless.
grace, my soul's chief treasure,
's pure flame within me raise,
ice words can never measure,
ay life show forth thy praise.

452

KNOW, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think what Jesus did to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee;
God's own hand shall guide thee there:
Soon shall close thy earthly mission;
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

DOXOLOGY.

PRAISE the God of all creation;
Praise the Father's boundless love;
Praise the Lamb, our Expiation;
Praise the Spirit from above:
Praise the Fountain of salvation,
Him by whom our spirits live;
Undivided adoration
To the one Jehovah give.

453

Lo! he cometh: countless trumpets
Wake to life the slumbering dead;
Mid ten thousand saints and angels,
See their great, exalted Head:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Son of God.

Full of joyful expectation,
Saints behold the Judge appear;
Truth and justice go before him;
Now the joyful sentence hear:
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome, Judge divine.

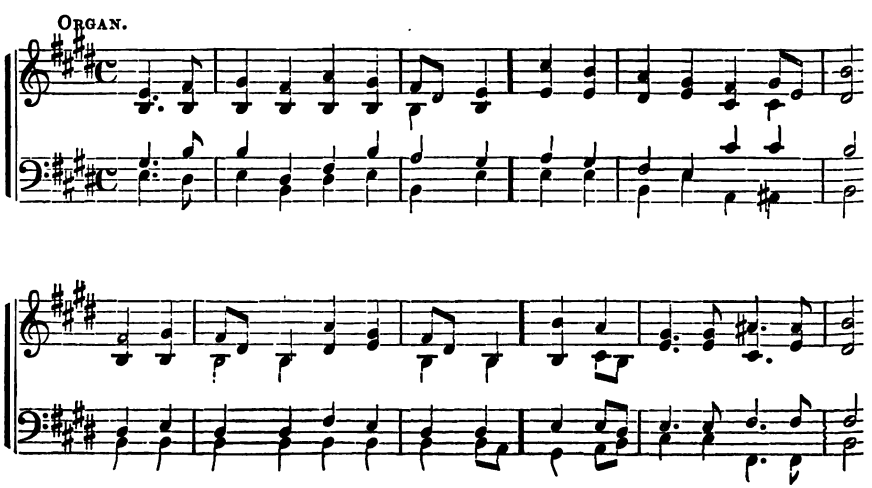
"Come, ye blesséd of my father,
Enter into life and joy;
Banish all your fears and sorrows;
Endless praise be your employ:"
Hallelujah!
Welcome, welcome to the skies.

454

Glory, glory everlasting,
Be to him who bore the cross,
Who redeemed our souls by tasting
Death, the death deserved by us;
Spread his glory,
Who redeemed his people thus.

While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame
Sing we, "Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb;"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to his name.

Doxology.

Great Jehovah, we adore thee,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

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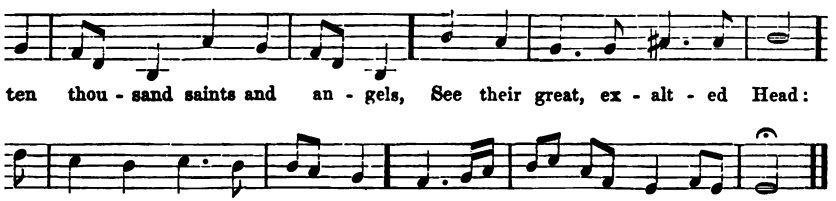

455

ye saints; the sight is glorious;
he "Man of Sorrows" now;
he fight returned victorious,
y knee to him shall bow;
Crown him, crown him;
ns become the Victor's brow.

the Saviour, angels, crown him;
the trophies Jesus brings;
eat of power, enthrone him,
e the vault of heaven rings;
Crown him, crown him;
n the Saviour "King of kings."

in derision crowned him,
ing thus the Saviour's claim;
nd angels crowd around him,
his title, praise his name;
Crown him, crown him;
ad abroad the Victor's fame.

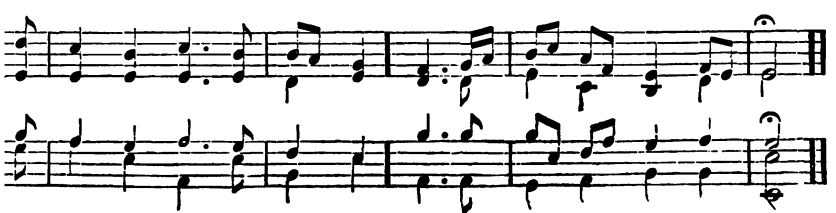
those bursts of acclamation!
! those loud, triumphant chords!
kes the highest station;
hat joy the sight affords!
Crown him, crown him,
g of kings, and Lord of lords."

456

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye, who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the heavenly light:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly, the Lord descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sinners, bowed in true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence;
Mercy calls you; break your chains:
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

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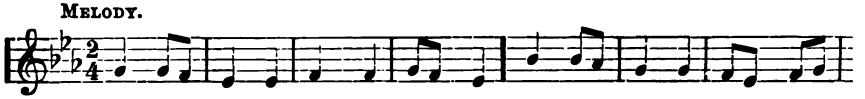

Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with joy and p
O, re - fresh us, O, re - fresh us, Trav-elling through this wil - der - n

457

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing;
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.

Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

Then, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

458

IN thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear —
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthe
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory,
Without clouds, in heaven we see.

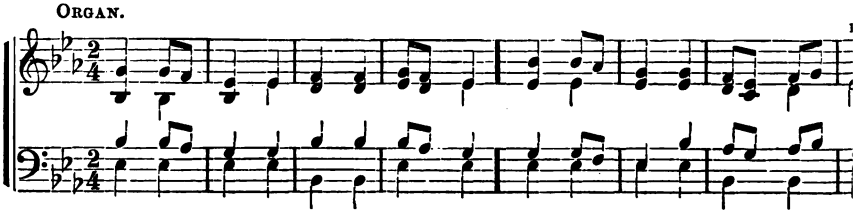
There, in worship purer, sweeter,
Thee thy people shall adore,
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

459

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, joined with power.
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

ORGAN.

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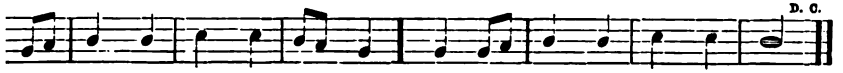

us each, thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace:

460

ʏ, Lord, O, gently lead us
ɔugh these scenes of joy and tears,
) Lord, in mercy give us
rich grace in all our fears:
O, refresh us,
ɛfresh us by thy grace!

ı ten thousand ills beset us,
n without and from within,
ıth said, he'll ne'er forget us,
will save from every sin.
Therefore praise him,
se thy great Redeemer's name.

ı distresses now attend thee,
thou tread'st the thorny way,
ht hand shall still defend thee,
his love shall be thy stay;
Therefore praise him,
se thy great Redeemer's name.

461

ɪs, will you scorn the message
in mercy from above?
sentence, O, how tender!
ry line is full of love.
Listen to it;
ry line is full of love.

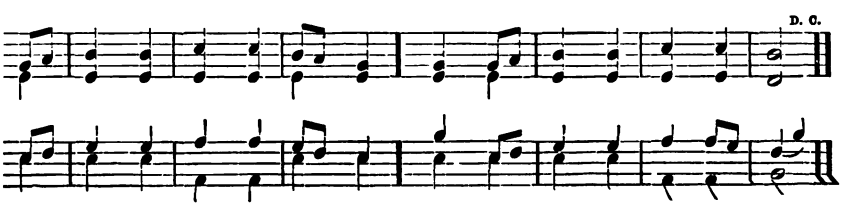
he heralds of the gospel
s from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel sinner pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name.
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name.

Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears;
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears:
Tender heralds
Chase away the falling tears.

Who hath our report believéd?
Who received the joyful word?
Who embraced the news of pardon
Offered to you by the Lord?
Can you slight it?
Offered to you by the Lord.

O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way;
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

DOXOLOGY.

GREAT Jehovah, we adore thee,
God thy Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
On the same eternal throne;
Endless praises
To Jehovah, Three in One.

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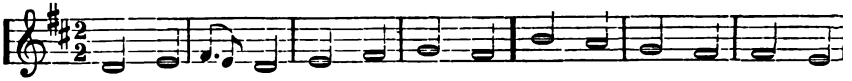

462

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my Strength and Shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

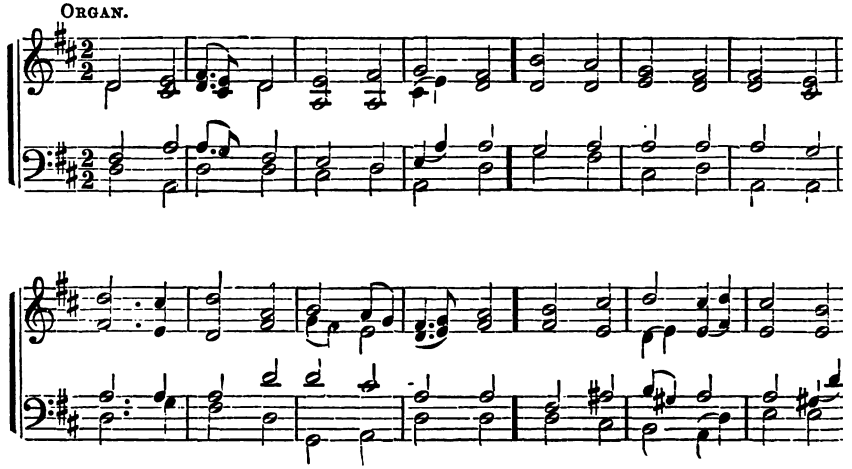
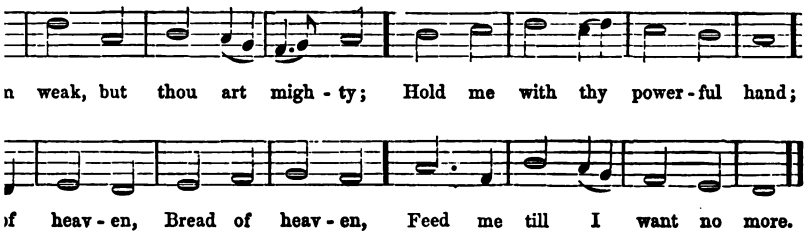
463

COME, thou soul-transforming Spi
Bless the sower and the seed;
Let each heart thy grace inherit;
Raise the weak, the hungry fee
From the gospel
Now supply thy people's need.

O, may all enjoy the blessing
Which thy word's designed to g
Let us all, thy love possessing,
Joyfully the truth receive;
And forever
To thy praise and glory live.

464

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo, the sacred herald stands;
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion long in hostile lands.
Mourning captive,
God himself will loose thy ban

ORGAN.

God, will now restore thee;
ıself appears thy Friend:
)es shall flee before thee;
heir boasts and triumphs end;
reat deliverance
King vouchsafes to send.

no more shall trouble;
' wrongs shall be redressed;
shame thou shalt have double;"
Maker's favor blessed;
ll thy conflicts
everlasting rest.

465

ıighty and All Seeing,
)ne, in whom we all
l move, and have our being,
ıs when on thee we call;
ather, hear us,
ore thy throne we fall.

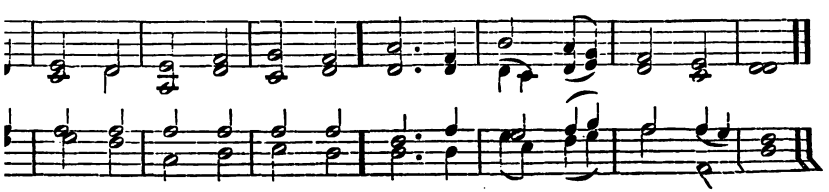
)od art thou the Giver;
and wandering ones are we;
ever, yea, forever,
presence would we be;
', be near us,
ve wander not from thee.

466

O MY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast down?
Let thy griefs be turned to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears be gone:
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and tease thee day by day,
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay;
Thou shalt conquer
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin;
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who forever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

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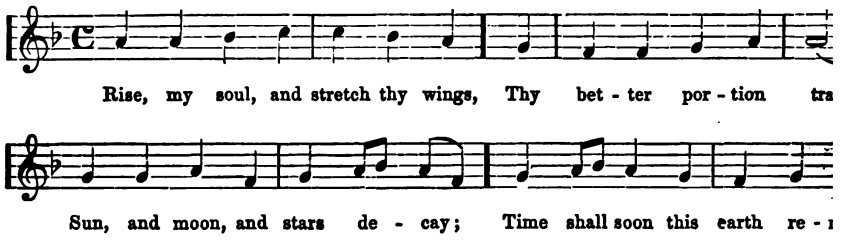

467

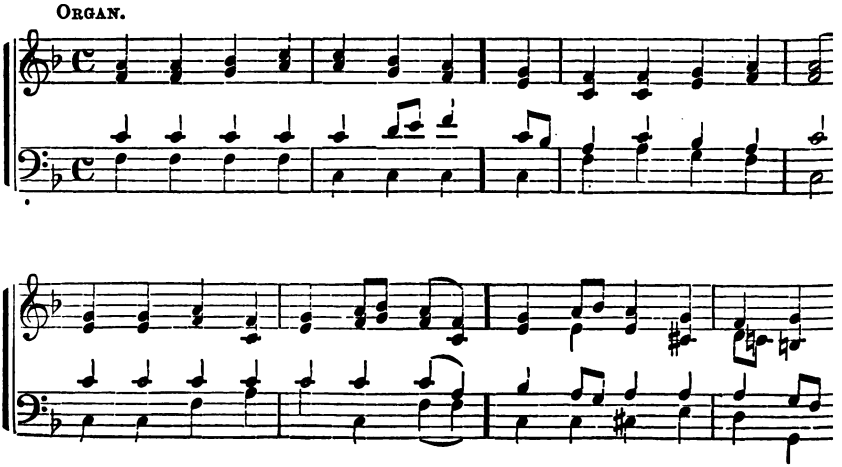
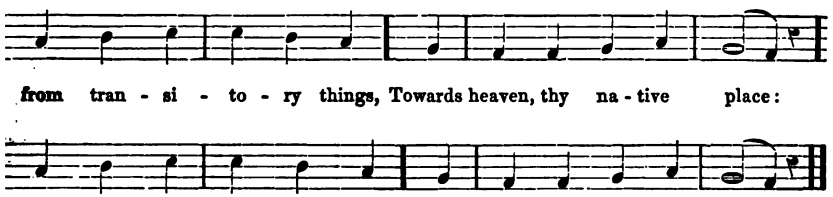
RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove:
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun;
Both speed them to their source:
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face, —
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mou
Press onward to the prize;
Soon our Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies.
Yet a season, and you know,
Happy entrance will be given;
All our sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heav

468

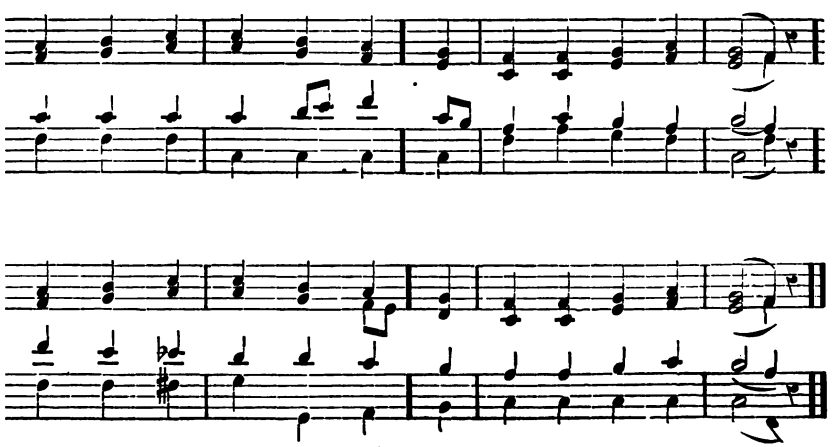
PRAISE the Lord, who reigns abo
And keeps his courts below;
Praise him for his boundless love,
And all his greatness show;
Praise him for his noble deeds;
Praise him for his matchless pow
Him, from whom all good proceed
Let earth and heaven adore.

ORGAN.

BEETHOVEN.

ish, spread to all around,
ıe great Immanuel's name;
he gospel trumpet sound;
ıe Prince of Peace proclaim.
e him, every tuneful string;
he reach of heavenly art,
he power of music bring—
e music of the heart.

in whom they move and live,
t every creature sing;
to our Saviour give,
ıd homage to our King.
wed be his name beneath;
ı heaven, on earth adored;
e the Lord in every breath;
t all things praise the Lord.

469

OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,
And bid my heart rejoice;
Bid my quiet spirit hear
The comfort of thy voice;
Never in the whirlwind found,
Or where earthquakes rock the place;
Still and silent is the sound,
The whisper of thy grace.

From the world of sin and noise
And tumult I withdraw;
For the small and inward voice
I wait with humble awe;
Silent am I now and still,
Dare not in thy presence move;
To my waiting soul reveal
The secret of thy love.

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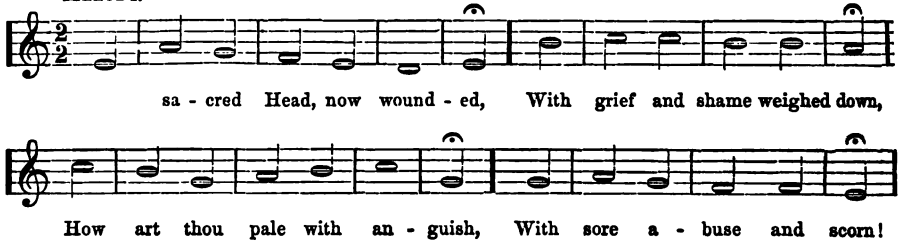


470

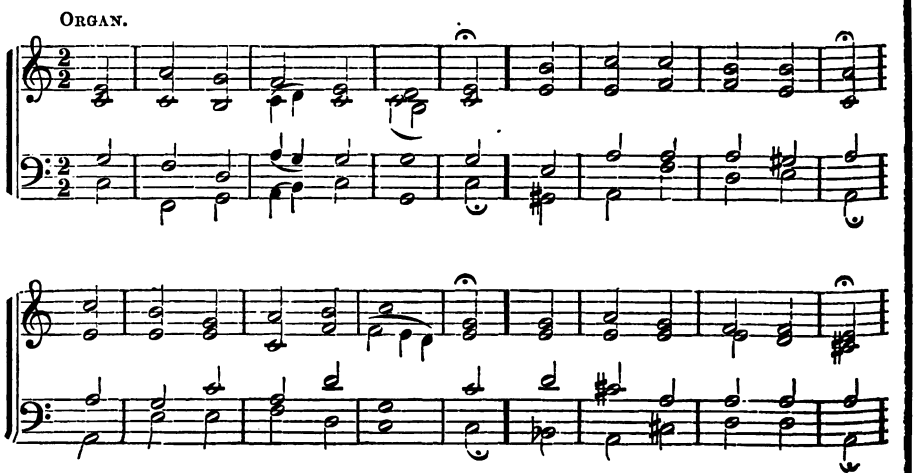
O SACRED Head, now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
So scornfully surrounded,
With thorns thine only crown,
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn!
How do those features languish,
Which once were fair as morn!

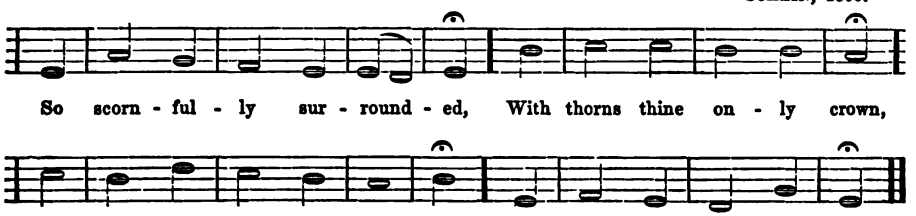
What language shall I borrow
To thank thee, dearest Friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
This love that knew no end?
O, make me thine forever!
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never
Outlive my love to thee!

471

A THOUSAND years have fleeted,
And, Saviour, still we see
Thy deed of love repeated
On all who come to thee.
As he who sat benighted,
Afflicted, poor, and blind,
So now — thy word is plighted —
Joy, light, and peace I find.

I came with steps that faltered,
Thy course I felt thee check;
Then straight my mind was altered,
And bowed my stubborn neck:
Thou saidst, "What art thou seeking?"
"O Lord, that I might see."
O, then I heard thee speaking,
"Believe, and it shall be!"

ORGAN.

SCHEIN, 1600.

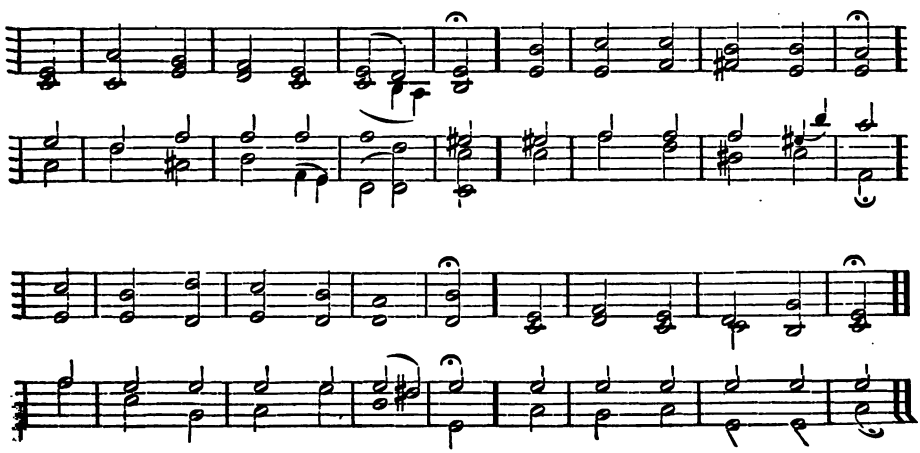
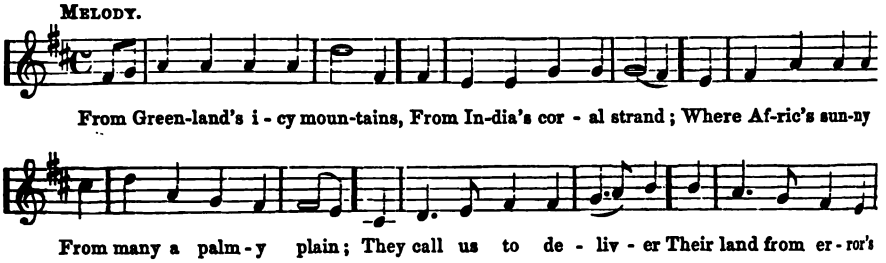


Our hope, Lord, faileth never,
When thou thy word dost plight;
My fears then ceased forever,
And all my soul was light.
Thou gavest me thy blessing;
From former guilt set free,
Now heavenly joy possessing,
O Lord, I follow thee.

472

SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings
It is the Lord, who rises
With healing in his wings:
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
"E'en let the unknown morrow
Bring with it what it may."

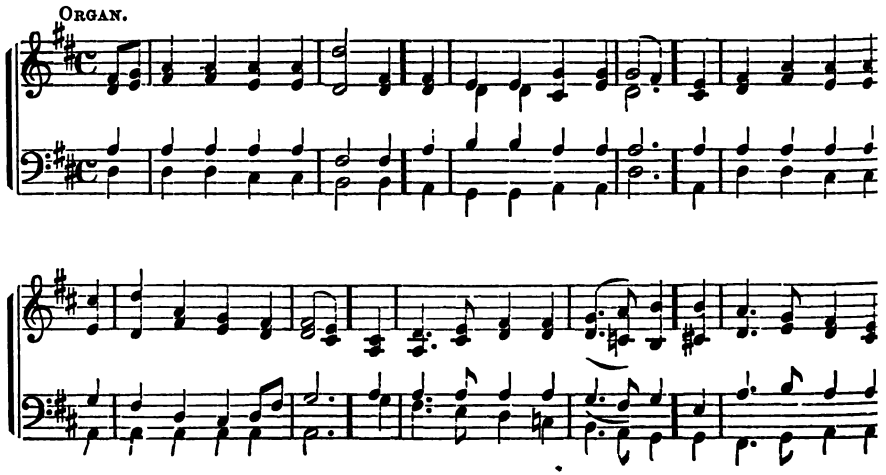
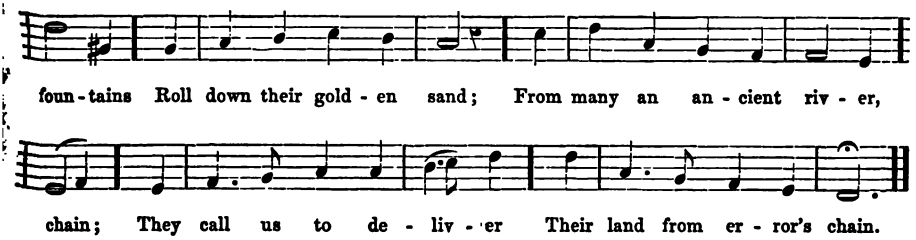
It can bring with it nothing,
But he will bear us through;
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe his people too:
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And he who feeds the ravens
Will give his children bread.


Melody.
From Green-land's i - cy moun-tains, From In-dia's cor - al strand; Where Af-ric's sun-ny
From many a palm - y plain; They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's

473

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain;
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Can we to man benighted
The lamp of light deny?
Salvation! O, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

MICHAEL HAYDN.

foun-tains Roll down their gold-en sand; From many an an-cient riv-er,
chain; They call us to de-liv-er Their land from er-ror's chain.

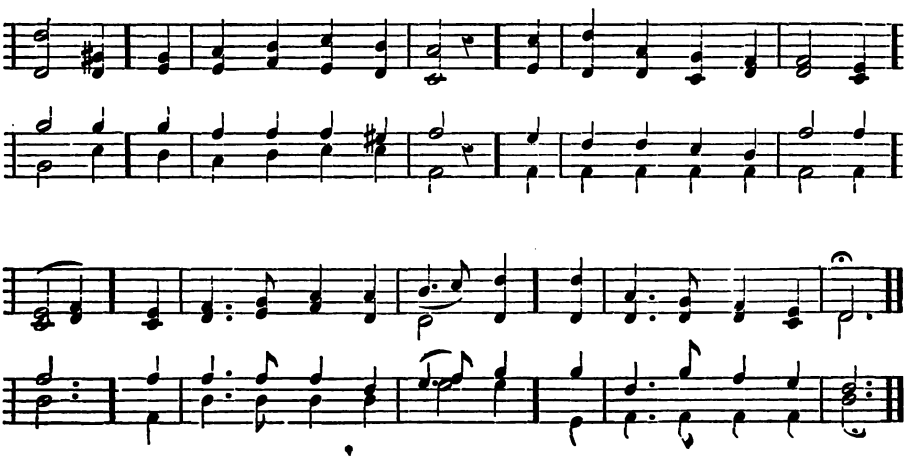
474

GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help, is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

475

GOD comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
He comes to break oppression,
And set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,
His great, best name of Love.

MELODY.

476

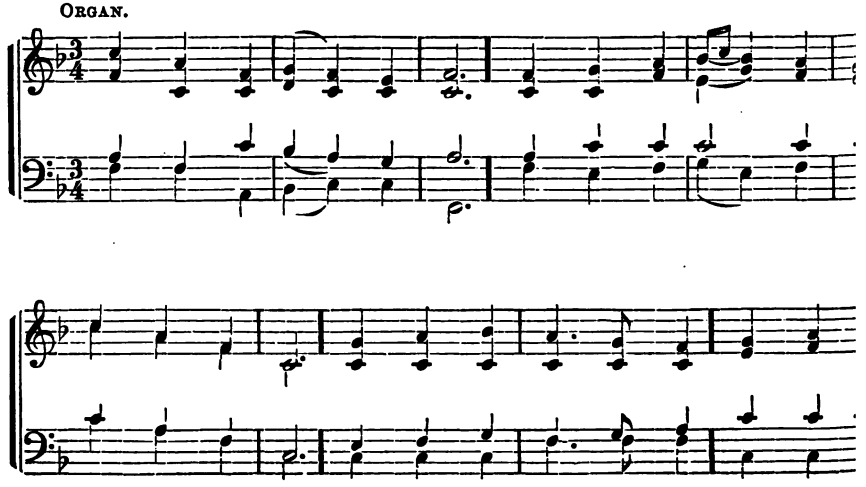
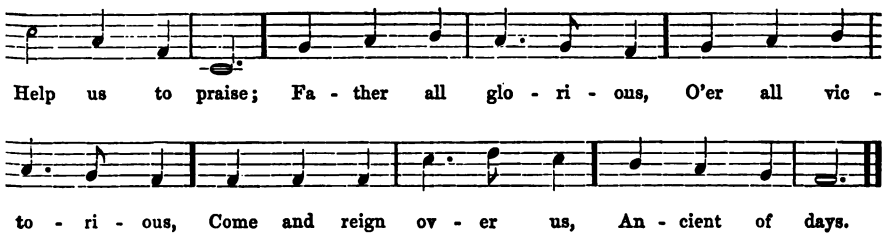
COME, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
  Help us to praise;
Father all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
  Ancient of days.

Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
  And make them fall;
Let thine almighty aid
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on thee be stayed;
  Lord, hear our call.

Come, thou incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
  Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness,
  On us descend.

Come, holy Comforter,
Thy sacred witness bear,
  In this glad hour.
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
  Spirit of power.

To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
  Hence evermore;
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
  Love and adore.

ORGAN.

GIARDINI.

477

My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O, let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

May thy rich grace impart
Strength to the fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

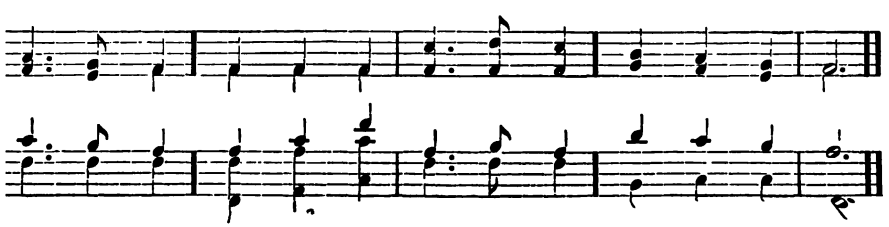
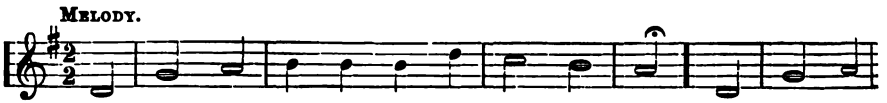
When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

478

Thou, whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight!
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And where the Gospel day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
Let there be light!

Thou, who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight!
Health to the sick in mind,
Light to the inly blind,
O, now to all mankind
Let there be light!

Descend thou from above,
Spirit of truth and love,
Speed on thy flight!
Move o'er the waters' face,
Spirit of hope and grace,
And in earth's darkest place
Let there be light!



479

Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.

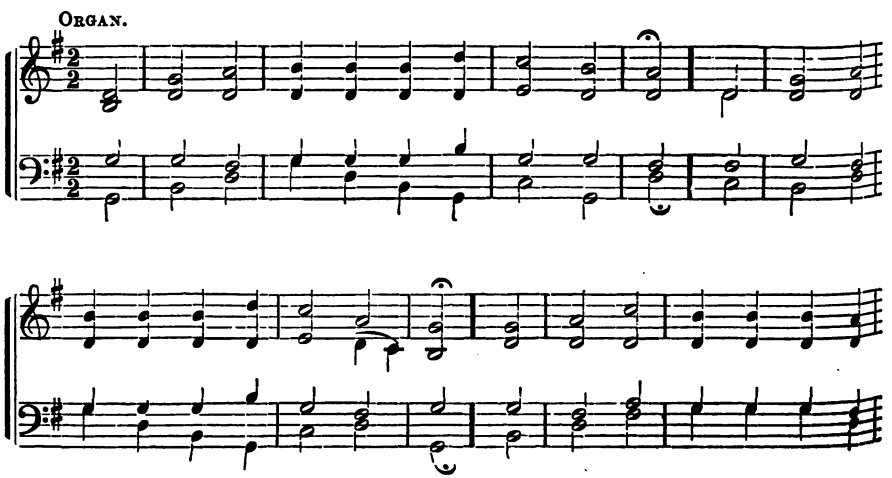
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons and daughters yet unborn
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.

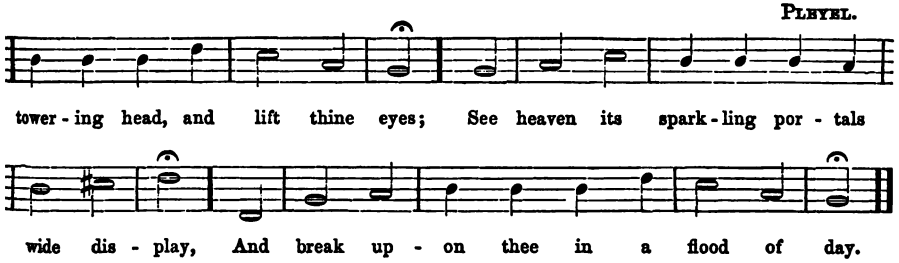
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars, thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.

The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

480

O Thou, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides!
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.

'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence and holy rest;
From thee, great God, we spring; to thee we tend;
Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

PLEYEL.



481

O, WHAT is man, great Maker of mankind,
That thou to him so great respect dost bear!
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and e'en an angel's peer!

O, what a lively life, what heavenly power,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!

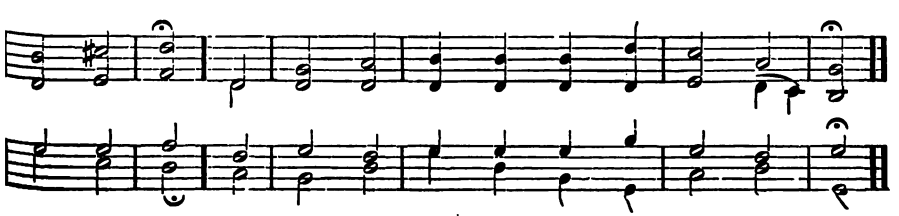
For hast thou given these blessings for a day,
For made them on the body's life depend:
The soul, though made in time, survives for aye;
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

482

AGAIN the day returns of holy rest,
Which, when he made the world, Jehovah blessed;
When, like his own, he bade our labors cease,
And all be piety, and all be peace.

Let us devote this consecrated day
To learn his will, and all we learn obey;
So shall he hear while fervently we raise
Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

Father in heaven, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide,
In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.



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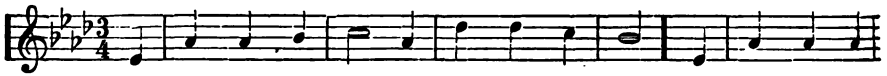

483

My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his name,
His mercies record, his bounties proclaim:
To God, their creator, let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise!

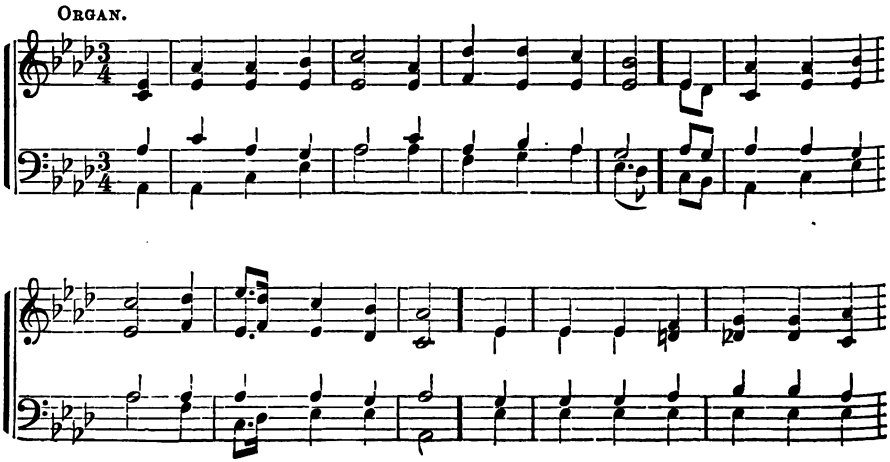
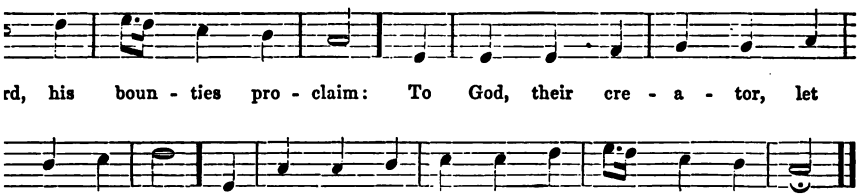
Though hid from man's sight, God sits on his throne,
Yet here by his works their Author is known:
The world shines a mirror its Maker to show,
And heaven views its image reflected below.

By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,
God governs this earth with gracious design;
O'er beast, bird, and insect, his providence reigns,
Whose will first created, whose love still sustains.

And man, his last work, with reason endued,
Who, falling through sin, by grace is renewed,—
To God, his Creator, let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise!

484

O, WORSHIP the King, all glorious above,
And gratefully sing his wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

ORGAN.

HAYDN.

bountiful care what tongue can recite!
reathes in the air, it shines in the light;
:eams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

l children of dust, and feeble as frail,
ıee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

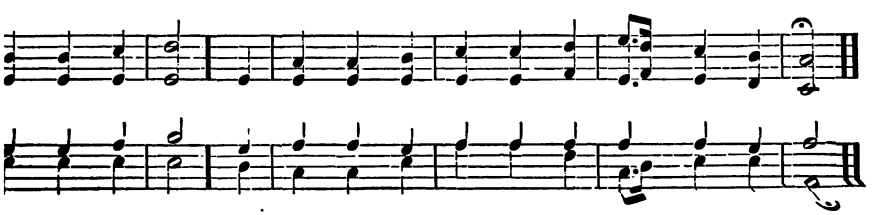
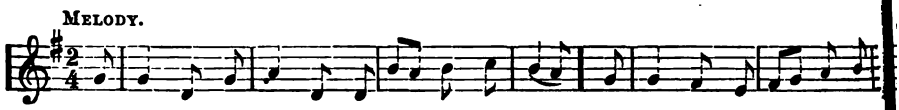
ıer Almighty, how faithful thy love!
le angels delight to hymn thee above,
humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
h true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

485

RAISE ye the Lord, his greatness proclaim;
)vah, our God, how awful thy name!
How vast is thy power, thy glory how great;
Lo, myriads of spirits thy mandates await!

Thy canopy's heaven, in splendor so bright;
Thy chariot the clouds, thy garment the light:
The works of creation thy bidding perform;
Thou ridest the whirlwind, directest the storm.

What wisdom is shown, what power displayed,
In all that thy hand hath fashioned and made!
The earth full of riches, in beauty complete;
The fathomless ocean, with wonders replete.

O Thou, our great God, Redeemer and King,
With hearts full of love, to thee will we sing;
To life's latest moment our voices we'll raise,
And join the full chorus of blessing and praise.

486

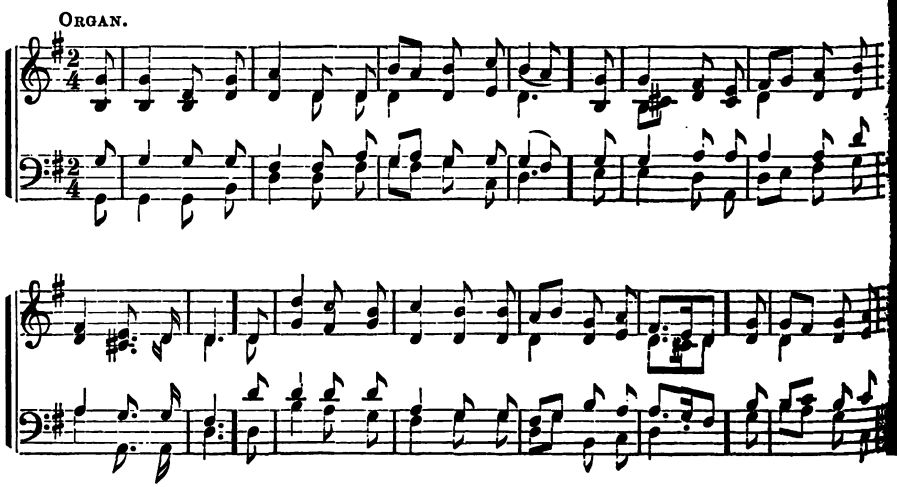
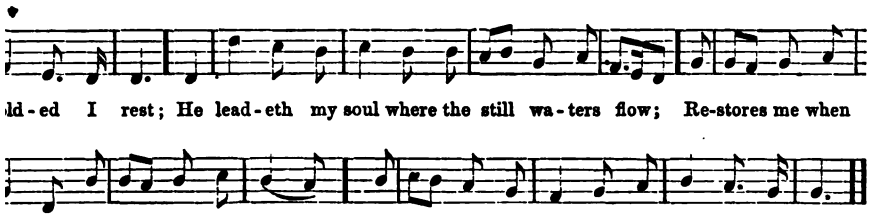
The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow;
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
O, what shall I ask of thy providence more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod,
Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

487

Delay not, delay not; O sinner, draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded; the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

ld-ed I rest; He lead-eth my soul where the still wa-ters flow; Re-stores me when
-dering, re-deems when op-pressed, Re-stores me when wan-dering, re-deems when op-pressed.

ay not, delay not; why longer abuse
love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
ountain is opened; how canst thou refuse
wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

ay not, delay not, O sinner, to come!
Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day:
voice is not heard in the shades of the tomb;
message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

ay not, delay not; the hour is at hand;
earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall fade;
dead, small and great, in the judgment shall stand;
at power then, O sinner, shall lend thee its aid?

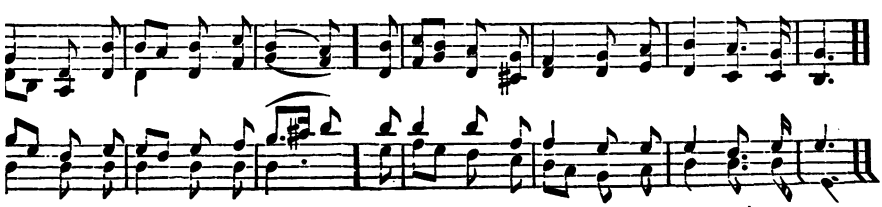
488

w gracious the promise, how soothing the word,
t came from the lips of our merciful Lord;—

"Ye lone and ye weary, ye sad and oppressed,
Come, learn of your Saviour, and ye shall find rest."

Ye heart-stricken sons, and ye daughters of woe,
For you the fresh fountains of comfort o'erflow;
Your souls to the blesséd Redeemer unite;
His yoke it is easy, his burden is light.

And ye that have sinned and have wandered astray,
Come, walk in the light, and the truth, and the way;
Ye proud, from the paths of ambition depart;
For meek was your Master, and lowly of heart.

Now thanks be to him who hath given us light,
The way of the Christian is easy and bright;
And humbly, when touched by the chastening rod,
He bows to the will of his Father and God.

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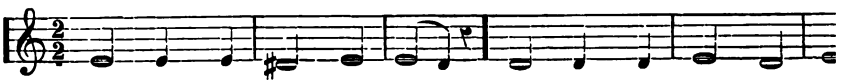

489

FRIEND after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blessed.

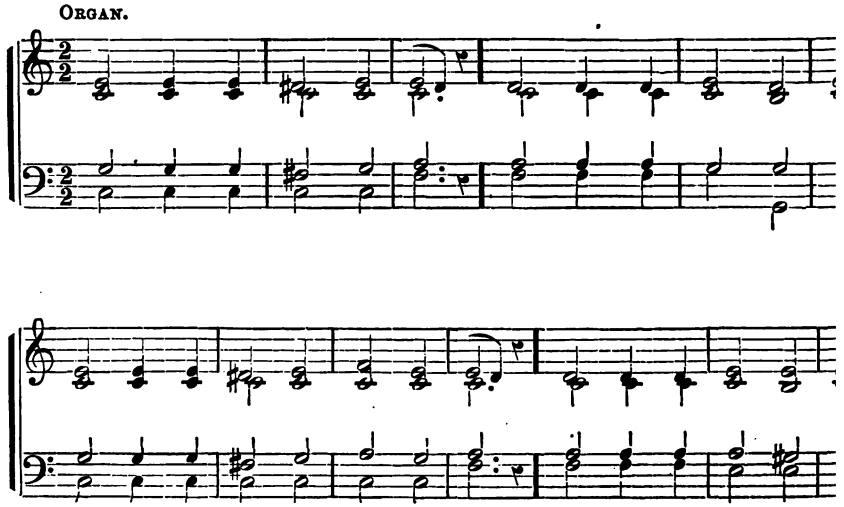
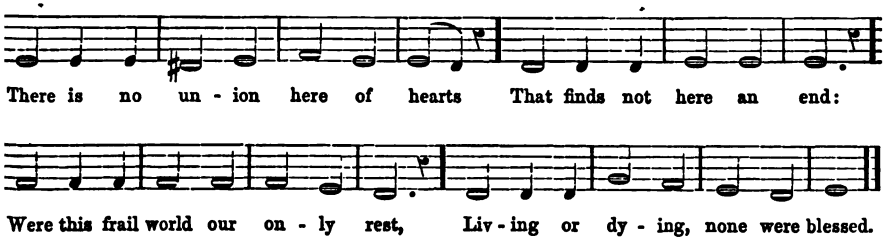
Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,
There surely is some blesséd clime
Where life is not a breath,
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are passed away,
As morning high and higher shin
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night
They hide themselves in heaven's own

490

THIS place is holy ground;
World, with its cares, away;
A holy, solemn stillness round
This lifeless, mouldering clay;
Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fea
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here

ORGAN.

There is no un - ion here of hearts That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our on - ly rest, Liv - ing or dy - ing, none were blessed.

Behold the bed of death—
The pale and mortal clay;
Heard ye the sob of parting breath?
Marked ye the eye's last ray?
; life so sweetly ceased to be,
lapsed in immortality.

Why mourn the pious dead?
Why sorrows swell our eyes?
Can sighs recall the spirit fled?
Shall vain regrets arise?
ough death has caused this altered mien,
heaven the ransomed soul is seen.

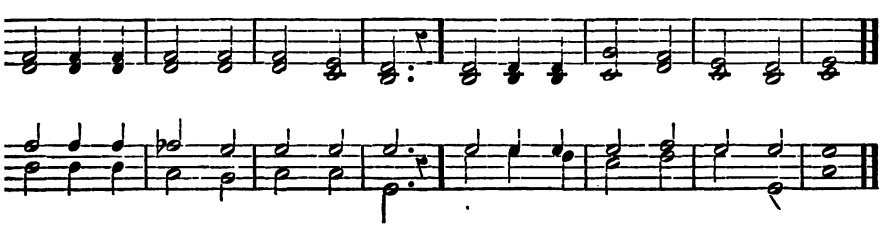
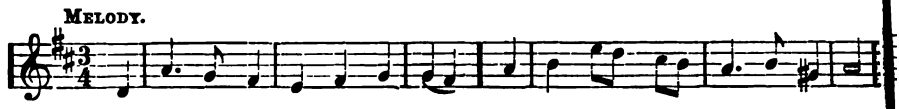
Bury the dead, and weep
In stillness o'er the loss:
Bury the dead; in Christ they sleep
Who bore on earth his cross;
nd from the grave their dust shall rise,
his own image, to the skies.

491

FAITH is the Christian's prop,
Whereon his sorrows lean;
It is the substance of his hope,
His proof of things unseen;
It is the anchor of his soul
When tempests rage and billows roll.

Faith is the polar star
That guides the Christian's way,
Directs his wanderings from afar
To realms of endless day;
It points the course where'er he roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

Faith is the rainbow's form
Hung on the brow of heaven,
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given;
It is the bright, triumphal arch,
Through which the saints to glory march.

The faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above
To mortals can impart;
It bears us through this earthly strife,
And triumphs in immortal life.

492

The winter is over and gone,
The thrush whistles sweet on the spray,
The turtle breathes forth her soft moan,
The lark mounts and warbles away.

Shall every creature around
Their voices in concert unite,
And I, the most favored, be found
In praising to take less delight?

Awake, then, my harp and my lute;
Sweet organs, your notes softly swell;
No longer my lips shall be mute,
The Saviour's high praises to tell.

His love in my heart shed abroad,
My graces shall bloom as the spring;
This temple, his Spirit's abode,
My joy, as my duty, to sing.

493

How sweet on thy bosom to rest,
When nature's affliction is near!
The soul that can trust thee is blest;
Thy smiles bring me freedom from fear.

The Lord has in kindness declared
That those who will trust in his name
Shall in the sharp conflict be spared,
His mercy and love to proclaim.

This promise shall be to my soul
A messenger sent from the skies,
An anchor when billows shall roll,
A refuge when tempests arise.

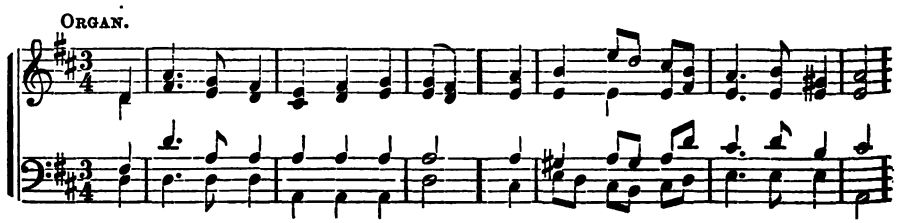
O Saviour, the promise fulfil;
Its comfort impart to my mind;
Then calmly I'll bow to thy will,
To the cup of affliction resigned.

494

O Thou whose compassionate care
Forbids my fond heart to complain,
Now graciously teach me to bear
The weight of affliction and pain.

Though cheerless my days seem to flow,
Though weary and wakeful my nights,
What comfort it gives me to know
'Tis the hand of a Father that smites!

A tender physician thou art,
Who woundest in order to heal,
And comfort divine dost impart
To soften the anguish we feel.

O, let this correction be blest,
And answer thy gracious design;
Then grant that my soul may find rest
In comforts so healing as thine.

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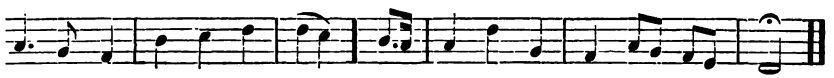

tur - tle breathes forth her soft moan, The lark mounts and war - bles a - way.

495

weetly, along the gay mead,
sies and cowslips are seen!
cks, as they carelessly feed,
in the beautiful green.

ies that encircle the bowers,
bage that springs from the sod,
plants, cooling fruits, and sweet
to the praise of my God. [flowers,

an, the great master of all,
y insensible prove?
it, fair gratitude's call;
it, devotion and love.

rd, who such wonders can raise,
ll can destroy with a nod,
shall incessantly praise;
l shall rejoice in my God.

496

els, who stand round the throne,
ew my Immanuel's face,
irous songs make him known;
your soft harps to his praise.

ts, who stand nearer than they,
st your bright crowns at his feet,
ce and his glory display,
his rich mercy repeat.

O, when will the moment appear
When I shall unite in your song?
I'm weary of lingering here,
For I to your Saviour belong.

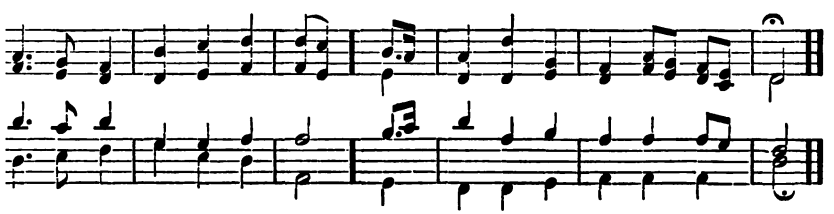
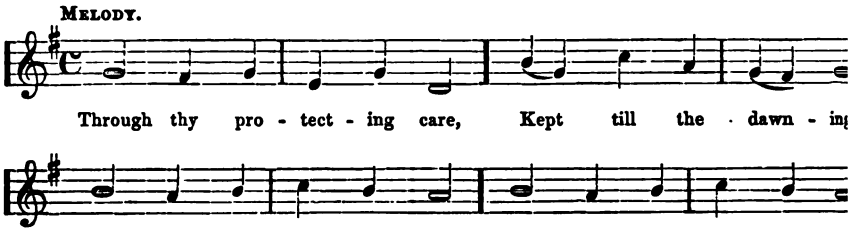
I'm fettered and chained here in clay;
I struggle and pant to be free;
I long to be soaring away,
My God and my Saviour to see.

497

My gracious Redeemer I love;
His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
And join with the armies above
To shout his adorable name.

To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ;
And feel them incessantly shine,
My boundless ineffable joy.

Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
Your pride with disdain I survey;
Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
And pass in a moment away.

The crown that my Saviour bestows
Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
My joy everlastingly flows;
My God, my Redeemer, is mine.



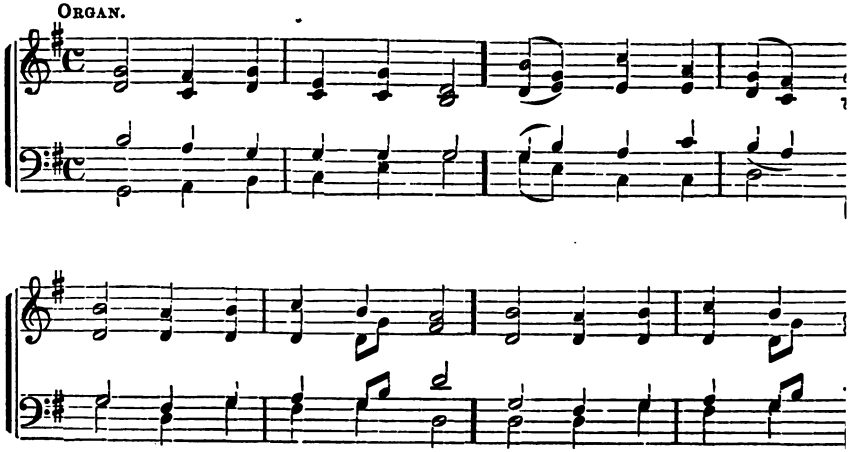
498

THROUGH thy protecting care,
Kept till the dawning,
Taught to draw near in prayer,
Heed we the warning:
O thou great One in Three,
Gladly our souls would be
Evermore praising thee,
God of the morning.

God of our sleeping hours,
Watch o'er us waking,
All our imperfect powers
In thine hands taking:
In us thy work fulfil,
Be with thy children still,
Those who obey thy will
Never forsaking.

499

O THOU who hearest prayer,
Through his submission
Who did our sorrows bear,
Hear our petition:
Lead us in thine own way;
Grant us, we humbly pray,
For all our sins this day,
Holy contrition.

They shall lie down in peace,
Lord, whom thou keepest;
Thy mercies never cease;
Thou never sleepest:
Guard us till morning's ray
Bids us again essay
Who shall pour forth the lay
Loudest and deepest.

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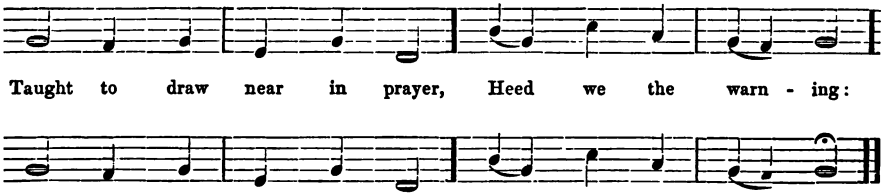
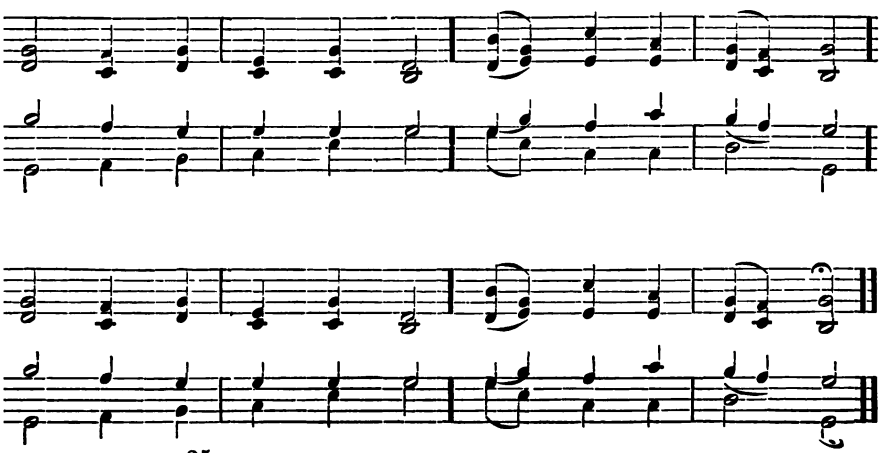
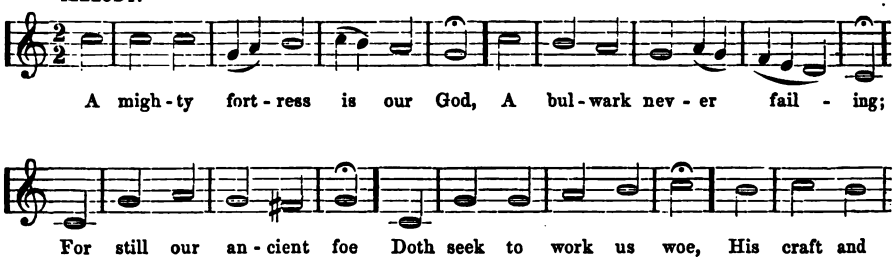

500

When shall we meet again? —
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose
Safe from each blast that blows
In this dark vale of woes —
Never — no, never!

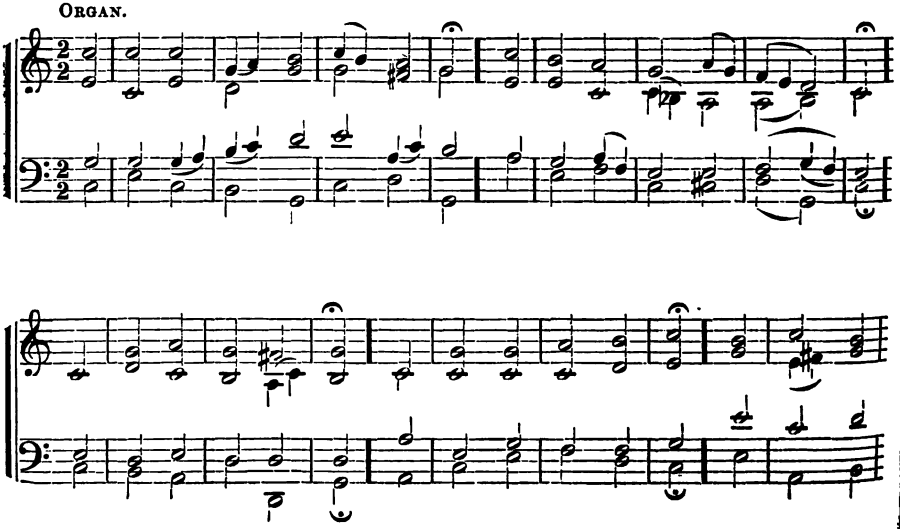
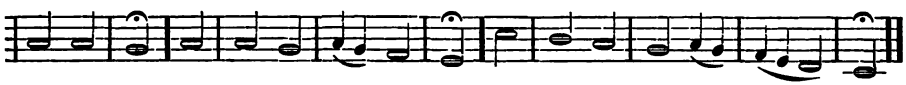
When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow
Changeless forever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never — no, never!

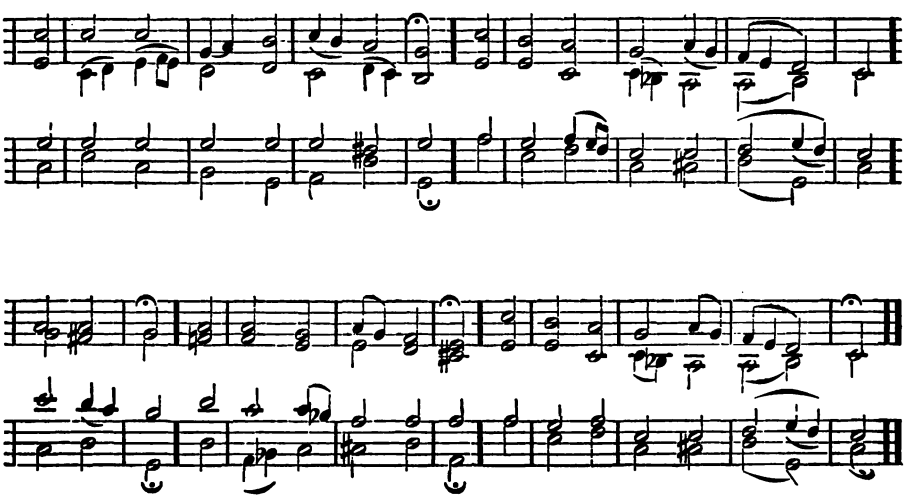
Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never — no, never!

Soon shall we meet again —
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will Peace wreathe her chain
Round us forever:
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Our songs of praise shall close
Never — no, never!

MELODY.

501

A MIGHTY fortress is our God,
A bulwark never failing;
Our helper he amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing.
For still our ancient foe
Doth seek to work us woe,
His craft and power are great,
And, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,
Our striving would be losing,—
Were not the right man on our side,
The man of God's own choosing.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he,
Lord Sabaoth his name,
From age to age the same,
And he must win the battle.

ORGAN.

Words and Music written and composed by MARTIN LUTHER, at Coburg, in June, 1530.

And though this world, with devils filled,
Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us.
The Prince of Darkness grim, —
We tremble not for him,
His rage we can endure,
For lo! his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers —
No thanks to them — abideth,
The spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him who with us sideth.
Let goods and kindred go,
This mortal life also;
The body they may kill,
God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

MELODY.

For thee, O God, our con-stant praise, In Zi-on waits, thy cho-sen seat; Our prom-ised

502

FOR thee, O God, our constant praise,
In Zion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

O Thou, who to my humble prayer
Didst always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;
While thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

Blest is the man, who near thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives;
While we, at humble distance, taste
The vast delights thy worship gives.

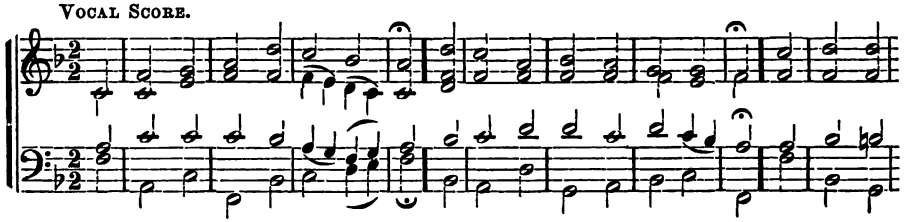
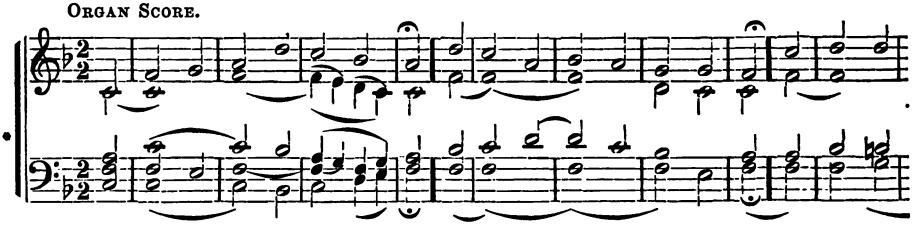
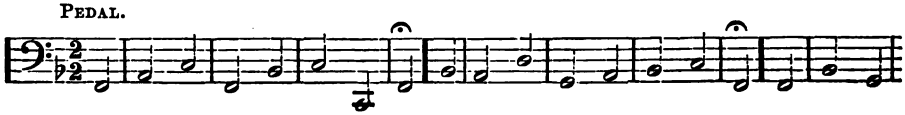
503

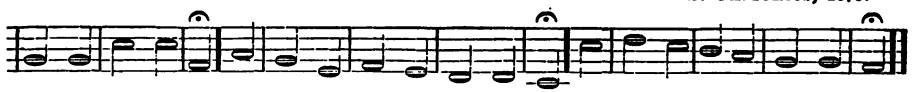
ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or the fair earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

A thousand ages in their flight
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

But our brief life's a shadowy dream,
A passing thought, that soon is o'er,
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

To us, O Lord, the wisdom give
So every precious hour to spend,
That we at length with thee may live,
Where life and bliss shall never end.

VOCAL SCORE.

ORGAN SCORE.

PEDAL.

S. Gastorius, 1675.



al-tars there we'll raise, And all our zeal-ous vows com-plete, And all our zeal-ous vows com-plete.

504

With glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely stablished is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

505

Almighty Father, bless the word,
Which, thro' thy grace, we now have heard;
O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit.

We praise thee for the means of grace,
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face:
Grant, Lord, that we who worship here
May all, at length, in heaven appear.

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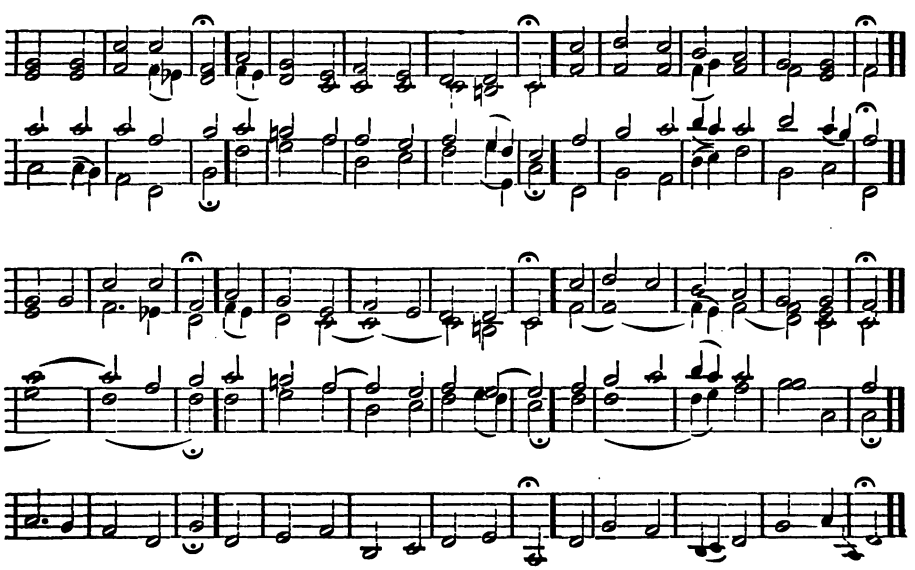
From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

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